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IN OUR SECOND CENTURY

FROM AN EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

BY
JEROME A. HART



SAN FRANCISCO
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IN OUR SECOND CENTURY

I

OUR FIRST CENTURY'S ENDING

IN the midsummer of 1876 our great republic began its second hundred years. In the midsummer of 1776 thirteen sparsely populated colonies lying along the Atlantic seaboard had taken the fateful step for independence, bringing on war with the richest and most powerful nation in the world. In a hundred years the thirteen colonies had become a mighty power that almost outclassed its mother.

In the midsummer of 1876, on the Pacific seaboard, another community, now a part of the great republic, simultaneously began its second hundred years. It was the province of Alta California and the city of San Francisco. In 1776, white civilization began on San Francisco Bay, when the Franciscan Friars laid out the Mission Dolores, with its church, its school, and its workshops for Indian neophytes; when the soldiers of Spain erected the first military building at the Presidio of San Francisco.

The thirteen colonies of 1776 had grown to twenty-nine. The six million people had increased to forty-six millions. The States—recently divided, again united—determined to celebrate the century's end by a World's Fair, to be held in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence had been signed. At the inauguration of the Centennial Exhibition, May 10, 1876, President Grant formally declared the great fair open.

From this beginning, to the closing day November 10, the Centennial Exhibition was an impressive success. The number of admissions was 9,900,000, about the same as those of the Paris Exposition of 1867. The country was filled with pride.

But all was not well with the great republic. It was a troubled nation that celebrated its centennial.

The Civil War had seemingly concluded twelve years before with the surrender at Appomattox of General Robert E. Lee. In reality it had only changed its guise. It turned into "Recon-

struction," which was merely another chapter of the Civil War. The assassin's pistol had ended the life of Abraham Lincoln. It was perhaps fortunate for Lincoln's fame that his career closed when it did. His successor, Andrew Johnson, was an honest and conscientious man, but the problems of reconstruction wrecked his career. They would probably have wrecked any man's. Johnson tried his best to carry out Lincoln's reconstruction plans. He failed. He not only failed, but came within one vote of impeachment by rancorous Republican Senators.

The problems of peace turned out to be almost as serious as the problems of war. Reconstruction for years pursued its terrible way. White men in the Southern States found themselves ruled and robbed by black men, led by "carpet-bag" politicians from the North. Against this domination the white men of the South rose in various ways. One of the ways was the inauguration of the night-riding Ku Klux Klan. The Republican Congress attempted to enforce negro domination by the enforcement of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. They failed.

President Grant took a hand; he ruled the South by Federal troops, and tried to force the lately rebellious States to obey the new Constitutional amendments. Again the war amendments were nullified. Again in the attempted enforcement the Federal government failed. Every President since Lincoln—from the tactless Johnson to the smooth McKinley; from the clamorous Roosevelt to the mild Coolidge—has failed. Those amendments are not enforced to-day.

Such was the disturbed condition of the country when R. B. Hayes was inaugurated on March 4, 1877.

The first number of the *Argonaut* appeared in San Francisco March 25, 1877. Its projectors were Republicans, and naturally tried to support the Republican leaders in Congress in their attempt to reconstruct the South. But President Grant's policy of military control of the South had utterly failed. President Hayes was obliged to abandon it. His withdrawal of the Federal troops from the South left the Southern people to reconstruct their shattered States themselves.

The Ku Klux Klan had been a powerful factor in opposing forcible military reconstruction. With the failure of President Grant's policy of force, the Ku Klux Klan dissolved. It was mustered out by General Forrest, its founder, at Athens, Alabama, in July, 1877.

The Civil War may be said to have ended when the South saw the last night-rides of the Ku Klux Klan.

During the ten years preceding the Centennial there had been many troubles in the North as well as in the South. The shock

of the Civil War had aroused the people to the necessity for a closer union, East and West as well as North and South. This feeling led to the building of the great transcontinental railroads. It was hoped thus to bind together the two coasts forever. With great popular enthusiasm the roads were begun. Advantage was taken of the people's generosity to secure vast land-grants for these Western roads. To this there could have been no objection. But unfortunately the passage of these land-grants through Congress was tainted with fraud. The Credit Mobilier came to have a sinister sound in the ears of the American people.

The unfortunate States of the South were paying bitterly for their secession. Legislatures, mostly of negroes, organized by Northern "carpet-bag" politicians, plundered the Southern people. All sorts of schemes, some foolish, some corrupt, but all money-grafting, were passed by the ignorant freedmen. Millions in bonds were issued, to be paid by the hapless taxpayers, many of whom saw their farms sold for taxes. Plantations and farms were abandoned by their owners, who went to work as clerks, salesmen, laborers. Even the ruins of the war long remained untouched; in Charleston, charred blocks of buildings stood for years. Silent and empty streets were seen in many Southern cities and towns. The ruin of the South, and the corrupt State governments conducted there by the negroes, led to a growing fear in the North that giving the blacks the ballot had been unwise.

The public debt of Alabama was increased in six years from eight millions to twenty-six millions. Florida was saddled with a bonded debt of four millions. North Carolina saw herself burdened in four months with a bond issue of twenty-five millions. Louisiana in four years was loaded with a debt of one hundred and six millions. Tennessee saw her bonded debt increased by sixteen millions. All of these State bonds were marketed at from ten to forty cents on the dollar. Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, Arkansas—all were loaded with colossal debts. South Carolina at the close of reconstruction had a bonded debt of nineteen millions; her negro legislators furnished the State House with clocks, mirrors, chandeliers, carpets, upholstery, and furniture, costing hundreds of thousands. They also managed to secure public funds with which to indulge themselves and their wives with every sort of luxury in housing and apparel. When the Civil War closed the South was in ruins; when "reconstruction" closed it was in ruins and in bankruptcy.

The "carpet-bag" governments quarrelled among themselves. In South Carolina there were two Republican tickets, the one headed by D. H. Chamberlain being elected. In Arkansas there were two Republican factions, one headed by "Governor"

Brooks, the other by "Governor" Baxter. Both appealed to the Federal Court; it declined to intervene. So did the Federal general in command of troops. "Governor" Baxter took possession of the State House, with one hundred and fifty men. "Governor" Brooks with two hundred men surrounded and besieged it. Both factions used artillery, and many were killed on both sides. Two legislatures were convened; President Grant recognized the Baxter legislature, and ordered the Brooks faction to disperse. But the Brooks faction carried the matter to the Arkansas Supreme Court, which showed signs of siding with Brooks. Thereupon the Baxter faction kidnapped two of the judges; they escaped, however, and four out of five judges decided in favor of Brooks. The Federal House of Representatives reported in favor of Baxter. After some wavering, President Grant reversed himself, and decided that Brooks was the legal governor of Arkansas.

In Mississippi, election campaign conflicts resulted in riots in which many were killed, mostly blacks, Governor Ames appealed to the Grant administration to interfere, but Grant's Attorney General, Edwards Pierpont, refused. Thereupon the Republican ticket in Mississippi was defeated, which caused much murmuring among Republican politicians, South and North. In Louisiana there were also two factions; both Kellogg and McEnery claimed to be governor. President Grant recognized Kellogg. This led to fighting between Kellogg's "Metropolitan Police" (Republican) and the citizens' "New Orleans White League" (Democratic), which was commanded by General Ogden. The negro portion of the Kellogg forces broke and fled; Kellogg and General Longstreet, his troop commander, took refuge in the United States Custom House, which was heavily fortified and defended by Federal troops. The White League seized the State House, and the rest of Kellogg's forces surrendered. The White League, three thousand strong, then paraded past the Custom House, and were cheered by the United States troops stationed within.

President Grant ordered the White League to disperse in five days; at the same time, he sent more troops and several warships to New Orleans. Kellogg came out from his refuge, and resumed the reins of government. A Kellogg legislature convened, and the anti-Kellogg legislators were at his orders forcibly removed by Federal soldiers.

These acts roused indignation in the North. Various Northern legislatures denounced this military interference in civil affairs. Prominent Republicans—among them William M. Evarts, Joseph R. Hawley, William Cullen Bryant, and others—disapproved. The United States Senate requested an explanation from the

President, and appointed a committee to investigate the matter. The result was a compromise by which contested seats in the legislature were arbitrated by a committee. However, President Grant upheld Kellogg, who remained in office until Hayes succeeded Grant.

The Death of Custer and his Men

Troubles in the Southern States were echoed in the Far West. Indian affairs began to be disturbed. President Grant attempted to make the Indian Bureau a part of the War Department, but the change was generally disapproved. He then created a new "Indian Commission," to supervise the tribes. The results were unfortunate. Various tribes were moved from their ancient lands to "reservations," where they had to depend for food on the Indian agents of the government. These agents were many of them dishonest, robbed the Indians, and swindle^d the government. The United States army officers themselves were disgusted at the robberies of the Indian ring, who stole the beef paid for by the government, and forced the hapless Indians to eat their dogs and ponies. General Sherman, then commanding the army, wrote: "We could settle the Indian troubles in an hour, but Congress wants the Indian Bureau patronage, and the Bureau wants the appropriations."

These conditions led to the Indian troubles of 1876, in which General Custer and all his officers and men were slain at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Strangely enough, Custer as an individual thought the Indians were being treated unjustly, although as a soldier he fought them to the death. In 1874, he had led a government expedition through the Black Hills country, accompanied by geologists, who reported that there was gold there. A rush of miners followed. The government expelled them. More rushes came. Buffalo hunters also came in, killing the animals for their hides, which had been found to make high-grade machinery belting; these hunters in three years killed over five million buffaloes, contrary to the Treaty of 1868, which forbade the presence of white hunters. As a result, the Indians, deprived of their buffalo meat, were reduced to starvation. Custer resented this, and in 1875 said in the *New York Herald*: "The Indian keenly feels the injustice that has been done him, and being of a proud and haughty nature he resents it. The Indians have a strong attachment for the land where the bones of their ancestors lie. It is not the value of the land, but love of their country is almost a religion with them. The government should keep its promises to the Indians."

In the same newspaper Custer said that some of the Indians in the Stony Rock Agency had actually starved ; at that time he offered to furnish temporarily provisions from the army stores, but the Indian Commissioner would not allow this. It was this and similar charges by Custer that helped to bring about the impeachment of Secretary Belknap for selling Indian traderships, causing President Grant's irritation against Custer. There is no doubt of Custer's bravery. It required greater courage to defend the Indians against a powerful President and his corrupt Secretary than to fight the hostiles on the battle-field.

Custer's efforts were in vain. The Treaty of 1868 with the Indians was abrogated. Desultory fighting began in the Black Hills between the scattered miners and the Indians, in which some four hundred miners were killed. Deadwood, then a turbulent mining camp, was besieged by the Indians, until relieved by General Crook. The Indians were truthfully accused of scalping and other mutilations ; it is also true that Indian scalps were sold at auction in Deadwood.

President Grant decided to throw open the Black Hills country to the white miners and others by official proclamation, which was issued in February, 1876. There followed the great Indian uprising which culminated in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

The disputes over this battle have lasted for over fifty years. They have been confined mainly to Army circles. The general public has really known little of what the Army knows concerning the battle. The facts here given are from official records, from the testimony at the court martial, and from the narratives of Army officers.

Custer was at the foot of his class at West Point in 1861. The Academy officials hesitated about giving him a diploma on account of his disregard of regulations. However, such was the need for young officers for training Civil War recruits that he was commissioned. In 1863, he rose to the command of a brigade of cavalry. In 1865, he was a division commander, and wore a Major General's stars. He harried the retreating army of General Robert E. Lee, and finally threw his entire Federal division across the Confederate front, and Lee's surrender followed. Custer led the last charge of Sheridan's cavalry against Confederate troops.

At the close of the Civil War, when so many were mustered out, Custer was fortunate enough to become Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry. He saw much Indian fighting, and was in command of the Seventh (its colonel being absent on special duty) when the great campaign against the Sioux and their allies began in 1876. The United States had made a treaty with the Sioux nation in 1868, by which the Indians were guaranteed their

hereditary lands in the Rockies "forever." But in 1874, after the discovery of gold in the Black Hills country, United States surveyors appeared there, followed by miners. The Indians protested, but to no effect, and in 1876 the many tribes of the great Sioux Nation began assembling in the Valley of the Little Big Horn, at the call of their leader, Sitting Bull. In addition, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes joined the Sioux. The War Department ordered the hostile Indians to "cease marauding and settle down" by January 31, 1876. The order was not obeyed.

Hence General Sherman (at Washington) ordered General Sheridan (at Chicago) to subdue the hostiles. General Custer was expected to command the expedition, but General Sheridan put General A. H. Terry in command, the expedition to move on the Indians from the west, the east, and the south. General Crook (called "Gray Fox" by the Indians) first attacked the Indians under Crazy Horse, and met with a severe check, falling back in disorder. General Terry did not know this when he was advancing with General Gibbons's northern column, nor did General Custer, in command of the eastern column of Terry's expedition.

Just before the campaign began, Custer, who had hoped to command the expedition, was supplanted, as stated, by General A. H. Terry. President Grant's Secretary of War, Belknap, had been accused of selling Indian post traderships. When impeachment proceedings began, Belknap resigned under fire. Custer had become entangled as a witness in the proceedings against Belknap. This so incensed President Grant that he removed Custer from the command of the Seventh Cavalry, thus leaving him out of the expedition. At the last moment General Terry succeeded in getting President Grant to restore Custer to the command of his regiment, the Seventh. Terry, however, retained the command of the expedition.

Custer, on June 25, 1876, divided his forces into three columns, one under Major Marcus A. Reno, with one hundred and fifty-six men; another under Senior Captain Frederick W. Benteen, whose force included one hundred and twenty-five fighting men and a pack train with ammunition. Custer retained two hundred and twenty-five men in his column. Reno and Benteen were ordered to proceed westward on lines parallel to Custer, and to attack, "when you will be supported by the whole outfit" (verbal orders). The command proceeded about nine miles toward the Little Big Horn Valley, the three columns finally diverging and losing sight of and contact with each other. At last Reno saw Indians, and ordered his troopers forward at a sharp trot. But in a few minutes Reno saw that he had run into a very large hostile camp. It was afterward learned that there were nearly

five thousand warriors in the camp, besides the old men, women, and children. The squaws were generally active in finishing off the wounded enemy. Reno saw that his men would be annihilated if he continued his charge, so he ordered them to halt, dismount, and to form a battle-line with his right flank on a creek, his left on open timber. Here they endeavored to entrench, behind saddles and other equipment. But one hundred and fifty men could not prevail against thousands armed with repeating Winchester rifles. Reno, finding no help coming from Custer or Benteen, gave the order to retreat. Closely followed by the Indians, his command retraced their trail to a point where they had forded the river, which they recrossed. Here the Indians, after firing on them as they crossed, abandoned the pursuit, for some reason not known to Reno, and dashed down the valley again.

It was later learned that they had heard heavy firing near their camp, which was the reason.

Benteen, hearing firing, and having encountered no Indians, abandoned his westward course, and turned at right angles to the northward, toward the firing. Leaving his pack train behind, Benteen led his command at a gallop to the river. There he found Reno, with more than a third of his men missing. Each asked the other about Custer; neither had heard anything from him for about two and a half hours.

Darkness came at last; throughout the night the command dug themselves in; they had no entrenching tools, but scooped out shallow holes, placing bread boxes and saddles in front. When morning came the Indians attacked again, but after a time they began to confer with later messengers from their camp, and then withdrew. The American troopers, from the hill where they were entrenched, saw the thousands of hostiles strike their tepees and file away to the westward.

Not long after, a column was seen approaching from the north. At first it was thought to be hostile Indians. At last it was discovered to be the command of General Terry and General Gibbons. When they met, Terry and Reno put the same question, "Where is Custer?" He had not been heard from.

General Terry had sent out scouts under Lieutenant Bradley in a different direction from that of his own column. At daybreak the next morning, on June 27, Bradley and his scouts saw many white objects gleaming in the morning sun. As they drew nearer, they found these were the naked bodies of the two hundred and twenty-five men that had composed General Custer's command. Interspersed were the carcasses of many horses. General Custer's body was surrounded by about forty soldiers—officers and enlisted men. A few feet away lay the body of his brother, Captain Tom Custer, while near at hand lay four other captains. No human

being of Custer's command survived. At last, the Crow Indian scouts found Captain Keogh's horse Comanche, with severe wounds, but still living. The horse was restored to health, became the pet of the Seventh Cavalry, and lived to the age of twenty-eight years.

Reno's losses, out of one hundred and fifty-six men, were fifty-six dead and fifty-nine wounded, of whom eight died. Of the six hundred Seventh Cavalry men reviewed by General Terry on June 22nd, there remained less than half.

Chief Gall of the Hunkpapa tribe was the leader who defeated Reno, attacked Custer, and annihilated his command. Gall's Lieutenant was Crazy Horse, the chief who had defeated General Crook.

Colonel W. A. Graham, U.S.A., historian of the battle, says that the Indians in the Napoleonic manner had attacked and defeated the three columns in detail, annihilating the fourth, General Custer's column.

Colonel Graham goes on to say: "Few white men were ever able to understand the Indians' point of view. . . . The author makes no claim to membership among them. . . . But it will not be forgotten that the Indians were fighting in defense of their . . . homes and wives and children. . . .

"Not one of the United States Army commanders knew where either of the others was, or what he was doing. . . . This unfortunate separation and fatal ignorance gave the Sioux every opportunity to beat them [the white troopers] in detail, of which they availed themselves with almost Napoleonic sagacity. . . .

"For half a century the battle has been known as the 'Custer Massacre.' . . . It was no massacre. . . . It was a bitterly contested combat to the death between two civilizations, each of which fought after the manner of its kind. . . . The red men had the victory because they exhibited that day a greater proficiency in the art of war than did the white men. Warfare is not massacre when the conquered go to their deaths with arms in their hands."

Colonel Homer W. Wheeler of the Fifth Cavalry tells in his book "Buffalo Days" (1925) of reburying a number of Custer's men a year after the battle; a violent storm had washed out some of the bodies. Colonel Wheeler minutely describes the battle-field; he gives the narratives told him by officers and enlisted men who were in the battle with Major Reno; he condenses various printed articles and some unpublished official documents; he prints in full the petition to the War Department of thirty-six of the surviving troopers of Reno's command (written a week after the battle) deploring the death "of our heroic and lamented Colonel, George A. Custer, and his noble comrades";

maintaining that the tenacious stand made by the Reno column saved the two commands of Reno and Benteen; urging that the vacancies be filled by officers of the Seventh Regiment only; asking that Major Reno be promoted to Colonel, and Captain Benteen to Major. He prints the reply of the commanding general, W. T. Sherman, saying that "the judicious and skillful conduct of Major Reno and Captain Benteen is appreciated, but the petition can not be granted," for the reason that President Grant had "already made the promotions caused by General Custer's death." Colonel Wheeler summarizes the narratives of a number of Indian scouts who accompanied him and his command to the battle-field in 1877.

Concerning various disputed points, Colonel Wheeler says :

"General Terry had taken the field with a large command. . . . He ordered General Custer to scout the Little Big Horn, locate the hostiles, and not to bring on an engagement if he could avoid it. It was General Terry's intention to prevail on the hostiles to return to their homes, without fighting, if possible.

"Custer was under a cloud; he had incurred the enmity of President Grant and Secretary of War Balknap. . . . Custer had determined to make a big showing against the hostiles. If he succeeded, he hoped to appease the powers at Washington. If he had destroyed the hostiles he would have been lauded to the skies.

"Custer *did* know it was a large village, said Major V. K. Hart, of Custer's regiment, who was with him when the scouts reported that they had discovered 'an immense Indian encampment.'

"Custer made a similar attack on a large Indian village in November 1868, when he divided his forces into several columns and attacked simultaneously from different points.

"Military men concede that Custer made a mistake in thus attacking on the Little Big Horn, as the Indians outnumbered him greatly.

"Custer may have intended Reno and Benteen to make the first attack on the hostiles. . . . Reno carried out his part of the programme. . . . He did the best that was possible under the circumstances, and with the small number of men he commanded. He was fighting a desperate enemy; they were striving to save their women and children.

"I am convinced that Major Reno handled his command judiciously and skilfully; he should be commended and not censured for withdrawing from the timber and charging through the Indians to reach the high bluffs. He showed further good judgment in refusing to charge the village, swarming with

thousands of warriors, with only one hundred and twelve men. It would have been a repetition of Custer's massacre further down the river."

The foregoing conclusions were reached by an old cavalry officer, who served in the Indian country for thirty-eight years.

When the hostile Indians found they had to face the entire force of General Terry—nearly five thousand men—they retreated toward the northern international boundary, which they succeeded in crossing, and took refuge in Canada.

Longfellow, when the nation was still grieving over the loss of Custer and his gallant band, wrote "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face":

"In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

"Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years."

The present narrative is summarized from the report of the Military Court of Inquiry, demanded by Major Reno in 1876, and from the book concerning the Little Big Horn battle, written by Colonel W. A. Graham, Judge Advocate, U.S.A., and published fifty years later, in 1927.

It is curious that Reno should have suffered for so many years from the accusations of cowardice and failure to support Custer. The Military Court found nothing to sustain these charges. Custer's command seems to have been destroyed about three hours before the Indians attacked Reno, who could not possibly have known this. Reno had just as much reason to expect help from Custer as Custer from Reno. Reno had the smaller command. He was about six miles from the Custer battle-field, and

could not have heard the firing. Probably army feuds had much to do with the bitter subsequent campaign against Reno. General Nelson A. Miles was extremely hostile to Reno, and never ceased to condemn him. On the other hand, Captain Benteen, commanding the southernmost column of Custer's forces, condemned Custer in the harshest terms. Benteen continued his condemnation until the day of his death, and he lived long.

The gist of the accusation against Reno was that he failed to come to the rescue of Custer. As he knew nothing of Custer's extremity, nor where Custer was, and was attacked and defeated himself by hostile thousands, he could not have helped Custer. At least Reno saved two-thirds of his men, while Custer lost all of his.

The testimony concerning Custer by Captain Benteen and other witnesses at the Military Court was to the effect that Custer had been ordered by General Terry not to attack until Terry and Gibbons arrived (the entire Terry expedition numbering about five thousand men), with howitzers and gatling guns; that Custer disobeyed this order; that he divided his forces into three columns, thereby weakening them, and causing them to be defeated in detail; that he gave distinct orders to Reno and Benteen to follow certain routes, and to attack when Indians were encountered, with the assurance that they "would be supported by the whole outfit"—meaning Custer's larger column; that he was warned by his Crow Indians, scouting in advance, that they had seen from a lofty peak the teepees of thousands of hostile Indians in the valley beyond; that he rode forward with the Crow scouts, and declared he could not see through his field-glasses what the Indians said they saw with the naked eye; that returning to his column he reproached these Crow scouts, called them "squaws," and dismounted them—thereby saving their lives incidentally, for they were thus forced to fall behind and leave the column. Even Custer's friends found his actions unaccountable. Some thought he was jealous of Terry, who had been given command of the expedition in place of Custer, and that Custer therefore hoped to win the glory of defeating the Indians before Terry and Gibbons arrived. Others thought his incentive was a desire by a brilliant victory to wipe out President Grant's displeasure. Some army officers said that in attacking as and when he did Custer "committed suicide." This remark, heard and repeated by plainsmen, miners, and scouts, became by them distorted into the story that Custer had shot himself on the battle-field. This civilians' story was without foundation; he fought to the last, and fell with one Indian bullet in his temple and another in his chest.

General Terry, in his official report, naturally refrained from

any criticism of Custer's actions, in view of his subordinate's tragic fate. But he wrote a confidential letter to General Sherman, in Washington, giving the commander-in-chief some opinions very different from those in his official report. Sherman had just left for Philadelphia to attend some Centennial ceremonies. Terry's letter followed him thither. In some way, a reporter got hold of it, copied it, and published it in full in a Philadelphia newspaper. It caused a profound sensation. It was believed in Army circles that were it not for the disaster Custer would have been court-martialled for disobedience of orders.

Colonel R. P. Hughes, who was General Terry's chief of staff during the expedition against the Sioux, reviewed the campaign in an article in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*. He set forth at length a number of instances in which General Custer disobeyed General Terry's orders, verbal and written.

General Custer's body was removed in 1877, and interred at West Point. Captain Keogh's remains were removed and buried at Buffalo. Lieutenant Crittenden's father desired that his son's body should remain buried on the battle-field with his men. All the other officers whose bodies were recovered and identified were removed and buried at Fort Riley, Kansas. For fifty years three men remained unaccounted for—Lieutenants Harrington, Porter, and Sturgis.

The bodies of the enlisted men lie under a monument on the battle-field; its four sides are covered with the names of the dead who fell under Custer and Reno. A semi-centennial memorial was held on the battle-field June 25, 1926. The sister of Lieutenant Sturgis was present, and accidentally found a small headstone some distance from the monument, on which was her brother's name; beneath this stone his body had lain unnoticed, separate from his comrades, for half a century.

At this fifty-year anniversary there were present a certain number of persons who claimed to be "survivors." There were no white survivors. Some might believe that the Crow Indian scouts who were driven away by Custer were "survivors," but they were not in the battle. The only survivor was Captain Miles W. Keogh's horse Comanche, admitted as such by the Seventh Cavalry. By order, he was led by a mounted trooper in all parades of that regiment, with Troop I, Captain Keogh's old command.

Before the Big Horn campaign, General Custer's wife was his inseparable companion. Of course she and the other army women stayed at the posts when campaigning began. Shortly

after the battle Mrs Custer wrote several books about their life. One entitled "Boots and Saddles," was widely read at the time. It was natural that she should write bitterly then of the hostile Indians who had caused her to lose her gallant soldier. It is noteworthy that fifty years after she could write more forgivingly. In the *Outlook* for July 15, 1927, she wrote :

"I well remember how the great chiefs of the Sioux came frequently to General Custer's quarters at Fort Lincoln and held long conferences with him about the Black Hills. They urged that the white men must not go into the Hills, that it was dangerous and would bring on war. The Indians deeply cherished the Black Hills. The country was so different from the dry plains and the Bad Lands because there was timber there and water and wonderful hunting. The chiefs said their people would fight to keep the land which had been promised them. The Indians despised the man who spoke with forked tongues, or broke promises, and after they were gone the general would say, 'The Government must keep its promises to the Indians.'

"These Indian conferences were always given complete right of way by the general, and the greatest respect and deference was shown to the chiefs. The general always gave a feast for them afterward. He recognized a true nobility in the Indian character, and respected their feeling of attachment for their land.

"There was a time after the battle of the Little Big Horn when I could not have said this, but as the years have passed I have become convinced that the Indians were deeply wronged.

"Elizabeth Bacon Custer."

On the fifty-first anniversary of the Custer battle—June 25, 1927—Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, and Mrs Coolidge, were spending the summer in South Dakota, not far from the battle-field. Some twenty thousand people were present at a celebration of Deadwood's half-century, at which the President was formally made a tribal chief of the Sioux Nation, under the tribal name "Leading Eagle." Three hundred Sioux chieftains attended, and the ceremonies were conducted by Yellow Robe, great grandson of Sitting Bull, and by Henry Standing Bear. An Indian maiden, Rosebud Yellow Robe, a descendant of Sitting Bull, placed a war-bonnet of eagle's feathers on President Coolidge's head.

At the time of this anniversary celebration, Will Rogers in an airplane flew over the country in the neighborhood of the Little Big Horn battle-field. He said that from the air one could see

the ground where Custer and his men fell; the place across the river, some six miles distant, where Reno and his one hundred and fifty-six troopers fought great numbers of Indians; the valley, still further south, whence Benteen and his troopers galloped to the aid of Reno; the point, miles away along the Big Horn, where Terry's forces were marching southward toward the battle-field. Yet each of these commanders was in ignorance of the whereabouts of the others, and all of them were ignorant of the proximity of the Indians. This panorama from the air is a striking picture of the changes that the airplane will make in war.

In the more than half-century that has elapsed since the Custer battle the condition of the Indians has greatly changed. It was the desire of President Grant to move the Indians from the Black Hills country to the Indian Territory that brought on the war. The President had his way; the Indians were defeated and dispersed; many of them were moved to the Territory, part of which is now the State of Oklahoma; the white miners exhausted all the gold in the Black Hills country years ago; on the Indians' new lands in the Oklahoma country oil was discovered; many of the Indians were made millionaires; in 1926, the Indians received royalties from their oil lands amounting to \$12,711,296, and still retained the lands. Uncle Sam has wearied of moving them, and has let them stay where they are. As General Custer saved the lives of his Crow scouts by driving them away from his doomed column, so President Grant enriched the descendants of the Indians whom he drove away from the Black Hills to the Oklahoma country. The American people, as a people, have not attempted to wrest from the Indians their wealth in oil. That will probably be left to private initiative.

The present writer was born in the Far West, and is not an Indian lover. Few Western men are. The American Indian's standards differ radically from ours; he is trained from childhood to cruelty, treachery, torture, ruthlessness, mutilation; he studies hideous and lingering deaths for his male prisoners; he often violates and always abuses his female prisoners. But one must agree with General Custer and Colonel Graham in their condemnation of our government for breaking its promises to the Indians. We should never have broken faith with the Indian tribes—if not out of regard for them, out of regard for our own honor.

William Penn had less Indian trouble in the province of Pennsylvania than any of the thirteen colonies. He kept his word to the Indians. Canada has had far less trouble than we. She has kept her word to the Indians.

II

THE GOLD RING AND THE TWEED RING

THE Indian War of 1876 was the result of the operations of crooked Indian agents during the earlier years of Grant's administration. But there were many other troubles during those lamentable years beside the Indian troubles, and the "carpet-bag" rule in the Southern States. The most disastrous of these in the older States was the Gold Ring conspiracy and the panic which followed, extending throughout the whole country. The Gold Ring was not openly connected with the Tweed Ring, but they had many kindred interests. Both were bands of thieves, but their plunder lay in different lines. The Tweed Ring was made up of Democrats, and was not politically connected with the corrupt administration crowd in Washington, which was Republican. But the Gold Ring in New York was very close to the Grant Ring at Washington. President Grant was an honest man, and had nothing to do with the crooked work of the Gold Ring, of which the sinister leaders were Jay Gould and "Admiral" James Fisk. But President Grant made the mistake of accepting their hospitality while visiting New York. He travelled with Gould and Fisk on the line of steamers run by "Admiral" Fisk. He was their guest at the theatre. Gould and Fisk thus impressed the public with the belief that Grant was privy to their plans. He was not. But many who were close to him—some even who were relatives and connections by marriage—received money from the Gold Ring conspirators. Among these was A. L. Corbin, his brother-in-law.

When "Black Friday" came, the great gold corner, and the panic of 1873, public opinion considered Grant as one who profited by it. He did not. But men close to him did profit by it. Grant was not guilty, but he was without excuse for standing by guilty men and keeping crooks in office.

There were probably secret connections between the Gold Ring and the Tweed Ring that have not, even after fifty years, been brought entirely to light. It was very significant that when Tweed was arrested he turned at once for financial assistance to the head of the Gold Ring, Jay Gould, who put up the enormous

sum fixed as bail, one million dollars. Gould would not have done this had he not feared Tweed would incriminate him.

It was in the seventies that William N. Tweed organized and perfected his famous looting of New York. There have been many similar gangs since in the United States, but none bolder. The Tweed Ring began with grafts on contracts with the city of New York, at first taking only fifty-five per cent. They soon raised the percentage to sixty and then to sixty-five per cent of the gross; there they magnanimously allowed it to remain. Out of this modest graft Tweed and all the members of the Ring became millionaires in a few years. Tweed selected (and elected) the mayor, A. Oakey Hall; the sheriff, James O'Brien; the controller, Richard B. Connolly; the city chamberlain, Peter B. Sweeney, and other officials. Tweed contented himself with the modest position of commissioner of public works. The Ring levied toll on the elevated road and the Brooklyn bridge, both then beginning; on supplies to the jails, hospitals, etc.; on constructing public buildings; on public printing; on grading; on digging sewers; on sewer-pipe contracts; even on small steals, such as obligatory water-meters, high-priced but worthless. These were the simple, everyday sources of graft; there were, of course, special and intricate jobs which brought millions in bigger graft to the Ring. It raised the debt of New York City in two years from thirty-six millions to one hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars.

Tweed was a subtle humorist at times, as when he had unobtrusive ballot-boxes installed at the polling places for mayor at a time when the average voter did not know there was an election for mayor. By this simple method he had three judges in his pay, and they did his bidding well; one of them possessed property worth over a million when he died.

Thomas Nast in *Harper's Weekly* had for some time been attacking the Tweed Ring when, by an accidental death in the New York accounting department, an honest man was promoted, and found the city's books were doctored. He secretly made copies of incriminating portions, and laid them before a committee of citizens, who were investigating. A larger committee was then formed, of nearly four score of the most prominent men in New York, and the fraudulent records were submitted to the *New York Sun*. Dana was afraid to print them, so they were taken to the *Times*, then owned by George Jones, and edited by Louis Jennings. The *Times* published them. Tweed was bold and defiant; "What are you going to do about it?" he sneered.

But the Citizens' Committee kept at work. With difficulty the reluctant city officials were spurred on to arrest Tweed. By collusion he escaped, and fled to Spain. Although we had no

extradition treaty with Spain, the Spanish government through comity arrested him and returned him to New York.

To prosecute Tweed the Citizens' Committee retained as chief counsel Charles O'Connor, then the head of the New York bar. With him were William M. Evarts, Wheeler H. Peckham, and others. The Tweed Ring retained David Dudley Field (brother of Cyrus and of Justice Stephen J. Field of California), William Fullerton, and other eminent attorneys, eight in all; the youngest and least known of these was Elihu Root, then recently arrived in New York City. Although young—under thirty—Elihu Root was shrewd and thrifty.

The case against Tweed was bitterly fought. The jury failed to agree. Tweed took refuge in California for a time, hoping the affair would blow over. His friends said that if he stayed in California he was safe, and could not be extradited. However, he persisted in returning, and was again put on trial under new indictments. His entire counsel protested in writing against the re-arrest, whereupon the judge charged them with attempting to coerce the court, and fined each of them \$250, with the exception of Elihu Root, who was let off with a reprimand on account of his youth.

Judge Noah Davis said from the bench:

"Remember that good faith to a client can never justify bad faith to your own consciences, and that however good a thing it may be to be known as successful and great lawyers, it is even a better thing to be known as honest men."

Tweed was found guilty in November 1873, and sentenced to twelve years at Blackwell's Island. The rest of the Ring fled to Europe with their ill-gotten millions. Tweed died in prison April 12, 1878.

While it can not be denied that the crusade of the New York *Times* had most to do with the fall of the Tweed Ring, the work of Thomas Nast in *Harper's Weekly* was almost as important. His savage cartoons made the culprits wince. Perhaps the most notable was that depicting Tweed as Cæsar seated in the imperial box at the Colosseum, surrounded by his satellites; in the arena lies a female figure civic-crowned. Tearing her to pieces, tooth and claw, is a gigantic tiger, wearing the Tammany collar.

Nast's cartoons are vivid even to this day. Compare them with those of the English cartoonist Gillray in the Napoleonic time; his cartoons to-day are difficult to understand and impossible to interest.

If Thomas Nast attacked the Tweed Ring, he was a vigorous defender of the Washington Ring. He stood by Grant stoutly in the Grant-Greeley campaign, in 1872. His bitter cartoons of Greeley darkened the end of that editor's life. Nast supported

Grant's first boom for a third term in 1875-1876. He did not, however, defend those followers of Grant who became involved in the transcontinental railroad imbroglio.

During the eight years of Grant's administration, ending March 4, 1877, all sorts of political scandals had been uncovered. The most damaging was the Credit Mobilier, the name of the syndicate that put through the Union Pacific Railroad. It was charged that Oakes Ames, a member of Congress, acting as agent for the Union Pacific, had given to members of Congress and other Federal office-holders thirty thousand shares of Credit Mobilier, worth \$9,000,000. Fifteen men were accused of having accepted the stock. Among them was Schuyler Colfax, then Speaker of the House, later Vice President under Grant until March 4, 1873.

Before the Poland Investigating Committee Colfax swore he had received nothing from the Union Pacific or its agents; but the books of Ames showed that Colfax had received stock and dividends. He was dropped from the Republican ticket in Grant's second campaign. His political career was ended.

The Poland Committee investigated similar charges against Vice President Henry Wilson, Speaker Blaine, H. L. Dawes, J. A. Garfield, and others. They all denied the charges. The Poland Committee decided that they had no "corrupt motive or purpose" in accepting the stock. The committee found Oakes Ames and James Brooks of New York guilty of "corruption," and recommended their expulsion from the House of Representatives. The House changed this to censure merely, but both men were not acquitted by public opinion. Overwhelmed with shame, both died within three months of the verdict.

A Senate committee of investigation found J. W. Patterson, Senator from New Hampshire, guilty of corruption and perjury in this railroad deal, and recommended that he be expelled from the Senate.

Few of the many men implicated in this matter suffered any punishment more severe than a loss of popularity. But it produced a most painful impression on the public mind.

Another scandal was the "salary grab." In 1873, the House of Representatives increased the salaries of the President, Vice President, Cabinet members, and Supreme Court Justices. The people raised no objection to this. But the House members increased their own salaries from \$5000 to \$7500 a year while in office, and voted themselves in addition \$5000 extra pay for the two years preceding the passage of the act. This was called "the back-pay steal." It caused such an outburst of wrath among the people that many of the alarmed Representatives returned the money to the Treasury.

Grant's second inauguration took place March 4, 1873. A few

months later, on September 18, 1873, a great banking firm, Jay Cooke & Co., failed. The next day a score of other banks and financial houses closed. A wild panic set in. Runs began on the banks that still seemed solid. For the first time in our history "clearing-house certificates" made their appearance. The New York Stock Exchange remained closed for eight days, when the Wall Street panic improved greatly. But the commercial crisis continued. Railroads defaulted on their bonds; business houses collapsed; real estate slumped; furnaces grew cold; great factories closed; workers were idle.

The government revenues fell off heavily, and Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury, began printing and issuing millions of greenbacks without authority of the law.

Secretary Richardson made contracts for collecting internal revenue taxes which allowed large commissions to the contractors. This was declared illegal by the House, which was considering a vote of censure on Richardson, to escape which he resigned. As a result of these scandals, the Democrats secured a majority in the House in the middle of Grant's term.

Richardson was succeeded as Secretary of the Treasury by Benjamin H. Bristow. He soon discovered frauds in the revenue returns from whiskey distilleries. He found that for several years a Whiskey Ring of internal revenue collectors, whiskey distillers, and official confederates in Washington had existed, by which the government was defrauded of millions. The ostensible objective for this money was as a Republican campaign fund to elect Grant for a second and then for a third term. Some of it may have been devoted to this end, but most of it stuck to official fingers. John McDonald, Supervisor of Internal Revenue in the West, paid the hotel bill of President Grant and party for a ten days' stay at St Louis; he also presented to President Grant a pair of fine horses, gold-mounted harness, and a trotting-wagon. The President accepted this gift. McDonald presented some diamond jewelry to Orville E. Babcock, private secretary and close friend of the President. When Secretary Bristow instituted proceedings against Babcock and others, he showed a letter to President Grant which seemed to prove Babcock guilty. The President wrote on the letter "Let no guilty man escape." But when Babcock was tried, President Grant volunteered to testify as to his good character and integrity, which so impressed the jury that they found Babcock not guilty. Babcock was at once reinstated in his office at the White House. But public opinion was so strongly against him that he was soon forced to resign. He was afterwards indicted for complicity in a safe-burglary, which was devised for getting hold of some incriminating documents.

President Grant showed such feeling against Bristow for pressing these Whiskey Ring prosecutions that the Secretary resigned.

The next scandal was uncovered in the War Department by a House Committee. Their report showed (with testimony) that Mrs Belknap, wife of the Secretary of War, had been selling appointments by the War Department to Indian post traderships, which were extremely lucrative. From the Fort Sill incumbent she was receiving \$12,000 per year, half of which she paid to the go-between, C. P. Marsh. During the life of this "contract" she died; Marsh then paid the money to her widower, Secretary Belknap. The House voted unanimously to impeach Belknap for "high crimes and misdemeanors." Warned of this, Belknap asked President Grant to accept his resignation immediately, and the President, "with great regret," accepted it the same day, before impeachment proceedings could begin. Belknap was an intimate friend of President Grant, who appointed him Secretary of War in 1869, and accepted his resignation March 2, 1876. The House abandoned its impeachment proceedings on the ground that Belknap was no longer in office.

In speaking in Congress on the Belknap case, George F. Hoar said: "Within six years I have seen five United States Judges driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption. I have seen the Chairman of the Military Committee rise in the House and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for selling their privilege of selecting youths to be educated at West Point. When the greatest railroad of the world united our two seas I heard unanimous reports of two House Committees and one Senate Committee that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President."

James G. Blaine, then Speaker of the House, became involved in the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad affair; from this road he received commissions in bonds and cash for selling securities to his friends. The stock became worthless, and the road defaulted on its bonds. Blaine felt obliged to make good his friends' losses. It was charged that the Union Pacific Railroad, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad paid him for these semi-worthless securities large sums in excess of their value. His enemies charged that the consideration was for Blaine to influence legislation in favor of giving land grants to these railroads.

Before the House Committee investigating these matters James Mulligan testified that he possessed certain letters written

by Blaine to Fisher of the Little Rock Railroad, which letters showed that the Union Pacific had paid Blaine \$64,000 for these semi-worthless bonds. Blaine, who was present at the committee's meeting, succeeded in getting an adjournment. Immediately afterward, he was one of a conference in Mulligan's hotel room, others present being two Union Pacific directors, Atkins and Fisher. Blaine begged Mulligan to give him the letters, saying that if the House Committee obtained them it would ruin him. Mulligan refused, but consented to let Blaine read the letters. Blaine read them, and then refused to return them, claiming that they were his property. When the House Committee asked Blaine for the letters, he refused to give them up.

So painful was the impression produced by this suppression that Blaine was urged by his friends to read the letters to the whole House, immediately, as the Republican Convention, before which he was a candidate, was to meet on June 14. Blaine read the letters to the House on June 5, 1876, with full comment, and followed the reading with a dramatic speech. It was received with great applause. Blaine's friends considered that the House thus vindicated him. But the committee was informed that he had not read all the letters, and that of those he did read he had omitted and changed portions; it therefore demanded, on Saturday, June 10, the submission to the committee of the actual letters, and all of them. Blaine still refused. The next day, Sunday, June 11, on his way to divine service, he had a stroke, and fell on the church steps. This put an end to the investigation. Before he recovered, the Governor of Maine appointed Blaine Senator to succeed Morrill, who had become Secretary of the Treasury, to succeed Bristow. The House Committee thus ceased to have jurisdiction over Blaine.

When the Republican Convention met on June 14, 1876, Blaine's followers loyally clung to him, and on the first ballot he polled 285 votes to 99 for Roscoe Conkling and 61 for R. B. Hayes. Conkling had hoped to nominate Grant for a third term, and incidentally to kill off Blaine. But the Grant boom collapsed. Then Conkling injected his own candidacy into the struggle, but on the seventeenth ballot Hayes became the choice of the convention.

Blaine's enemies said that his defeat was due to the charges of corruption and to the Mulligan letters. Blaine's friends said that it was the vindictive antagonism of Roscoe Conkling that defeated him. Blaine and Conkling, years before, had collided in the House. On April 30, 1866, Blaine, in the course of a sarcastic speech, spoke of Conkling's "haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut." For this, Conkling never forgave him. Thereafter the

cartoonists almost invariably represented Conkling as a turkey-gobbler.

This National Convention of June, 1876, was the body before which Robert G. Ingersoll made his famous oration in which he likened Blaine to "an armed warrior, a plumed knight, who threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country and every maligner of his fair reputation." It was a magnificent speech. But it did not nominate Blaine.

This condensed record of the scandals of the Grant administration is not narrated here merely for the purpose of painting a black picture. It is told that young Americans may know what the conditions were in the seventies. It is also told in order that they may know how much better the conditions are in their own time. It is not too much to say that the happenings under the Grant administration would not be tolerated by the American people to-day.

Widespread indignation prevailed throughout the country over the accusations of railroad bribery in Congress. This was seized on as a favorable time for agitation by labor leaders. Strikes were begun. Many of the railroads were closely allied with the coal companies; in some cases the directing boards were identical. It was easier to begin hostilities first among the coal-miners; this was done. Likewise, the farmers were stirred up to attack the railroads, and to demand lower freight rates and the abolition of secret rebates.

During the seventies the feeling between capital and labor had grown steadily bitter. Unions of miners, farmers, railway workers, mill and factory employecs, and other workers were organized. A farmers' union, called the "Grangers," or "Patrons of Husbandry," reached a membership of 1,500,000 before the end of the decade. It was a secret order, devoted mainly to forcing the railroads, through Congressional action, to give better transportation and lower freight rates. It was tenaciously opposed by the railroads, which maintained that Congress had no authority to regulate interstate commerce. This contention sounds almost ridiculous to-day, for an interstate commerce law has been in effect since 1887. This law grew primarily out of the fight of the Grangers against the railroads, and secondarily, out of the Grangers' success in forcing the State legislatures to limit fares and freights on intra-State lines. The interstate commerce law took up the task of regulation between the States. The Illinois Central and Chicago & Alton Railroads went to the United States Supreme

Court, which affirmed the right of the States to fix maximum railway rates. These "Granger Cases," so called, are famous among the leading cases in American jurisprudence.

The unions of the miners, railway workers, and others did not stick to legislative and court action, as did the farmers. So, too, the power of the employers, banded together in giant corporations and trusts, was used in buying legislators, in securing laws favoring capitalists, in obtaining secret freight rates. The Knights of Labor were organized to fight the employers. This union attained a membership of over a million. The employers answered with a "black list" to keep agitators from obtaining employment. The workers retorted with the boycott, which stopped the sale of obnoxious manufacturers' products.

These conditions reached their worst in Pennsylvania. The great coal barons there forced prices up for the consumer and forced wages down for the miner. As a result, the public did not sympathize with the mine-owners when the great strikes of the middle seventies began. These were generally controlled by the "Mollie Maguires," a secret society which ruled by terror. Its members blew up coal-mines, burned buildings, and derailed trains. Passenger trains through the mining districts had to be preceded by a pilot train carrying an armed posse. Station agents were beaten; loaded cars were put on main tracks; switches were left open; assassins lay in ambush along the railway lines, shooting at trainmen and passengers. Bosses and non-union men received notices through the mails, garnished with coffins and skulls, warning them to leave. Policemen and watchmen were assassinated at night as they made their rounds. A mine superintendent was set upon by a gang of Mollies on a lonely road, beaten and clubbed to death. Three of them were subsequently arrested, and one having turned State's evidence, the other two were hanged.

These conditions in Pennsylvania became so acute that they resulted in a veritable reign of terror. Honest men feared to go about the streets after dark, and even by day went armed. The Mollies were well organized; they had signs and passwords; they put up candidates; they controlled elections; they packed juries; they terrorized witnesses; they proved alibis; they installed their own men as police officers and constables; they came near to electing a Mollie to the judge's bench of Schuylkill county. They were as sinister, as powerful, as greatly feared as the Mafia in Italy.

With this reign of terror the local police were unable to cope. The Pennsylvania & Reading Coal and Iron Company therefore called in the Pinkerton Agency. One of their most daring detectives, James McParlan, secured admission to the Mollie

Maguires' Union under the name of McKenna. He won favor by his claim of having killed a non-union man in Buffalo. He was rapidly promoted, and soon became an official. But as a new man he was closely watched, and it was two years before he could assist the law to punish any of the Mollie Maguires. During that time two cowardly murders were committed, with the details of which the union officials fully informed him. One of these was the murder of a mine boss, in the presence of his wife, just as he was leaving his house. Four assassins filled his body with bullets.

The companies employing McParlan had agreed that he should not be called as a witness, as it would ruin him as a detective to be known to so many criminals—leaving aside the danger of death to a man who should betray the union. But McParlan determined that it was his duty to go on the stand, in view of the hosts of perjured witnesses and the difficulties of conviction. He did so. As a result of his testimony nine Mollie Maguires were hanged, and numbers of others sent to State Prison for life or for long terms.

It might have been expected that McParlan would suffer assassination, but he lived for many years. He transferred his activities, however, to the Far West, where he was little known.

Following the Mollie Maguire strikes and thuggery, which were practically confined to Pennsylvania, came more widely spread disturbances. The ugliest and most extensive railroad strike in the history of the country took place in 1877. The roads involved were the New York Central, the Erie, the Baltimore & Ohio, and their western connecting lines. The major grievance was a ten per cent cut in wages, but there were various other causes; there were sympathetic strikes also, and thousands of Pennsylvania miners went out with the railroad strikers. At an agreed signal railway junctions and other strategic points were seized. The roads were throttled. Freight traffic was prevented, and passenger and mail service largely cut off. The railway managers attempted to put new employees at work, but the new men were so viciously attacked that State troops had to be called out to protect them. Many of these State troops sympathized with the strikers, and refused to fire on them. A particularly desperate encounter took place at Pittsburgh, where a furious mob defeated the Philadelphia militia, and besieged them in a round-house, where the troops had taken refuge. The soldiers withstood the mob for some hours, but at last gave way when burning oil-cars were run against their fortress. The soldiers retreated from their flaming refuge in good order, with a loss of four killed and many wounded and burned. The Mayor of Scranton was seized by the mob, which was about to hang him when he was rescued by a police charge, in which three of the mob ringleaders were killed. At

Reading, the mob had seized a railway train, which the troops endeavored to recapture. Bricks, stones, and, finally, bullets met the troops; they replied with volley firing, which killed eleven of the mob, and wounded fifty. Over two hundred of the troops were injured, but none killed.

At Chicago, nineteen rioters were killed; at Baltimore, nine. The mob applied the torch to machine-shops, warehouses, and railway property generally. Firemen were threatened with death, and the fire-hose was cut. In and around Pittsburgh sixteen hundred cars and one hundred and twenty-six locomotives were burned and two thousand freight cars pillaged in twenty-four hours. The loss of property was estimated at \$10,000,000. Allegheny County alone, in which Pittsburgh is situated, had to face damage suits for \$3,000,000.

The mob was at the peak of its power during July 21, 22, and 23. During that period over six thousand miles of railway in three great States were in its hands. The militia not being able to control the mob, the governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia appealed to the Federal Government for aid. President Hayes sent United States troops to the disturbed sections, and the mob gave way. The disturbances began on July 14, were serious until July 27, and peace was not restored for several weeks.

III

POLITICAL TROUBLES, EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH

THE railroad strikes and riots in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, West Virginia, and Illinois in July, 1877, were probably the exciting causes of the riots which broke out on the Pacific Coast a few days later. But as all these troubles immediately followed the Grant administration, and had to be settled by President Hayes, it may be well to tell here the story of how he came to the White House.

The many scandals during the Grant regime had made the Democrats hopeful of success in the presidential campaign of 1876. They therefore nominated as a "reform" candidate Samuel J. Tilden, who had been governor of New York and a leader in the fight against the Tweed Ring. For Vice President they nominated Hendricks of Indiana. R. B. Hayes had for his vice-presidential associate William A. Wheeler of New York. Hayes had been a brave soldier in the Civil War, was wounded, and had won the rank of brigadier-general. His managers therefore thought it advisable to fight the campaign on the "bloody shirt" war issue, particularly as they could not "point with pride" to the record of the Grant administration. This course was followed. President Grant had continued to guard polling places in the South with Federal troops; the Republican managers pointed to this as proving that the South was still rebellious. Republican campaign orators sounded the warning that a Democratic victory would mean paying the slaveholders for their freed slaves, as well as paying other Southern war claims. Hot as was the campaign, the Republican managers were chagrined to find that the result was close. The day after the election the Democratic journals claimed a victory, some giving 208 votes to Tilden and 161 to Hayes.

The Republican managers at once charged that the count in Florida and Louisiana had been fraudulent, and demanded that the Federal Government should "go behind the State returns." President Grant sent orders to General William T. Sherman, at the head of the Army, to instruct General Auger in Louisiana and General Ruger in Florida "to see that the legal boards of canvassers

are unmolested. . . . If there are any grounds of suspicion of fraudulent count, it should be denounced at once. . . . Send all troops necessary . . . to ensure peaceable count of the ballots." Vote-counting was carried on in Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina under guard of Federal troops. On November 18, 1876, South Carolina's vote was declared as counted for Hayes; the State House was occupied by Federal troops. Similar precautions were taken in Florida and Louisiana.

On December 6, 1876, the electoral college met in the various States, and declared the result. Florida and Louisiana each sent two returns—one Republican, the other Democratic. So did Oregon; in that State three Republicans had been chosen as presidential electors; one was a postmaster; as this was illegal, the Democratic governor refused to sign his certificate of election. The Republican elector resigned as postmaster; then resigned as elector; thereupon his two Republican colleagues re-elected him elector. Oregon's Republican Secretary of State issued him a certificate, making three Republican electors; the Democratic governor issued certificates to the two Republican electors and to one Democratic elector. Even so, Oregon was for Hayes, but the one Democratic vote *in the electoral college* would have elected Tilden.

However, the Democratic House of Representatives did not follow the Democratic governor of Oregon, but preferred to struggle for the votes of Florida and Louisiana, where there were also two sets of electors, one for Hayes, one for Tilden.

Therefore, with the Republican returns for those States counted, the election would go to Hayes by 185 votes as against 184 for Tilden.

The United States Constitution provides that the President of the Senate shall, "in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." But it does not say who shall count them.

The Vice President, Henry Wilson, was dead; he had been the constitutional "President of the Senate." Senator T. W. Ferry had been elected "President pro tem." He was a strong Republican, and there was no question as to how he would decide. The Senate was Republican, the House Democratic. Thus, if "Congress" counted there would be no choice; this—under the Constitution—would throw the election into the Democratic House. That meant the election of Tilden.

There was a deadlock. Each side accused the other of bribery and fraud. Probably both accusations were true.

It was a dangerous crisis in the life of the great republic, after exactly one hundred years.

After much threatening of violence by both sides, a remedial

bill was finally drawn and passed January 29, 1877. It provided for an Electoral Commission of fifteen members, to be made up of five Senators, five members of the House of Representatives, and five Justices of the United States Supreme Court.

The Republican Senate selected Oliver P. Morton, George F. Edmunds, F. T. Frelinghuysen, Republicans ; Thomas F. Bayard, Allen G. Thurman, Democrats.

The Democratic House chose Henry B. Payne, Eppa Hunton, Josiah G. Abbott, Democrats ; George F. Hoar, James A. Garfield, Republicans.

The United States Supreme Court chose Justices Stephen J. Field, Nathan Clifford, Samuel F. Miller, William Strong, leaving these four to choose the fifth. Justices Clifford, Field, and Strong selected Justice David Davis. But he had just been elected Senator from Illinois, and declined. They then selected Justice Joseph P. Bradley.

The Electoral Commission had taken an oath to act fairly and without partisanship. Eight of its members were Republicans ; seven Democrats. It had been thought that Justice David Davis was an "Independent." But his refusal to serve placed Justice Bradley on the commission. Justice Bradley was a strong Republican, and every vote of the commission stood "eight to seven" for the Republican candidate, Hayes.

The commission began its sessions February 1, 1877. The sessions continued all through February, and until 5 A.M. March 4, 1877. Thus, only a few hours before the hour and day set by the Constitution for the inauguration of a new President, the Electoral Commission declared that Hayes had received 185 votes and Tilden 184, thus making Rutherford Burchard Hayes President of the United States.

The country was much relieved. It was a grave situation. Still, the settlement was extra-constitutional. Much was said about a constitutional amendment that would preclude the recurrence of such a grave crisis. But half a century has rolled away, and no such amendment has been passed.

President Hayes was a good man and made a good President. He chose an excellent cabinet, among them William M. Evarts, John Sherman, Richard W. Thompson, David M. Key, Carl Schurz, and others. He withdrew the Federal troops from the Southern States ; the Ku Klux Klan dissolved ; the South became peaceful. President Hayes sustained his Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, in his stand against the greenback craze, and the country went back to a gold basis January 1, 1879.

It would be pleasant if one could chronicle that so square and courageous a man as President Hayes was backed up by the people. But he was not. He was lampooned and ridiculed

throughout his administration. The Democratic papers called him "His Fraudulency." The New York *Sun* ran his portrait daily for years with "Fraud" stamped on the brow. Mrs. Hayes was conscientiously opposed to serving alcoholic liquors at the White House table. For this she and the President were much ridiculed. Yet they braved the ridicule. They were braver than twentieth-century Presidents and other high officials who, when the law prohibited intoxicating beverages, talked prohibition in public and served liquor in private.

President Hayes was inaugurated March 4, 1877. In San Francisco a few days later—March 25, 1877—the *Argonaut* issued its first number. It was recognized at once throughout the State as a political leader.

In California the close contest for the Presidency had been followed with intense interest. The juggling with a single electoral vote in Oregon, another Pacific Coast State; the fateful issues pending on a single electoral vote; the fact that California and Oregon had theretofore been treated as Cinderellas by their populous and powerful sisters east of the Mississippi; the sudden respect paid to the three electoral votes of sparsely populated Oregon by the States of the Atlantic seaboard—all of these facts deeply impressed the people of California. The *Argonaut* pointed out that the Hayes administration would act wisely if it took cognizance of the strong feeling in California against Chinese immigration. The *Argonaut* was not in favor of driving the Chinese out, but it strongly favored preventing more from coming in. This was in line with its policy of restricting all foreign immigrants, and excluding all Asiatic immigration. Its insistent demand for the restriction of European immigration caused it to be much abused (in 1877 and later) by politicians and labor leaders. But fifty years afterward the *Argonaut's* policies of excluding Asiatics and restricting all immigrants, including Europeans, were part of the law of the land. Needless to say they were highly approved by politicians and labor leaders in 1928.

There were widespread evidences of anti-Chinese feeling throughout the Pacific Coast. All over California the hostile movement was taking shape. Mass-meetings opposing Chinese immigration were held in many places in the State. In some towns the Chinese laborers were forcibly driven out. A large mass-meeting in San Francisco so impressed and alarmed the Chinese "Six Companies" that on May 11, 1876, they sent a cablegram to China urging that the migration of laborers to

California should be stopped. The Eastern States were slow to be impressed by the movement; but at last, toward the end of 1876, a congressional committee sat in San Francisco to investigate the matter. Public hearings were held, at which many testified. The committee made an innocuous report, which said substantially that the Chinese were faithful laborers; that they did much necessary labor which white laborers would not do; that they worked for lower wages than the whites; but that they were generally disliked. The committee made no recommendations.

It would, of course, have been "bad politics" for a congressional committee to make recommendations on such a burning question in a presidential year. Hence their silence. But the presidential election developed into a fight so bitter that the Chinese question was temporarily overshadowed by the question of whether Tilden or Hayes had been elected President.

The cowardly attempt of the congressional committee to dodge the Chinese question had greatly incensed the voters of the working classes in California. They saw that the Eastern States did not sympathize with them, and that Congress—at that time—represented only the East, and not the whole country. But they also saw that if the committee was cowardly, so was Congress. They saw the two great political parties intriguing for success, regardless of the means employed. And therefore it became plain to the California voters of the working classes—speedily organized into the Workingmen's Party—that by playing off the two old parties, Republican and Democratic, against each other, the Workingmen could obtain what they desired—the restriction of Chinese immigration. And they shaped their course accordingly.

There had been other causes of disturbance in California prior to the sudden resurgence of the Chinese question. The completion of the transcontinental railway had gravely upset economic conditions. The great silver-mining boom had ended with a crash. Banks closed. Failures began.

The troubled conditions in California were in 1877 a reflex of those in the Atlantic States. The Civil War boom, with greenback inflation, high prices, and high profits, was followed by a depression, then by a slump. This was intensified by political scandals like the Credit Mobilier; the Whiskey Frauds; the sale of Indian post traderships; the Erie and other railway scandals; the Tweed Régime; the "Gold corner"; "Black Friday"; and finally the ruinous panic of 1873. Although Californians did not correlate them at the time, the crash in the Pacific Coast stock market in 1875 had its roots in the Atlantic Coast panic of 1873. The suspension of the Bank of California caused the

stock boards in San Francisco to close. The long list of failures in Wall Street was echoed by failures in the financial district of San Francisco. These failures were mainly in the large financial and mercantile and commercial circles. But there were other disturbing causes which reached down to the minor circles, affecting the retail grocers and their customers, the workingmen with their weekly wage; one of these trouble-breeders was the Trade Dollar job, a mean swindle, which was put over successfully by big mining men.

Another cause of the trouble on the Pacific Coast had been the completion of the overland railway, in May, 1869. In California it had been looked forward to with eagerness and its completion was heralded with joy. There were mass-meetings, speeches by spell-binders, cannon-firing, flag-waving, and the like. But as the months passed, it became evident to the Coast community—big business, little business, and wage-earners—that their dreams of immediate prosperity were unfounded. The overland railway changed conditions profoundly—for the better, of course, ultimately, but at first the shock was devastating to all classes. The wholesale merchants of San Francisco had been in the habit of importing goods from the East by water—luxurious goods by steamer and the Panama Railroad; heavy goods by sailing ships “around the Horn.” During the Civil War, and until specie resumption, the San Francisco merchants paid for their goods with “greenbacks”—sometimes at thirty odd cents on the dollar. To this low cost-price they added transportation, insurance, interest on money invested, and last but not least, a “fair profit,” say fifty per cent. They then resold these goods at gold prices in the vast Pacific Coast territory extending nearly to the Rocky Mountains. Large fortunes were thus built up by merchandising in San Francisco. But with the completion of the overland railway these merchants found much of their business gone. Shrewd Eastern traders advanced on the heels of the overland railway, and began underselling the San Francisco merchants in the territory between the Pacific Ocean and the Missouri River.

On the Pacific Coast there was another result of the completion of the overland railway which affected the laboring classes. Many thousands of Chinese laborers had been imported to speed up the work when the two great roads, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific, were racing in rivalry to their finish, tempted by the large Federal bonus per mile. When the two lines joined their rails at Promontory Point, Utah, they overlapped many miles in graded rights of way. The laborers on the Union Pacific were whites; on the Central Pacific they were Chinese. When the rails met, the Union Pacific laborers were transported eastward,

and swallowed up in the half hundred million people east of the Rocky Mountains; the Chinese laborers went westward, and were thrown on the crowded labor market of the Pacific Coast, with its less than a million people. The labor congestion thus caused, aggravated by further Chinese immigration, grew worse with each succeeding year. It was at its worst in 1877.

IV

SUSPENSION OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

THE banking, mining, and commercial crisis referred to on a preceding page was precipitated by the closing of the Bank of California, under the presidency of W. C. Ralston.

The Bank of California was founded in 1864. D. O. Mills and W. C. Ralston headed the list of stockholders. When D. O. Mills retired, as President, he was succeeded by the cashier, William C. Ralston, who made himself financial dictator of San Francisco, of Nevada, and of much of California. He made loans to many enterprises urgently needing money, and thus made scores of grateful friends. He financed the Mission Woolen Mills; San Francisco Sugar Refinery; Cornell Watch Works; West Coast Furniture Factory; Kimball Carriage Factory; Hunter's Point Dry-dock; Grand Hotel; Palace Hotel; Sherman Island Reclamation Works; and many other enterprises.

Asbury Harpending was an intimate friend of Ralston, and was associated with him in certain of his activities. Harpending published some recollections in 1913, under the title "The Diamond Hoax." This referred to the alleged discovery of rich diamond fields in Wyoming, which two men, Philip Arnold and John Slack, professed to have found. Harpending's book says that Ralston sent him and a party of five investigators to the ground; among them was Henry Janin, a noted mining expert. They found many diamonds, and after two days' examination Janin advised them to secure the land, assuring them that it was worth many millions. Harpending notified Ralston, who organized in San Francisco a diamond mining company with a capital of ten millions. The "rights" of Arnold and Slack to the diamond fields were purchased. Twenty-five San Franciscans subscribed \$80,000 each, and this installment of two millions on the capital stock was placed in the Bank of California. William M. Lent was elected president; William C. Ralston, treasurer; William Willis, secretary. Other directors were Thomas Selby, Milton S. Latham, Louis Sloss, A. Gansl, Maurice Dore, W. F. Babcock, Geo. B. McClellan, S. P. Barlow. The general manager elected was David D. Colton, who opened offices in San Francisco. There

was much demand for the stock, but the original stockholders were unwilling to sell.

Suddenly unpleasant news came. Clarence King, of the United States Geological Survey, and a noted mining expert, had visited the diamond fields; he reported that they had been "salted"; that he and his party had found quantities of small South African and Brazilian diamonds scattered over the "mines"; that geologically they did not belong where they were found; that they had been put in certain places, such as ant-hills, where diamonds were never found; in short, that the whole scheme was a bald fraud. This caused much excitement in San Francisco, and a crash in the price set for the stock. Clarence King consented to prove his statements, and a party was organized to meet him at the mine field; it consisted of Henry Janin, E. M. Fry, D. D. Colton, and John W. Bost. As a result, the party reported to the San Francisco company's headquarters; they agreed that the "mines" were a fraud. Henry Janin admitted that he had been deceived, and confirmed Clarence King's findings. A committee was appointed by the directors to investigate the matter; to it were added three prominent lawyers, Hall McAllister, W. H. L. Barnes, and S. M. Wilson. This committee advised laying charges against Arnold and Slack before the grand jury; that body, however, failed to indict. The company then dissolved, and its attorneys wound up its affairs.

The stockholders, being all rich and prominent men, were mortified at their experience, and concluded to pocket their loss in silence. However, according to Harpending's book, "Mr. Ralston paid dollar for dollar to the twenty-five stockholders who subscribed \$2,000,000 for a half interest in the company." The loss of the money paid to Arnold and Slack—variously stated at from \$300,000 to \$600,000—according to Harpending "fell on the shoulders of the original dupes, W. C. Ralston, W. M. Lent, George Dodge, and myself." He adds that Slack disappeared, but that Arnold returned to "his old home at Elizabethtown, Kentucky." Thither went W. M. Lent, accompanied by Detective Isaiah W. Lees, and brought suit against Arnold for \$350,000; Lent's counsel were Judge Harlan, later of the United States Supreme Court, and Benjamin Bristow, later of President Grant's cabinet. Arnold finally gave way, and paid Lent \$150,000 on condition that he be secured from further litigation.

Harpending tells of a real-estate scheme in which he was associated with Ralston. Harpending had conceived the plan of extending Montgomery Street south from Market Street to the bay, and had purchased Market Street property between First and Third, and property from Howard Street to Market, at moderate prices. He thus secured, he says, eight hundred feet of

Market Street frontage. On part of this he erected the large structure called the Harpending Building, later destroyed by fire. Needing further funds, he called at the Bank of California, and applied to Ralston, who was much interested, and proposed finally that Harpending should take him in as a partner, instead of as a lender. Harpending acceded, and Ralston became the owner of a quarter interest.

In extending Montgomery Street the two partners found themselves opposed by John Parrott and Milton S. Latham, two men of large wealth, who owned land on the line of the proposed extension. The two partners then put through the legislature a bill extending the street, with an assessment district and a twelve-million dollar bond issue by San Francisco. Governor Haight vetoed the bill. The two partners thus found themselves with the unfinished scheme on their hands. They concluded to sell the land. They arranged an auction sale by the "Montgomery Street Land Company," and consulted with Maurice Dore, a prominent real-estate auctioneer, about the minimum price to fix per front foot. Of the three, Ralston's price was much the highest, and Harpending finally approved it, with misgivings. The auction, he says, was cleverly staged, and apparently a great success. But the land was all knocked down to their "cappers"—the public would not pay the price. A part of the land remaining on their hands was subsequently utilized by Ralston as a site for the Grand and Palace Hotels.

Harpending says that he was interested with Ralston in various railroad plans, and that with Ralston's financial assistance he had graded thirty miles of road northward through Marin and Sonoma counties. But the Central Pacific Company, he says, urged Ralston to dissuade him from further work, so he stopped. He adds that the Central Pacific had promised Ralston the monopoly of building their cars, and that Ralston constructed a large factory for that purpose. He did not obtain the car contract, however, and used the building for a new scheme, the West Coast Furniture Factory, which was operated at a loss, and finally closed. The same fate overtook Ralston's woolen mills, watch factory, and other enterprises.

Harpending says that he and Ralston secured an option on the Emma Mine for \$350,000, but, after having the mine experted, allowed the option to expire. This mine was subsequently dumped on British investors for two million pounds, but with that promotion scheme the two partners had nothing to do. Not long afterward Harpending ceased to be associated with Ralston, left California, and returned to his old home in Kentucky.

Ralston directed another real-estate scheme, the contemplated sale of the Calaveras Valley water-shed to the city of San Fran-

cisco. This was bitterly opposed by the *Call-Bulletin* and other antagonists; it did not succeed.

When the Sutro Tunnel was initiated, Ralston and Sharon at first supported it. Later, they quarrelled with Sutro, and denounced it as "a swindle." Sutro retorted with great vigor, aspersing their motives. They used every effort to defeat the legislation authorizing it, but Sutro won.

These incidents are given here to show the extremely varied character of Ralston's activities. He was—on the surface—successful until the great mining-stock panic of 1875.

The Bank of California had been founded in 1864 and at once won the confidence of the community largely owing to the financial solidity of the original stockholders. Their names and their allotments of shares were as follows :

D. O. Mills	2000	William E. Barron	650
W. C. Ralston	2000	Thomas Bell.	650
J. B. Thomas	1000	Louis McLane	750
A. T. Lawton	650	H. F. Teschemacher	250
O. F. Giffin	1000	Samuel Knight	200
John O. Earl	1000	George H. Howard	500
William Norris	500	A. C. Henry	250
A. Hayward	1000	J. C. Wilmerding	100
J. Whitney, Jr.	500	William Alvord	50
Frederick Billings	500	Jacob Kamm	500
Herman Michels	250	Alpheus Bull	250
A. B. McCreery	750	H. W. Carpentier	200
J. Moses Ellis	500	A. J. Pope	100
A. J. Pope	500	J. Moses Ellis	250
Richard M. Jessup	500	Louis McLane	50
R. S. Fretz	2000	Joseph Barron	500

From 1870 to 1875 there was a pronounced excitement in mining stocks on the Pacific Coast, based on the rich silver veins opened on the Comstock Lode. Shares rose to high figures. The Bank of California, then under the management of Ralston, sent William Sharon to Nevada as its agent. It loaned largely on mining shares and kindred collateral; it became interested in developing mines; in milling ores; in constructing water works to supply the mines and Virginia City; in the Virginia and Truckee Railroad; in supplying lumber and fuel to the mines; and in various other enterprises. In the capacity of its agent, William Sharon was made president of a number of companies then under its control.

The Bonanza firm of Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair, then becoming rich and powerful, chafed under the tyranny of "the Bank crowd." The Bonanza firm began to fight the Bank of

California. The mines it controlled were richer than those controlled by the Bank of California. Its two leading mines—Consolidated Virginia and California—were favorites with the stock-dealing public. The first of these took over fifteen millions out of the ground in the first half of 1875; its stock rose to \$700 a share; its sister mine, California, to \$780 a share. Adjacent Bonanza-held mines, as yet undeveloped, also rose to high figures.

The Bonanza firm had started the Pacific Mill and Mining Company, as a rival to the Union Mill and Mining Company, run by Bank of California managers. It was rumored that the Bonanza firm were about to start a bank of their own. It looked as if the supremacy of the Bank of California would then be endangered by its young and lusty rival.

Suddenly, in the midsummer of 1875, a pronounced selling movement began. Its point of attack was the Bonanza stocks. The market was deluged with offerings of these securities. Of course, heavy selling of other stocks resulted. The public, terrified, stood aloof, while the money battle raged. In violent convulsions the stock-market writhed; often there would be announced the failure of some broker or operator, whom the fascinations of the mighty struggle had led to ruin. The public soon learned that the head of the selling movement was Sharon, and that he represented "The Bank of California crowd."

The excitement was at its highest on the morning of August 26, 1875. E. E. Eyre was the confidential broker of the Bonanza firm; under his directions the defensive battle was waged. The firm of Woods & Freeborn were managing the fight for Sharon, with B. B. Rorke as chief floor broker, although B. F. Sherwood was generally considered as Sharon's confidential broker. Of course, these big operators often gave orders through various brokers. There seemed to be no knowledge among the brokers on the floor that morning of any impending bank disaster. A very few knew of it in various ways; B. F. Sherwood, for example, was partner to Joseph L. King, who learned from him that trouble was impending; the two then took measures to protect their firm, and cashed all checks before noon, thus accumulating a large amount of gold coin in their vault. Sherwood must have received a hint from Sharon, but few were so favored. The morning session of the stock board closed amid much excitement, with the market declining heavily, but with the Bonanza stocks fairly well sustained, despite heavy hammering. In the board, on August 25, Consolidated Virginia sold at 290; on August 26 at 268. The afternoon session was abandoned; lower prices ruled, but as they were street sales there was no official record.

At two o'clock there was a slightly larger crowd than usual at the counter of the Bank of California; in fifteen minutes it

had greatly increased ; at two-thirty a long line extended through the doors and out into the street ; at two-forty President Ralston walked from his private office to the counter, and ordered payments to stop. The iron doors were closed.

Great excitement followed. The stock boards—there were two—adjourned subject to call. A number of other banks temporarily closed, stating that they were sound, but feared panicky runs.

On August 27 the directors of the Bank of California were called together, excluding Ralston. An audit had revealed that the bank's funds were almost depleted. Ralston's resignation was demanded, and signed forthwith. He went to North Beach, where he was in the habit of swimming frequently. He was a strong swimmer, and swam far out in the bay, as usual, without attracting any special attention. Suddenly he was observed to be struggling in the water. A boat put out to his assistance. When it reached him his dead body was found floating. His friends said that he had died of a stroke ; his enemies that he had committed suicide.

What took place at the meeting of the bank trustees will be found in the Mills narrative, published after his death.

D. O. Mills died January 4, 1910. He had for a number of years been living in New York. Immediately after his death a narrative of his life, seven columns long, appeared in the New York *Tribune*. That journal was at the time owned and edited by Whitelaw Reid, his son-in-law. The narrative was written in the third person, but intrinsic evidence showed that it was D. O. Mills's own narrative ; it contained many statements of facts with which no man could have been conversant save Mills himself. It sheds light on many dark places in the Bank of California failure.

D. O. Mills had resigned as president of the bank on July 15, 1878. The Mills narrative says that he left it "with its two million dollars capital secure, a large surplus, highly profitable business, and unlimited credit." When he was called on in August, 1875, to "rescue it from utter wreck," the narrative says, "he found it with liabilities of thirteen and a half millions more than its capital and surplus, and with a hundred thousand dollars cash in its vaults." The Mills narrative says that after the resignation of Mills, and without his knowledge, Ralston had bought two hundred and fifty shares of stock and placed it in Mills's name, retaining him as a director.

Four or five days before the failure, says the Mills narrative, William Sharon urged Mills to loan nine hundred thousand dollars to Ralston, "to save him from failure in personal speculations." Mills consented, and within an hour let Ralston have four hundred thousand dollars, and in the next few days three hundred and fifty thousand more. The Mills narrative adds : "It was after-

ward learned that there had been an overissue of about twelve thousand shares of the bank's stock. This stock was taken in and retired just before the failure by Ralston and Sharon, and that was where Mr. Mills's money went."

Concerning this point, the reported overissue of stock, Mills's posthumous narrative of 1910 is corroborated by D. O. Mills's sworn testimony before a court commission in July, 1876. John F. Swift, of counsel, asked D. O. Mills :

Q. Now, about the overissue of stock, Mr. Mills ?

A. What do you wish to know about that ?

Q. I want to know how much there was of it, and what were the facts. What it was issued for.

A. Well, that I could not tell you. I never made an examination of that until after the bank resumed. At the time my examination was made the stock was correct. I was credibly informed that there was an overissue which had been retired.

Q. Retired by the present managers ?

A. Not by the present managers.

Q. By what is known as the Syndicate ?

A. No, sir.

Q. By the old directors ?

A. No, sir.

Q. Well, I will not press upon that point. I will simply get at the fact that there was an overissue of stock.

A. I was credibly informed that there was an overissue of stock to a considerable amount.

Q. It was retired, I suppose, Mr. Mills, for the benefit of the stockholders of the bank, for the institution ?

A. I judge it was retired in the interest of the Ralston estate.

The evident reluctance of Mr. Mills in testifying was probably out of consideration for the dead Ralston.

During the same proceedings he thus testified concerning other matters since much disputed, including the rumors of false certificates of deposit :

Q. Did he not pay his own debts sometimes by issuing certificates of deposit without receiving money to represent them ?

A. A portion of this was made up of certificates that he had evidently taken and used, and given out in the bank's name, which the bank afterward had to assume and pay.

Q. For example, if he went to parties and got money from some men, would not he issue certificates of deposit to them ?

A. That I do not know. We found only claims of that kind ;—a few claims of that kind were not on our books.

Q. You had found some ? How was the case of Carpentier ?

A. That was the principal sum—something over half a million. It was a certificate of deposit, issued over the signature of the

officers of the bank, issued by Ralston. The money never really came into the bank.

Returning to the Mills posthumous narrative, it gives the facts already told concerning the bank's closing. It adds that the directors then unanimously elected Mills as president, and five directors, Mills, Alvord, Earl, Bell, and Sachs, were appointed as a committee to examine into the bank's condition. They reported that "the bank's liabilities were \$19,585,000, including \$5,000,000 capital stock and \$1,000,000 reserve, while it had on hand about \$100,000 in cash." Ralston's personal indebtedness to the bank was "fixed at about \$4,500,000, and the claim was sold to Frank G. Newlands, for account of William Sharon," his father-in-law.

The directors at first decided to "wind up the bank in bankruptcy." After much debate, an agreement was finally signed on September 24, 1875, "between the stockholders on the one side, and D. O. Mills, William Sharon, Thomas Bell, and their associates, on the other side," to create a fund of not less than \$5,000,000 to re-establish the bank. Mills headed the list with \$1,000,000, and others followed until a fund of \$7,895,000 was subscribed. The Mills narrative does not give the names of the other subscribers. Mills, Sharon, and Bell "guaranteed outstanding drafts and credits of the bank to the extent of \$1,250,000." Then the bank resumed business.

The Bank of California reopened its doors on October 5, 1875. One day earlier, on October 4, the new Nevada Bank opened for business. The stock boards reopened at the same time.

The Bank of California under the management of William Alvord regained the public confidence. It became established more solidly than before.

The Nevada Bank also entered on a prosperous career. Aside from a natural rivalry for business, there was no further conflict between those directing the two banks. Many years afterward, another Nevada corporation, the Wells-Fargo Bank, was merged with the Nevada Bank.

It is true, as Mr. Mills's narrative says, that by the rehabilitation of the Bank of California "a general financial crash on the Pacific Coast was averted." But none the less an abnormal condition followed which lasted for a number of years. Financial, commercial, and industrial circles were disturbed. The business community also found it difficult to adjust itself to the changed conditions caused by the transcontinental railway. The labor element felt the situation most acutely, as there was much unemployment. Labor leaders finally concentrated on Chinese immigration as the source of the industrial trouble.

THE SAND LOT AND KEARNEYISM

THE financial and commercial disturbance caused by the Bank of California's closing made labor conditions worse. There had been much unrest on account of the overplus of Chinese thrown on the labor market when the trans-continental railway was completed. This was aggravated by the continual arrival of thousands of Chinese laborers by trans-Pacific steamers. The unrest caused among white laborers by the presence of these alien thousands caused clever leaders—some called them demagogues—to use the Chinese labor question as a stepping-stone to power. The most prominent among these were Denis Kearney and Isaac Kallloch—both orators.

There was much unemployment in 1876, 1877, and later, most of which was attributed by the California workmen to the presence of Chinese laborers. During the three years 1876, 1877, 1878, there was not only unemployment but also destitution in San Francisco. The benevolent associations and the churches were feeding some thousands of persons daily. This had never before been known in California.

In the midsummer of 1877, a group of San Francisco workmen called a mass-meeting to discuss their grievances. The date set was July 21. This movement was a reflex of that in the Eastern States where, on July 16, 1877, the strike begun on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was followed by rioting in Pittsburgh, Albany, Chicago, St. Louis, and other places. The rioting in Pittsburgh was particularly bloody. These facts are elsewhere set forth in these pages.

The disturbed labor conditions throughout the Pacific Coast, felt most acutely in San Francisco, caused the Western workmen, particularly the unemployed, to follow the Eastern troubles with keen attention. Therefore, when their leaders issued this call for a mass-meeting in San Francisco while rioting was still going on in the East, it caused grave apprehension in official and employing circles in the chief city of the Coast. The meeting took place in a large vacant space next to the City Hall—usually called "The Sand Lot." Fearing trouble, the entire police force was on duty,

and the National Guard, while not ordered out on the streets, assembled at their armories. This meeting was presided over by James F. D'Arcy, organizer of the Chicago "Workingmen's Party of the United States." Resolutions were passed sympathizing with the Eastern rioters; declaring that all railroad property in the disturbed districts should be condemned to public use; declaring that subsidies to transportation lines should be abolished; demanding an eight-hour law; denouncing the employment of the military against strikes. The centre of the meeting was orderly enough, but the many thousands present could not hear or participate in the business transacted on the platform. On the outskirts of the meeting, various agitators stirred up the crowd to riot, and mobs began wrecking the Chinese laundries. They were combated by the police and a citizens' "Committee of Safety." This anti-Chinese mob rioted for three nights, destroying many Chinese wash-houses. Several persons were killed in these encounters. The mob also attacked the wharves of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, that company being held responsible for the transportation of the Chinese to California. The mob set out to burn the steamships, but did not succeed; it then satisfied its destructive spirit by burning some lumber-yards and hay-barns which were adjacent to the Pacific Mail wharves. In Oakland, across the Bay from San Francisco, a mob of several thousand men threatened to destroy the large railroad yards there, but did not accomplish their purpose. At the end of three days there were 4000 men enrolled on the side of the law, and the rioting in San Francisco ceased.

The apprehension of the officials and the employing classes showed the workingmen their power. They therefore determined to organize a Pacific Coast Union. On August 18, Denis Kearney issued a call for a meeting on August 22; it met, organized under the name of "The Workingmen's Trade and Labor Union," and elected J. G. Day President and Kearney Secretary. Throughout California, at Sacramento, the capital city and other interior cities, workingmen's unions were organized on similar lines. The San Francisco Union, on September 12, formally condemned the existing political parties, and changed its name to "The Workingmen's Party of California." It declared for a reduction in the hours of labor; the establishment of a bureau of labor; strict accountability of office-holders; reduction of official salaries to the rates paid for skilled labor; abolition of the national banks; property to be assessed at its full value; the abrogation of the Burlingame treaty with China; and various other advanced measures. This was the beginning of a movement destined profoundly to affect the government of the State.

The Sunday following this meeting, there began at the Sand

Lot a regular series of Sunday meetings. As Monday is usually a dull day for news, the rival San Francisco newspapers featured these meetings and gave them a great deal of space. Between the Sunday meetings a special meeting took place at Union Hall to consider the relief of the unemployed. The Democratic Party in California had become much perturbed over the political tinge given to these meetings; it was the belief of politicians that the Workingmen had very largely voted with the Democratic Party, which now seemed in danger of losing their votes. It was thought best by the Democratic leaders to propitiate the leaders of the new party. Therefore Philip Roach, State Senator, editor of the *Examiner* (then a Democratic evening daily), and known generally as a "Bourbon war-horse," addressed the Union Hall meeting. Senator Roach spoke along conservative lines, as the Democratic Party was then conservative; he mildly opposed Chinese immigration, advocated legislation to help the unemployed and the poor, and vigorously denounced political corruption. He was followed by Denis Kearney, who began by yelling "The Chinese must go!" This was vociferously applauded. Kearney proceeded to give needed fire to Senator Roach's tepid address by urging every workingman present to buy a rifle, and further recommended that all capitalists should be hanged. Before Kearney had finished, the conservative Senator Roach fled in terror from the hall.

The forebodings of the Democratic leaders came true. As the Workingmen's Party increased in numbers and in power, the Democratic Party in California dwindled. Although hitherto powerful in California politics, it never regained its old status. Twice only thereafter in California in the next half century did the Democratic Party carry the State in a Presidential election — once the Winfield Scott Hancock ticket was carried on a divided electoral ballot by a minute plurality of 128; later, the Woodrow Wilson ticket was carried by the new women voters of California, who voted for Wilson because he "had kept us out of war."

At the next regular Sand Lot meeting Kearney announced that "bullets would replace ballots" if the condition of the laboring classes were not improved; he further threatened that San Francisco would meet the fate of "burning Moscow" if the capitalists were not driven out. J. G. Day attempted to check the utterance of such sentiments, but he was yelled down, resigned, and withdrew from the meeting. Kearney was elected President to succeed him, and H. L. Knight Secretary. A permanent organization was effected, and a long and radical platform adopted. It proposed to "unite the poor and the workingmen into one political party"; to "defend themselves

against capitalists ;" to "wrest the government from the rich and restore it to the people ;" to "rid the country of cheap Chinese labor by any means ;" to "destroy land monopoly ;" to "tax the rich so as to make great wealth impossible ;" to "elect only workingmen to office."

Workingmen's Clubs were formed all over San Francisco and in other California cities. Kearney spoke regularly, and daily denounced the "shoddy aristocrats" and "thieving millionaires." He repeatedly said from the platform "Judge Lynch is the only judge we want," and advised his hearers to buy rifles and ammunition.

On October 29, 1877, a sensational meeting was held on Nob Hill, as the highest point of California Street Hill is called. This magnificent view-point had been chosen by the railroad magnates as a home site. There Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and Mark Hopkins, three of the builders, had erected large and luxurious residences. Another handsome house was that of General D. D. Colton, a high railroad official; after his death his house was purchased by C. P. Huntington, another one of the Big Four. Some time after, A. N. Towne, another high official, built a house across the street from Colton's. About sixty feet of the crest of Nob Hill had been cut off, and a plateau levelled for buildings. There was much open ground, and Kearney determined to call a night meeting on Nob Hill instead of at the Sand Lot. There, in the midst of the millionaires' palaces, he advised his followers to defy the rich. Several thousand responded to his call. From an improvised platform, with great bonfires blazing and lighting up the dark, the agitator thundered forth his philippics against the rich. It was here that he threatened to "lynch railroad magnates, thieving millionaires, and scoundrelly officials." He declared that stenographers were among his hearers, surreptitiously taking notes preparatory to indicting him. He defied the Grand Jury to indict him, and threatened that if he were jailed his followers would "destroy all the rich hell-hounds in California." This Nob Hill speech and his preceding utterances caused such disquiet that on November 3, 1877, at a meeting in Kearny Street he was arrested and jailed by the police for incendiary language and inciting to riot. At a meeting the following day, November 4, two other Workingmen's agitators, H. L. Knight and J. G. Day, were also arrested and jailed.

The San Francisco supervisors met and passed an ordinance against incendiary speech, entitled after its author "The Gibbs gag law." Kearney protested to the Mayor that he had been incorrectly reported in the newspapers, and promised to mend his ways. Thereupon the charge against him was dismissed, and he

and the other two agitators, after a fortnight's imprisonment, were freed.

Kearney's imprisonment had excited sympathy among the Workingmen, and on Thanksgiving Day a procession in his honor marched through the city, terminating at the Sand Lot, where speeches of the same threatening character were delivered ; this parade numbered some seven thousand.

Immediately thereafter, Kearney, accompanied by Knight, set out to organize his party in the interior cities. He spoke to large gatherings, which applauded his denunciations of the rich and the office-holders. From the largest of these interior cities—Oakland—the Workingmen sent a petition to the President and the Congress of the United States urging the abrogation of the Burlingame treaty with China. It was not heeded.

On January 3, 1878, Kearney headed a procession of fifteen hundred unemployed men to the Mayor's office in the City Hall, demanding "work or bread." As a result the Legislature at Sacramento passed a bill authorizing San Francisco to employ 2000 laborers for three months, but the Supervisors paid no attention to the bill. In a speech thereafter Kearney said : "If the Legislature overstep decency, then hemp is the battle-cry." He also advocated blowing up the Pacific Mail Company's docks, and urged his followers to bring guns to the Sand Lot and form military companies. Two such companies were formed, but weapons were not procurable.

The authorities again took steps to repress the agitators ; on January 16, 1878, Kearney and Knight were again jailed, the National Guard was called out, and protection was given to the Pacific Mail docks. The Legislature, then in session at Sacramento, was appealed to, and passed an act authorizing the dispersal of riotous assemblages and the arrest of incendiary speakers.

January 21, Kearney and Knight were acquitted on the charge of inciting a riot, and released on bail on the other charges.

January 21, a Workingmen's convention was held, which bitterly denounced the recent act of the Legislature. That body, alarmed by the fact that Alameda County had just elected a Workingmen's Party Senator to fill a vacancy, side-stepped ; a committee reported that the Workingmen's Party had nothing to do with the rioting, and that they were justified in opposing Chinese immigration. The legislators had reason for their alarm, politically speaking ; at this election the Workingmen stood at the head of the poll, the Republicans were a bad second, and the Democrats stood at the tail, with only a few hundred votes, where before they had polled thousands. At the municipal elections in various cities of the State the Workingmen elected

their candidates. The two old parties were forced to admit that a new political power had appeared.

After speaking in various interior cities, where he organized the Workingmen's Party, Kearney left for the East, to continue his propaganda. He returned in time to enter the fight for a new Constitution in California.

The need for a new organic law had been discussed for some years, and the movement crystallized in 1878. The two old parties feared the new organization, and in April endeavored to get the Workingmen's Party to join the Republicans and Democrats in a non-partisan organization to elect delegates to a Constitutional Convention.

After much complex negotiation, which resulted in fusion, withdrawal, and confusion, the election took place in June. There were 152 delegates; the Workingmen carried San Francisco with 50 delegates; the Non-Partisans carried the State with 85 delegates; the straight Republicans elected nine delegates; the straight Democrats, eight.

The *Chronicle* was the only newspaper in San Francisco which backed up the Workingmen's Party and supported the New Constitution. The new organic law was defeated in San Francisco by a majority of 1592 out of 38,034. The State, however, gave it a majority of 10,820 out of 145,088 votes. The New Constitution went into effect July 4, 1879.

After the Convention election the *Chronicle* under Charles De Young quarrelled with Kearney and his Workingmen's Party. Kearney thereafter bitterly denounced De Young and his paper, and dubbed the *Chronicle* party "The Honorable Bilks." The *Chronicle* attempted to show that the Workingmen's Party had not carried the Convention election. Perhaps they had not—the mix-up of new and old parties was so great that it was difficult to tell. But the Workingmen's Party certainly succeeded in electing candidates to other positions. There was a general election in September, at which the Republicans elected the Governor, George C. Perkins, and most of the State officials, together with the Congressional delegation. The Workingmen's Party elected the Chief Justice and the Supreme Bench with the exception of one justice. The Workingmen elected two Railroad Commissioners to one Republican. They also elected quite a minority of the State Legislators. On the ballots of all the parties at this election appeared the words "Against Chinese." In San Francisco 40,080 votes were polled against Chinese immigration, 229 votes in favor. The Republicans in San Francisco elected five Superior Judges, the Workingmen twelve. Isaac S. Kallach was elected Mayor by the Workingmen by a plurality of 1528.

The *Argonaut* vigorously opposed the New Constitution, and

its opponents were all somewhat chagrined when it passed by a fair majority in the State, although defeated in San Francisco. The defeated party first attacked the delegates to the Convention; then, when the Constitution was completed and submitted to the people for sixty days, the opponents attacked the document itself. However, while there were many noisy radicals among the delegates, there were also many men of high standing. The President was J. P. Hoge, San Francisco, a leading lawyer; S. G. Hilborn, Vallejo, sometime Congressman; Abraham Clark Freeman, Sacramento, lawyer, author of "Freeman on Judgments," a legal classic; Clitus Barbour, San Francisco, lawyer; C. F. Reed, a West Pointer, Yolo, farmer; J. G. McCallum, Oakland, lawyer; Henry Larkin, El Dorado; A. P. Overton, Santa Rosa, lawyer, judge, banker; Hugh M. La Rue, Sacramento, farmer; M. M. Estee, San Francisco, lawyer; J. J. Ayres, Los Angeles, editor; I. S. Belcher, Marysville, lawyer, judge; W. H. L. Barnes, San Francisco, lawyer; Patrick Reddy, Inyo, lawyer; Alexander Campbell, Oakland, lawyer; J. M. M. Shafter, San Francisco, lawyer; Eugene Casserly, San Francisco, lawyer, United States Senator; D. S. Terry, Stockton, lawyer, supreme judge; Henry Edgerton, Sacramento, lawyer; J. West Martin, Oakland, banker, farmer, University regent; John S. Hager, San Francisco, lawyer, judge; S. M. Wilson, San Francisco, lawyer. This score of names selected from the list of delegates were among the most prominent men in California.

As for the New Constitution itself, those who opposed it predicted that it spelled ruin for the State. It had many faults, and it has been amended and re-amended, and the courts have construed it over and over again. Yet the State has lived under it for half a century, and not only has not faced ruin, but has increased so vastly in wealth, population, and power that it is a phenomenon even among the forty-eight States of this our phenomenal Republic. Perhaps the California Constitution of 1879 was not so bad as its opponents feared.

The threatening aspect of the anti-Chinese mobs in San Francisco in 1877 resulted in calling out a portion of the National Guard, although not at the beginning of the disturbances.

In the late seventies there were many "militia" companies, so-called, in California, and they were particularly numerous in San Francisco. The members of the American companies disliked the term "militia," and called themselves "National Guardsmen." At that period in San Francisco the marching spirit was stronger than it is now; elderly citizens of wealth and

prominence were often to be seen parading in the plumes and gold lace of the Knights Templar. Young men of well-known families were very generally members of the National Guard.

There were at that time in San Francisco three "crack companies" of the First Regiment N.G.C.,—the National Guard (Company C), the City Guard (Company G), and the Sumner Guard (Company E). At that time all the companies bore names as well as numbers. The National Guard (Company C) at that time was commanded by Captain Benjamin Pratt; the City Guard by Captain George W. Granniss; the Sumner Guard by Captain Oscar Woodhams. I was a member of the Sumner Guard, with the rank, perquisites, and emoluments of corporal.

Captain Granniss of the City Guard was promoted to the Governor's staff with rank of Colonel; Charles Fred Crocker, Second Lieutenant, was also promoted to the Governor's staff with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; he was succeeded by Lee W. Mix, who subsequently became Captain.

In 1880, Company G encamped near the Hotel del Monte. I was there that year (it was the hotel opening), and remember that Joseph Strong was making studies for a large painting of the camp, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Captain Mix, and many others on the canvas, including several members of the Bohemian Club. Some of the portraits were excellent. The painting in 1927 was in the possession of Captain Lee W. Mix, at Burlingame, California.

The Sumner Guard had been organized in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War. It took its duties seriously. It wore the regulation United States uniform; in this it was almost alone, as most of the companies wore "fancy" uniforms. Thus, one company of the First Regiment wore a uniform modelled on that of the West Point cadets. But this was conservative compared to some—there were "Zou Zous," Grenadiers, Hussars, and other freak uniforms.

The N.G.C. at that time included two regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a "First Infantry Irish battalion." Shortly before I joined, the N.G.C. commander was Major-General Lucian H. Allen, an Army veteran and a West Pointer. During the apogee of my military career, however, the N.G.C. commander was General John Hewston, Jr. My regimental commander was Colonel W. H. L. Barnes, later General. Still later, the N.G.C. commander was General W. H. Dimond; and later still, General Walter Turnbull. All of these commanding officers were Major-Generals; there seem to have been few brigadiers.

I looked with respect on my company commander, with admiration on my colonel, and with awe on my division commander. In the First Regiment, Barnes as Colonel was almost a

demi-god. Later, in the clubs, I came to know all these great men, so intimately that they called me by my nickname. I found them quite human.

We of the N.G.C. in those days were highly differentiated. In our regiment there was an "Irish battalion" composed of the Montgomery Guard, the Shields Guard, the Wolfe Tone Guard, the Meagher Guard, the Emmet Life Guard, the Sarsfield Rifle Guard; the latter was commanded by Captain C. C. O'Donnell, who subsequently ran for mayor many times in San Francisco, at last being elected—and counted out.

These Irish companies were uniformed variously, according to taste and fancy. The most imposing uniform was that of the McMahon Grenadiers, an Independent Irish company. These warriors wore a uniform akin to that of Napoleon's "Vieille Garde"; their head-piece was a bearskin shako about a foot and a half tall; this lid on top of a six-foot man is—or was—calculated to terrify any enemy. It does not seem to have generally survived, however; the only place I have seen it, of recent years, is in London, where it decorates the crack corps. One may observe it there at the gateway of the 'Orse Guards and other sacred portals. Passing slavesy gaze, goggle-eyed, petrified, at these beautiful soldiers; in fact, the London quotations for escorting servant-girls are eighteen pence per hour for one of these magnificent guardsmen as against a shilling for an ordinary Tommy. Compare the rates of the modern "gigolo" hired by rich American ladies abroad as dancing partners.

In our cavalry battalions we had the First Light Dragoons, the San Francisco Hussars, and the Jackson Dragoons. The three troops were differently uniformed, but what would you? One could not expect a dragoon to be attired like a hussar. The fair sex greatly admired the hussar jackets. Envious foot-soldiers at times caused confusion in the cavalry ranks by imitating familiar cries used by milk wagon and other commercial drivers. But this was an unworthy jealousy.

Other companies of the First Regiment not yet mentioned were the State Guard, the San Francisco Guard, the Light Guard, the Ellsworth Rifles, the California Tigers.

In the Second Regiment were the Union Guard, the Veteran Guard, the Franklin Light Infantry, the Germania Rifles, the Excelsior Guard, the Eureka Guard, the San Francisco Cadets. This latter company was commanded by Captain C. E. S. McDonald, who was a famous drill-master; the cadets went through all manner of evolutions unknown to Upton, closing their exhibition with a "silent drill," in which for a number of minutes they maneuvered without orders like a smooth-running machine.

The Second Regiment in my time was commanded by Col.

John McComb, later editor of the *Alta*; its lieutenant-colonel was "Jack" Stratman, a well-known character of old San Francisco.

To offset the Irish Battalion there were German companies, among them the Germania Rifles, the German Rifle Corps, and the Schuetzen Verein, which was made up of members of the military company.

There was an "Irish Republic Army" of two companies, which was independent. This was a Fenian organization.

There was an Italian company (independent) called the Garibaldi Guard. They wore the Italian Bersaglieri uniform with the drooping cock's feathers on the cap.

Last but not least there were two companies of colored soldiers, the Brannan Guards and the Lincoln Zouaves. They were independent—necessarily.

When the entire National Guard paraded on great days the effect of the diversity in uniforms was indeed remarkable. Even then, young and artless, I thought it odd. Now it suggests to me the Paris Bal des Quat-z-Arts the morning after.

During my term of service the Sumner Guard was twice called out on serious duty. The first time was when a stubborn strike broke out among the miners in Amador County. Troops were ordered thither by the governor. The First Regiment was asked to furnish volunteers, and the whole regiment volunteered. Finally, several companies were selected to furnish battalions, the members of which were chosen by lot. In our company allotment I was unfortunate enough not to win a place in this battalion of heroes. Oh, misery! Oh, despair! Those of us who remained at home were sunk in gloom.

But the "Amador War," as it was called, soon palled upon our hero comrades. There was no excitement. The weather was hot, the food was bad. The miners would not fight. For lack of other fighting, the heroes fought bitterly among themselves. Their officers were hated because they enforced strict discipline. The Sumner battalion was commanded by First Lieutenant Edwards—"Big Bill." He strictly enforced the regulation that the men should salute their officers and keep their coats buttoned while on sentry duty. In revenge, the men signed a round-robin requesting his resignation—when they were safely home. Edwards sent in his resignation to take effect at the end of the month. Victory—what?

The weekly drill night came. The captain was absent. Lieutenant Edwards was there, but not on duty; he was in the gallery, which was always well-filled with guardsmen watching each other's drill. Second Lieutenant Tibbey was in command. He had never drilled the company before. Besides, he was nervous, owing to the recent row, the round-robin, the fact that

Edwards was present, and that there were so many spectators in the gallery. Therefore when he attempted a "company wheel" near the end of the drill-hall he did not start it in time, so we all piled up in the corner in a disorderly heap.

There was much snickering in the gallery. Tibbey, his face scarlet, turned and saluted Edwards, asking him to descend and take command. Edwards did so. "'Tention, company!" he barked, and we promptly straightened out. He then put us through a severe drill lasting for nearly two hours. The news ran around that the Sumners were being hazed, and the galleries became crowded with delighted warriors. Edwards made us perform every evolution that was possible in a drill-hall. At the end he deployed us as skirmishers in a lively skirmish drill, in which we had to rally repeatedly around our central point at the double quick. When he suddenly barked "Break ranks!" and stalked out, we were all in. It was a little hard on those who did not participate in the "Amador Mutiny," but probably it did us all good.

When the anti-Chinese riots began in July, 1877, the Sumners were ordered to report at the armory. Presumably all the N.G.C. received similar orders. We duly reported, but when we heard that we were detailed to "guard the armory," and were not to be allowed to go out and fight, part of the company again became mutinous. They threatened that they would go out and join the citizens' committee which was aiding the police. The officers at once informed them that if they did not obey orders they would remain in the armory all the same, but in the capacity of prisoners. It made some of the youths aware for the first time that they were subject to military discipline. A similar shock was administered to National Guardsmen some twoscore years later when President Wilson, under a new law, ordered fifty or sixty thousand National Guardsmen to the Mexican frontier.

After the riots were over, the Sumner officers informed their men that the mob leaders had been threatening to arm their followers with the rifles in the armories, hence the precautions. The officers further informed their men that troops could not serve in civic riots unless ordered out by the governor at the request of the city authorities, which request had not been made.

Later, in the autumn of 1877, the troops were ordered out, but the exigency was not so great as it had been, and my recollection is that patrol and guard duty was all we were called on to perform.

It has always seemed odd to me that there should be a general disposition to sneer at the National Guardsmen. They do a great deal of hard work, and they get no pay for it. They are subject to be called on duty by the State, the city, and (under the Wilson

law) by the Federal Government. The duty they generally have to perform is not military but police duty—repressing mobs and fighting labor strikers—a kind of service which even the regular army men loathe. National Guardsmen also dislike it, but they do their duty when called on. If a police officer is killed by a city mob his family can recover damages from the city, and his widow gets a pension. But when a National Guardsman is killed in a riot his family never recovers damages and his widow never gets a pension.

VI

THE KEARNEY-KALLOCH EPOCH

THE result of the elections in 1879 was a triumph for three men—Charles De Young, Denis Kearney, Isaac S. Kalloch—here placed in the order of their importance. Both De Young and Kalloch had utilized Kearney, although probably both secretly regarded him with contempt. Both were far superior to him intellectually. But his unquestioned power over the masses made them follow him. Kalloch had to execute a flip-flap to follow Kearney, but he did not hesitate to do so. He was rewarded by Kearney with the Workingmen's nomination for mayor of San Francisco.

Charles De Young was not so docile. When the New Constitution was made the supreme law by the voters of California, De Young looked upon the victory as his work. If he once considered Kearney as a comrade, he had ceased to do so. There had been differences between them throughout the long struggle. So De Young declared open war on Kearney. And he soon extended his hostilities to Kearney's candidate, Kalloch.

Before the break between De Young and Kearney the *Chronicle's* star reporters had been detailed to report the Kearney meetings. After the break these meetings were ignored by the *Chronicle*. Edward F. Cahill, a well-known newspaper writer of the period, was then employed on the *Chronicle*. Later, in his "Candid Friend" papers, published in the *Call*, he wrote that Charles De Young was so bitter against his whilom friend that he forbade the *Chronicle* reporters to attend the Kearney meetings, even in their off hours, under penalty of discharge.

The *Chronicle* was the only San Francisco daily that supported the New Constitution, which was also supported by the Workingmen's Party, although bitter dissensions had arisen. The *Chronicle* called its ticket the "New Constitution Party Ticket." Kearney in his speeches dubbed De Young and his associates "The Honorable Bilks." The election took place May 7, 1879. The New Constitution was carried by 10,820 majority in a total throughout California of 145,088 votes. It repealed all laws inconsistent with it on January 1, 1880, on which date it may be

said to have gone fully into effect. However, it has always been called "The Constitution of 1879."

In San Francisco the New Constitution was defeated by 1592 votes out of a total of 38,034. It is, however, only fair to say that the *Chronicle* and the Workingmen's Party nearly carried it in San Francisco and did carry it in the State.

Kearney by this time had extended his influence beyond the confines of San Francisco. He had made speaking tours throughout the State, where he attracted large audiences. He seemed more influential in the cities and towns than in the rural districts, but even there he had a large following, particularly among the members of the National Grange. His quarrel with De Young, editor of a powerful daily, fixed the eyes of the people upon him. Interest began to be taken in the story of his rapid rise to power. It may be retold here.

Kearney in 1877 was thirty years old. He was born in Ireland and had been to sea in boyhood, reaching San Francisco as mate of a sailing vessel. Here he went into the draying business, and being sober and steady, married, and a father, he did well. But when he became a leader of the Workingmen's forces, and began his violent speeches, the business community grew cold toward him, and his draying business dwindled and decayed. Thereafter he probably was supported by the collections taken up at the meetings where he spoke.

His oratorical career began rather oddly. Sunday meetings were then held in San Francisco at a so-called "lyceum," where all sorts of topics were discussed by aspiring orators. About that time much interest was taken, in the United States and England, in rifle-shooting. Creedmoor, the name of a rifle-range, was on every tongue. Kearney made his first hit by denouncing bitterly the volunteer riflemen who were, he said, "shooting at a painted board," in order to acquire facility to shoot down striking workmen. At that time there was fierce rivalry between the *San Francisco Call* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* for circulation and advertising. The *Call* led the other dailies in "small ads"—classified advertising. The *Chronicle* wanted the lead. Both saw—or thought they saw—a chance to propitiate the working classes and win circulation and "small ads" by booming the Lyceum orators. There were several besides Denis Kearney, but he was soon seen to be the most successful orator. Both dailies sought his favor and printed his speeches prominently and in full. Kearney became the Rienzi of the working classes, with the rival dailies playing chorus to him. He soon concentrated on one issue, and concocted the slogan, "The Chinese Must Go!" With this he began and ended his speeches.

Kearney had great facility of speech; he was vigorous, declamatory, even epigrammatic. He excelled in denunciation; he talked much of lynching millionaires, burning rich men's palaces, of swimming in rivers of blood. He possessed great power over his audiences—that is, those who agreed with him. He was not logical, and his arguments, so-called, were shallow, and probably would not impress cold, indifferent, or hostile hearers.

I not only heard him at his meetings on the Sand Lot and elsewhere, but on occasions I had what might be called exclusive hearings. Stepping into Pixley's office one morning, I found him and Kearney engaged in what seemed to be a friendly chat. Like Mr. Pickwick, when he heard his counsel Sergeant Snubbin address familiarly Sergeant Buzfuz, Mrs. Bardell's counsel, at first I was filled with horror. However, I got used to it, for Kearney called on Pixley not infrequently, and they talked in what usually began as good-humored chaff, and frequently ended in semi-hostility. Both were extremely fluent; Kearney had a pronounced brogue; Pixley spoke pure American. When excited, they raised their voices, and it became a bellowing match. At this point Pixley always prevailed, for he could out-shout Kearney.

When these dialogues became loud I usually hastened in on some pretext, and greatly enjoyed them.

I think Kearney looked on Pixley as the chief defender of what Kearney dubbed "the thieving, scoundrelly rich," and therefore came to Pixley to get what reporters call "the inside dope" on how his speeches were affecting the terrified millionaires. Correspondingly, Pixley obtained from Kearney much more accurate information about the Workingmen's movements than could be secured by reading the daily newspapers.

Kalloch was not at first allied with Kearney. He was a sensational pulpiteer who arrived in San Francisco shortly before Kearney became popular. He seemed to have modelled his course largely on that of Henry Ward Beecher, with a tinge of De Witt Talmage, another pulpit orator of that day. Like Beecher, Kalloch devoted much attention to politics.

When Kalloch came to San Francisco there were vague stories of his having been mixed up in some woman scandal in an Eastern city. But he made a hit as an orator; the California Baptists were extremely proud of him, and the stories died down. He attracted such large audiences that no Baptist church could hold them all. Kalloch made a trip to Los Angeles, where he so interested a non-Baptist—one Isaac Lankershim—that the Los Angeles man erected for him on Fifth Street (near Market Street) in San Francisco, a building which was called Metropolitan

Temple. It was quite an addition to the city's few auditoriums at that time. Although built of wood, it was commodious and handsome; it had what in theatres is called an orchestra; over this was a horse-shoe balcony; the hall was comfortable, and all could see and hear. Here Kalloch lectured or preached to audiences filling the auditorium. Instead of taking up a collection, a dime was charged for entrance. Sunday evening was the most crowded time, although Kalloch used this hall to reach his public on any occasion that suited him.

The Sunday evening addresses were supposed to be sermons on religious topics, but Kalloch always began with a "prelude" devoted to non-religious topics. These preludes became more and more political as Kalloch grew to realize his power. His audiences listened to them with bated breath. There was a distinct let-up when the prelude ended, and the pulpit orator turned preacher. The audiences then lost something of their tenseness.

I have said that Kalloch was not at first allied with Kearney. When Kalloch began his political preludes he was at first critical of Kearney. I remember distinctly that during the year 1876 he printed articles in his organ, the Baptist *Evangel*, denouncing Kearney. At that time I was acquainted with Kalloch, and familiar with his journal. He often in his paper spoke highly of the Chinese as house-servants and laborers. He often denounced the Kearneyite leaders as "demagogues," and their followers as "anarchists." He once went so far as to advocate suppressing the anti-Chinese movement with "bayonets and Gatling guns."

The Workingmen split into two wings before the election of 1879, the Kearney wing being the more powerful. Then when Kearney made overtures to him to run for Mayor of San Francisco, Kalloch saw a great light, like Saul of Tarsus. In his Sunday evening "preludes" he ceased to denounce Kearney, and began supporting him. He ceased to praise the Chinese, and lifted up his voice in the Kearney slogan, "The Chinese Must Go."

Even before the New Constitution had been carried, the *Chronicle* had split off from the Kearneyites, who had become a kind of communistic wing of the Workingmen's Party. After the New Constitution election the breach became wider. Charles De Young, in the bitter quarrels which followed, attacked, in his journal, Kalloch, who had been chosen by the Kearney party as their candidate for Mayor. One day, toward the end of the municipal campaign, De Young printed in the *Chronicle* several pages of scandalous matter concerning Kalloch's private life in the Eastern city whence the clergyman had come. On August 22, 1879, Kalloch announced that he would reply that evening

at the Metropolitan Temple, and the city buzzed with excitement. I heard Kalloch's speech; it was a bitter denunciation of Charles De Young and his family. It was inexcusable—unjustifiable; but so was Charles De Young's attack. The following day (August 23, 1879) De Young drove in a carriage to the Metropolitan Temple, where Kalloch had his "study," and sent in a messenger to Kalloch, telling him that some one outside wanted to see him. It was rumored at the time that the message was "a lady wanted to see him." This was likely true, for Kalloch would probably not have come out into the street to see an unnamed man in a carriage during that bitter campaign; the "lady" message probably lulled his suspicions. When Kalloch neared the carriage De Young fired, wounding Kalloch severely. A mob gathered, from which De Young was rescued with some difficulty, and taken to jail. For several days the authorities feared trouble, and the police were on special duty awaiting a possible riot call.

Kalloch was at once shut up by his political managers in his "study" at Metropolitan Temple, declared incommunicado, and the only information given out was that his wound was very serious. The Kalloch managers declared that there was danger of further attack upon him by assassins. Therefore they did not remove him to his home, but kept him in bed in his "study" at the Metropolitan Temple. They disclosed that there were two bullets in his body, and that his condition was alarming. They erected barricades around the Temple, and covered the streets at Fifth and Market with tanbark. A guard of irregular militia patrolled the neighborhood with fixed bayonets. A similar guard was allowed within the precincts of the City Hall prison, where De Young was confined, on the pretext that "the assassin might be rescued."

All of these usurpations of power were permitted by the city authorities. They had their effect politically. Sympathy and excitement convulsed the city. A fortnight passed, with only gloomy news continuing to come from Kalloch's chamber. The election took place September 3, 1879. Many voted for Kalloch out of sympathy. When the ballots were counted it was found that Kalloch was elected; he had received 20,069 votes, as against 19,550 votes for the Republican nominee, B. P. Flint.

When the result of the election was declared, Kalloch speedily recovered.

After Kalloch had been elected Mayor the *Chronicle* continued its assaults upon him. As a result, the quarrel was taken up by the new mayor's son. On April 3, 1880, Isaac M. Kalloch obtained admission to Charles De Young's office, then at the corner of Bush and Kearny Streets, where he shot him, inflicting a fatal wound.

On that night it so happened that I was on the Bay with a

large party of friends. My sister, Mrs. Joseph Austin (then drama critic of the *Argonaut*), had just returned from a trip to Japan. When her steamer, the *City of Peking*, entered the harbor, a case of small-pox was discovered among the Chinese crew. The *Peking* was placed in quarantine, and anchored far out in the harbor. As the passengers found their confinement irksome, a party of us, led by her husband, secured a steamer, and paid them a visit. We had with us an orchestra, and the chorus of the Bohemian Club, to which most of the party belonged.

We took some fireworks and a number of cases of champagne. We did not, of course, board the *Peking*, but serenaded the imprisoned ship's company, and asked them to "throw out a line." By this we got our champagne cases aboard without violating the quarantine regulations. Songs were sung from both sides, and toasts were pledged by the imprisoned and the free.

Suddenly out of the dark appeared a boat from shore; its solitary occupant had rowed all the way out—about two miles—to tell us "Charles De Young had been killed by young Kalloch." This exciting news broke up the party, and we returned to the shore. Charles Warren Stoddard was one of our party, and he at the time was a writer for the *Chronicle* and a friend of Charles De Young. Most of the *Peking* passengers were booked through to the East or to Europe, and were not San Franciscans. The names of De Young and Kalloch were unknown to them. They were surprised that we should break up our party and leave them for so trivial a matter as a murder, which they seemed to think was an every-day matter in San Francisco. Therefore the boatman's news did not excite them. I have never been able to understand the man's mental make-up. That he should pull a heavy boat several miles in order to give his gloomy news to a group of merry-makers has always seemed to me remarkable.

The proceedings against Charles De Young for the shooting of Isaac S. Kalloch, of course, ended with De Young's death.

Isaac M. Kalloch was indicted for the murder of Charles De Young. On the trial a witness testified that he had heard seven shots—there being six chambers in Kalloch's pistol. H. E. Highton, Kalloch's attorney, dwelt on this, insisting that De Young had fired one shot at Kalloch. The jury found Kalloch not guilty.

Thereafter the witness who heard the seven shots was indicted for perjury, tried, and found guilty.

The sudden irruption of Kearney into California politics impressed Eastern editors and politicians with the belief that

opposition to Chinese immigration originated with him. There was much sapient editorializing on the volatile nature of Californians; that they had been suddenly aroused by this Irish drayman to a belief in non-existent wrongs. So with the Eastern pulpiteers—denunciation of California became a stock topic. These jeremiads were based on ignorance, for California had for many years been opposed to Chinese immigration. Kearney discovered no new issue; all he did was to capitalize an old issue in order to win over the discontented workingmen. In this he certainly succeeded.

A summary of the legislative measures concerning the Chinese will show the early opposition in California to Chinese immigration, and the indifference of Congress and the Eastern States to the Chinese problem of the Pacific Coast :

1858. California legislature passes law forbidding Chinese to land on California coast except by stress of weather. Declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

1862. Head tax imposed by California legislature on Chinese. Declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

1863. California legislature passes law excluding Chinese from public schools.

1867. California legislature passes a law (levelled at Chinese) declaring illegal all living rooms containing "not less than five hundred cubic feet of air to each person." Sustained by the Supreme Court.

1870. California legislature passes law imposing \$1000 to \$5000 fine for "bringing Chinese into State without certificate of good character." Declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

1876. California legislature passes law forbidding Chinese to work on county irrigating ditches.

1877. Anti-Chinese riots break out in several parts of California. Congress sends committee to investigate.

1878. California legislature passes law forbidding Chinese to hold real estate.

1879. United States Congress passes bill restricting Chinese immigration. President Hayes vetoes the bill.

1880. Treaty negotiated between the United States and China by which the United States is empowered to suspend immigration of laborers. Ratified by United States Senate, May 5, 1881.

1881. United States Congress suspends Chinese immigration for twenty years. President Arthur vetoes the bill.

1882. On May 6, United States Congress suspends Chinese immigration for ten years. President Arthur signs the bill; it becomes the law.

In addition to the foregoing, many municipal ordinances were passed against the Chinese, nearly all of which were declared unconstitutional. The tardy action of Congress in finally suspending Chinese immigration was due to a well-grounded fear that the national party then in power—the Republican—would lose political control of the Pacific Coast. Public opinion in the East did not sympathize with the Pacific Coast in its attitude toward Chinese immigration; Congress, however, was a body composed of practical politicians, hence the anti-Chinese legislation.

The East did not understand the Pacific Coast attitude, which was not against the Chinese as a race, but against unrestricted Chinese immigration. It was the instinctive alarm of the white race against the swarming millions of Asia. When the danger of being overwhelmed by these laborers was removed, opposition to them on the Pacific Coast disappeared. The masses of the people had never sympathized with the outrageous attacks on the persons and property of the Chinese already here. These attacks had come from a very small minority of lawless persons. Even they soon ceased their hostility.

The complete change of attitude in California toward the Chinese is shown by the conditions following definite exclusion. All attempts at harassing the Chinese ceased. Their persons and property were respected.

The Chinese denizens in California in 1929 were prosperous and contented. They were well-housed, well-fed, well-clad. The American populace had ceased to regard the Chinese with dislike, hatred, contempt, or whatever their mental attitude was in the old Sand Lot days. The changed attitude of the populace was of course mainly due to the stoppage of Chinese immigration. But a part of the change was due to the fact that the populace was no longer fed on anti-Chinese propaganda. We all know how effective that weapon is; witness the long-drawn-out War of the Revolution, which, lacking proper propaganda, at times fizzled to a standstill; witness the indifference of the masses to the War of 1812, toward which war New England was practically hostile; witness also the failure to "fire the people's heart" in the Spanish War of 1898. Compare this with the speedy way in which the populace was worked up to wild hysteria when sedulously fed with elaborate propaganda during the World War.

In 1929, the Chinese colony in San Francisco occupied a very different position from that of 1878. The native-born Chinese were voters. There was a group of Chinese "Sons of the Golden West." There was a large troop of Chinese Boy Scouts. The Community Chest was glad to accept the colony's contributions. The richer Chinese occupied modern apartments in their colony

precincts. The flag of the Chinese Republic floated over their buildings beside the Stars and Stripes.

With the advent of the Chinese Republic even the older Chinese discarded the pigtail or cue, and other distinctly Chinese fashions, which long before had been tabooed by the Chinese youth. The young men wore clothes of the latest fashion made by the great advertising tailoring establishments of the United States.

In 1929, the young Chinese girls wore square necks, knee-length skirts, and flesh-colored hose exactly like those worn by the Caucasian flappers; like them also, the Chinese maidens bobbed their hair, and used rouge and lip-stick.

At this same period the Y.M.C.A. had erected a large building in San Francisco devoted to Chinese men. In the heart of the quarter, it presented the appearance of a handsome club-house. Through the wide windows one might see well-dressed Chinese youths reading, writing, playing the piano, playing pool, or conversing in groups seated in luxurious leather chairs. Around the corner was another building where the Y.W.C.A. provided for Chinese girls and women. The Catholic Church had a mission and school in a handsome corner building surmounted by a cross in electric lights.

On Washington Street in San Francisco a fine public school building called "The Oriental School" was devoted entirely to pupils of Asiatic parentage. It had fully equipped playgrounds in no respect inferior to those of the schools attended by the American children.

In addition to the day school, public night schools were maintained for Chinese employed in the daytime. At St. Mary's, the Roman Catholic School, over 250 children attended daily. Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian missions also maintained schools attended by from 100 to 150 children each.

There was a large playground in the centre of the Chinese quarter, near the various schools and missions. This was frequented by all Chinese children who desired to use it, many being below the school age, and accompanied by their mothers—the only adults admitted. In 1929, some 2000 children were served by this playground, about 500 at a time being its capacity. The children seem to prefer American games, such as baseball, basket-ball, and tennis, to Oriental games; for example, they are never seen playing shuttlecock, although on the streets in the Chinese quarter one often sees dignified elders keeping the shuttlecock in the air with heels, knees, elbows, and hands. The boys in the playground in 1929 were directed by Oliver Chang, a Native Son, a graduate of the University of California, and an all-round athlete. His mother, Mrs. Chang, also a native Californian, had

for years been associated with the Chinese department of the Y.W.C.A.

At the Chinese telephone exchange a mother and several daughters, all born in California, had for years served the quarter. At night there were male attendants. When the manager of this Exchange, Lew Sing, died, in 1926, his funeral pageant was an impressive one; it was a mixture of old and new customs; hired mourners, weeping and wailing, preceded handsome limousines carrying the afflicted family. Busy attendants cast into the air paper prayers to propitiate devils. At the head of the cortège marched a large band, made up of young Chinese, wearing gorgeous uniforms, and playing on brass instruments the Chopin Funeral March.

At the end of the procession came a great Chinese dragon, some fifty feet long, attended by another brand of band with gongs and drums, giving forth a barbaric clamor. Fire-crackers exploded along the route, to drive away devils. Thus, with a mixture of old and new funeral fashions, Lew Sing made his last journey through an American city where in 1877 such a display would have caused a riot.

In 1927, a Chinese widow erected in San Francisco a handsome steel-frame apartment house—for Chinese tenants—at Washington and Powell Streets, a quarter once inhabited by the American upper ten. It was the fruit of her savings, amassed in conducting a general store for eighteen years. The daily journals printed pictures of its interior and exterior. From these, one saw that the widow and her family inhabited the eighth or topmost floor, which was fitted up with the conveniences and luxuries found in modern apartment houses.

When the draft law for the World War went into effect, in 1917, long lines of Chinese might have been seen all over California waiting to register. Thus the great republic showed that it considered them—as cannon fodder—equal to its white sons, when it permitted them to die to make the world safe for democracy.

In Wyoming there are many Chinese employed as coal-miners. In that State—then a territory—there was an attack made on the Chinese by labor-union miners some fifty years ago. In this assault a number of Chinese were killed, and many wounded. As a result, the United States paid an indemnity to China. Note the difference forty years later. In 1928, and for a number of years preceding, the Union Pacific Coal Company had made it a custom to retire those of its Chinese miners who had reached the age of sixty-five, paying their transportation expenses to China, and settling on them an annuity which enabled them to live in comfort for the rest of their lives.

A San Francisco family had grown up, married, and settled in

homes of their own. In the old house on San José Avenue the cook, Yuen Hong, remained as a sort of caretaker. He had been with the family for forty-four years; he had seen the children grow up, marry, and leave; he had still been there when the parents died. The estate came to be divided, and the family mansion, with other pieces of realty, was sold at auction. It was suddenly discovered that old Yuen Hong, nearing seventy, was about to lose his home. An amicable controversy ensued as to who should take him, and at last the eldest son assumed the charge. At his own request, Yuen Hong was sent back to his former home in China, with provision made for his maintenance in comfort.

A ten-year-old Chinese boy—May Wok Him, called "Teddy" for short—officiated as shoe-shiner in the detective department of the San Francisco Hall of Justice. Just before Christmas Teddy fell ill. The detective bureau was gravely concerned. Fortunately, Teddy recovered, and was brought from his home in an official motor car to the Hall of Justice. There he found the detective squad awaiting him with a large heap of his delayed Christmas presents. He was installed on a platform and told to make a speech. "I've shined all of your shoes," said Teddy, "and I know all of you. I like you all. I hope you all like me. I wish you a happy New Year." Which was not a bad speech, as speeches go. The delighted detectives escorted Teddy back to his home in the Chinese quarter, with his heap of Christmas presents, in the official motor car.

Fifty years after the Centennial year—September, 1927—a convention of Chinese citizens was held in Fresno, California, the eleventh national biennial Convention of the "United Parlors of Native Sons of the Golden State and Chinese American Citizens' Alliance." The delegates numbered one hundred and fifty, and came from all over the United States, although mainly from the Pacific Coast, one-half from California. An official reception was given in their honor by the city officials of Fresno, headed by Mayor A. E. Sunderland. These affiliated organizations included 10,000 members, all native-born American citizens. Their national president, W. U. Lum, replying to the speeches of the Fresno officials, declared that their ideals were "fraternalsm, loyalty to the United States, and education." The largest Eastern chapters of the order are in Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, and Detroit.

In 1927 James Rolph was making a vigorous campaign for re-election as mayor of San Francisco. Seated in an open motor car, beside Toy Kaye Lowe, President of the Chinese Improvement Association, Rolph headed a procession of twenty cars through the streets of the Chinese quarter. According to the *Chronicle*, "Rolph, standing up, bare-headed, was kept busy

bowing in acknowledgment to the plaudits of hundreds lined along the sidewalks. The candidate addressed 1500 persons in the Great China theater on Jackson street. It was by far the biggest political meeting ever staged in Chinatown, and its enthusiasm matched its size."

On the same platform leaders of the Chinese colony appeared and in their own tongue lauded the Mayor and asked for his re-election.

"During my administration I have not forgotten that Chinatown is one of the important sections of our city," Mayor Rolph declared in his talk. He told of the part Chinese leaders had played in the life of San Francisco, and of his desire to see Chinatown "better lighted, with better streets and with ample playgrounds for the children."

"Young and old in the Chinese community were on hand to hear the Mayor and give him a hearty reception. Preceding the speech-making, a parade headed by the Cathay band, an organization made up largely of young American-born Chinese, traversed the streets of the Chinese district. Toy Kaye Lowe, Chan Jung, John Henry Wong, and others participated in arranging the mass-meeting and in the speech-making." Thus the *Chronicle*.

Could the old labor leaders of fifty years before revisit the glimpses of the moon, and see a San Francisco mayor bare-headed, bowing low, soliciting the support of Chinese, they would fly back to their abode—limbo, purgatory, hades, heaven, or what you will—disgusted with the planet Earth.

VII

SAN FRANCISCO'S EARLY DAILIES

THESE notes were not originally intended to cover contemporaneous newspaper history in California. They were designed to record occurrences in newspaper circles down to about the beginning of the century. However, the many mergers have caused such a tangle of new and old, of living and dead journals, that it has seemed advisable to bring these facts, in brief postscripts, down to date.

Daily Alta California

In 1877, there were in San Francisco seven dailies printing general news; this list does not include special journals, commercial, shipping, theatrical, etc. Fifty years later there were five general dailies in San Francisco.

Of these dailies the oldest was the *Alta*. The *Daily Alta California* (to give its full name) was in 1877 published by Frederick McCrellish and W. A. Woodward. It was the oldest daily in San Francisco, being an outgrowth of the *Californian* and the *California Star*. The *Californian*, the first California newspaper, was issued on August 15, 1846, by Walter Colton and Robert Semple, at Monterey. On May 22, 1847, it began publication at Yerba Buena, later called San Francisco. On January 9, 1847, Samuel Brannan began publishing the *California Star* at Yerba Buena. Both papers discontinued when the rush to the gold diggings began. On November 18, 1848, the *Star* owners bought the *Californian*, and merged the two under the name *Star and Californian*. On January 4, 1849, this name was changed to that of "*Alta California*, a weekly newspaper printed and published at San Francisco, Upper California, on Thursday of each week." Of the new journal Edward Gilbert was editor-in-chief, his partner being Edward C. Kemble. On January 22, 1849, the *Alta* became a daily with two new partners, Durivage and Connor, the latter of whom had brought from New York a steam engine, this making him a power. Gilbert was one of the first congressmen elected

from California, and left for Washington to attend the session; during his absence the paper was edited by E. C. Kemble and Frank Soulé. Gilbert became involved in a political quarrel with General J. W. Denver, which led to a duel, in which Gilbert was killed at the second fire.

The *Alta* went through various vicissitudes, including being destroyed twice by fire. It passed into the hands of Pickering, Fitch & Co., former owners of the *Times*. In May, 1858, they sold it to Frederick McCrellish & Co., who published it for thirty years. For some years it carried the *Times* as a sub-heading.

Newspaper tradition says that the *Alta* owners, being in doubt whether to support or oppose the Vigilance Committee, tossed a half-dollar to decide. The coin said "Vigilance." The *Alta's* rival, the *Herald*, decided to oppose the Vigilantes. As a result, the merchants filled the *Alta* with advertising, and boycotted the *Herald*, which dwindled and died.

Frank Soulé was still an editor of the *Alta* in 1875. Later, the paper was for some years directed by John McComb, a prominent San Franciscan at that period. He was, among other activities, a brigadier-general in the National Guard.

One of the managing editors who followed McComb was Walter Turnbull. He had for years been a leading member of the Stock Exchange. After the Bonanza Boom had flattened out, he, like many other stock-brokers, found the stock market yielded poor pickings; hence his resort to journalism. Like McComb, he was interested in the National Guard, but outranked his predecessor, being a major-general. Bierce wrote of Turnbull that when one day the general, blazing with gold lace, was riding at the head of his brilliant staff, a little girl said timidly: "Mamma, is that God?"

The *Alta California* had seen better days than those of 1877. The younger dailies pushed it hard; its circulation was small, its advertisements dwindling. The other dailies usually spoke of it as "old Granny Alta." It was venerable, but not venerated. Still it clung to life, its principal asset being an Associated Press franchise, at that time vital to a daily. About 1887 the *Alta* was sold to Senator James G. Fair, although his name did not appear as owner. It was run by editors and managers in his employ until 1891, when it gave up the ghost.

Fair had accumulated a very large fortune in silver-mining and mining-stock jobbing. After the exhaustion of the "Big Bonanza" mines, which he owned with Flood, O'Brien, and Mackay—there were some other stockholders, but they did not count—Fair cast about for ways in which to invest his millions. He built a narrow-gauge railway from San Francisco to Santa

Cruz, paralleling the Southern Pacific Company's line ; it was run at a loss for years, and finally the Southern Pacific Company bought it at a bargain price. He purchased a moribund daily, and was obliged to discontinue it after some years. He tried to engineer a gigantic wheat corner, and lost several millions. He attempted to build up a decaying quarter of San Francisco which had been formerly the wholesale district ; he bought largely of land and built some costly modern structures there. But the wholesale district obstinately continued to travel southward. He bought many blocks of land under the Bay at the north end of San Francisco, expecting to double his money in a few years ; these blocks were still under water a quarter of a century after his death. It is a matter of conjecture as to how much of his large fortune would have remained had not his unfortunate investments been cut off by his death.

In its final stage, while owned by Senator Fair, the *Alta* was edited by John P. Irish. Colonel Irish, as he was called, had been editor of the *Oakland Times*, among other papers, and was an experienced journalist. He was a forceful writer, and had some experience as a Democratic politician ; in Iowa, whence he came, he was defeated for Congress in 1872 by James Wilson, later Secretary of Agriculture—then called "Tama" Jim Wilson. In California he was defeated for Congress in 1890 by Joseph McKenna, later Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Irish was a strong Gold Democrat, an advocate of Oriental immigration, and a bitter opponent of labor-unionism. He had the courage of his convictions, and never hesitated to express them. These convictions, as set forth above, were not in line with those entertained—or proclaimed—by the editors of other San Francisco dailies. Irish may also have been handicapped by his status as a gold Democrat in the employ of a silver Senator. At all events, he could not make the *Alta* go. An idiosyncrasy of Irish was the absence of any necktie, bow, cravat, or neck cloth. His linen was immaculate ; in other respects he dressed carefully ; but the prominence he gave his collar-button stamped him as eccentric. Under him the *Alta*, born in 1849, died in 1891.

For years after the death of the *Alta* the Associated Press franchise in the Fair holdings was discussed in newspaper circles. Such franchises were indispensable in those days ; to start a new daily without one meant failure from the start. Therefore it brooded like a dark cloud on the newspaper horizon. Fair was a revengeful man ; there was always the chance that he might present the franchise to some newspaper friend to injure some newspaper enemy—or enemies. But he never did. The *Alta* is dead ; Fair is dead ; the franchise too is dead.

San Francisco Chronicle

The *Chronicle* began publication toward the end of the Civil War. The publishers at first were Gustavus and Charles De Young. It began as a daily theatrical programme paper, and was then called the *Dramatic Chronicle*. Although M. H. De Young worked on the paper, his name does not appear as one of the publishing firm. In the San Francisco Directory for 1866 the publishers were given as "G. and C. De Young." "G.," or Gustavus, soon dropped out, and in 1868 the paper was called the *Morning Chronicle* and the firm name became "Charles De Young & Co." It so remained until M. H. De Young became sole proprietor.

Gradually the proprietors turned their paper into a small daily of general news. Having no Associated Press franchise, they rewrote available news dispatches, based mainly on the exciting happenings of the day, such as the Fall of Richmond and the assassination of President Lincoln. Some years later, they similarly utilized the Franco-Prussian War. When the *Dramatic Chronicle* began, Charles De Young was nineteen and M. H. De Young seventeen.

Of the two brothers, Charles, the elder, was the dominant character. He was keen-witted, ambitious, unscrupulous. He soon changed the tone of his paper; from a light, trivial, gossipy sheet, it became a journal of a certain influence. In its early days it ran greatly to scandals and other sensations; in fact, it did not change in that regard for a number of years. It had many libel suits.

The story has often been told of the young woman who was shocked in reading the proof-sheets of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." She was a "copy-holder," or proof-reader's assistant. The *Chronicle* of that period brought to light an affair between the hyper-modest young woman and her employer, an elderly publisher, printer, and deacon in the church. The *Chronicle* was merciless; it made a sensation of the matter, which resulted in a divorce, the deacon's wife summoning the prudish proof-reader as a co-respondent.

Charles De Young devoted much space to politics, and soon acquired some power as a local leader. He was arrogant and dictatorial—possibly made so by his sudden success. He was generally considered to confine himself to the editorial direction of the *Chronicle*.

The younger brother, M. H. De Young, was reputed to be in control of the business end. However, the publishing imprimatur was "Charles De Young & Co.," as stated above.

Under the direction of M. H. De Young, after the death of Charles, the *Chronicle* changed greatly. Its political tone became milder; bitter personal fights, such as Charles De Young always had on hand, ceased to shape its course. It was more solidly successful under M. H. De Young. While the editorial ability of Charles De Young in making a place for it in a crowded field cannot be gainsaid, it must not be forgotten that his direction of it measured only fifteen years, while the surviving brother devoted forty-five years to it as sole proprietor. Therefore it is only fair to say that its great success was mainly due to him.

Charles De Young was a principal figure in four affrays, called "shooting scrapes" in those days. One of these arose from a bitter polemic between the *Chronicle* and the *Sun*, a small daily whose editor was an attorney named Napthaly. The two men met near the General Post Office, then at the corner of Battery and Washington Streets. They began firing at once, but neither was wounded. They were bound over to keep the peace.

Another street encounter was between Charles De Young and John Duane; this also was bloodless.

The third was the shooting and wounding of Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch by Charles De Young.

The fourth was the shooting by Isaac M. Kalloch of his father's assailant, which resulted in the death of Charles De Young.

It can not be truthfully said that the *Chronicle* under Charles De Young's direction was an influence for good.

Under the direction of M. H. De Young, the *Chronicle* certainly worked for the material benefit of the community. He was a materialist. He was not popular. He had personal traits which made him disliked. Yet he was very generous, in his way, toward certain public ends. Looking back over his long life, and the long life of the journal he directed, a fair-minded man can not deny that under him its influence, on the whole, was for good. It stood, generally, for law, for good order, for good morals, for a strong Federal government, for the Republican party, for white immigration, for economical State and municipal administration, for liberal public-school appropriations, for liberty of speech, for the punishment of crime, for a fair ballot, and for Americanism generally. A man who supported these ideas for a half century in his daily journal can not have been a bad man. And M. H. De Young was not that. He was a well-meaning and a useful citizen.

M. H. De Young died February 18, 1925. He left the *Chronicle* to a board of trustees in trust for his four daughters, Helen M. Cameron, Kathleen Y. Thieriot, Constance M. Tobin, and Phyllis M. Tucker. The trustees named by him were George T. Cameron, Percy E. Towne, and Nion R. Tucker. He specially named his

son-in-law, George T. Cameron, as president and publisher, and executor of his will. He directed that the profits of the *Chronicle* be shared equally by his four daughters.

Before the death of Charles De Young, John Timmins acted as managing editor under him. John P. Young was employed as legislative correspondent at Sacramento in 1877-1878. At the close of the session Charles De Young, who was about to go abroad, offered the post of managing editor to John P. Young, who accepted. He filled the post for forty-three years, until his death in 1921. He was stricken at his desk. Young was an editor of ability, and kept his paper up to the times despite his advancing years. He was strong for free silver, as was M. H. De Young; in fact, De Young headed a free-silver delegation of Californians to the Republican National Convention. This seems odd; as also that the *Chronicle*, a California paper, and these two Californians, should be for free silver. California produces no silver; her chief product at first was gold; she has dugged hundreds of millions in gold out of her soil, for her country and the world; during the Civil War she refused, by her "Specific Contract Law," to accept the Federal Government's legal-tender notes as legal tender. She forced the government's "greenbacks" to be received at a discount in California from 1862 to 1879. She has always been on a gold basis. Therefore the *Chronicle's* stand seems inexplicable. John P. Young was wise enough to stop writing and printing free-silver articles after the McKinley-Hanna gold victory in 1896. M. H. De Young became a gold man at the same time.

John P. Young modified his ideas in other ways to suit the changing years. He showed much more mental elasticity than most elderly and old men do. He was extremely industrious; he wrote a great deal—unlike most managing editors, who always want to write, but can not, for lack of time.

The successor of Young as managing editor was Arthur L. Clarke, who died in January, 1928.

Among the men who served as city editor were A. B. Henderson, Horace R. Hudson, Frank Bailey Millard, E. S. Simpson, and others in the later years.

Among early editorial writers the *Chronicle* numbered James F. Bowman, Samuel Seabough, Marcus P. Wiggin, John Bonner, Edward F. Adams, and others. Mr. Adams died in 1929 at the age of eighty-seven.

George Hamlin Fitch joined the *Chronicle* staff in 1880 as night editor, also doing the book page for the Sunday paper. His book page was unique in that it strove to tell its readers what the new books contained, and subordinated the personality of the editor. Fitch served the *Chronicle* for over thirty-five years.

Ben Macomber acted as editor of the book page for a number of years, until he was promoted to the post of chief editorial writer.

Harold A. Small as editor of the book page was filling that post in 1930.

The editor who directed the theatrical department for the longest period was Peter Robertson. He filled the post for twenty-five years.

Among his successors was Waldemar Young, who left for Los Angeles to become a writer for the screen studios.

In later years the drama critic was George C. Warren, who still occupied the post in 1929. In addition to his duties as critic, he devoted much time and space to research in the archives of the stage.

M. H. De Young acted as business manager of the *Chronicle* until the death of his brother. Soon after that, Joseph B. Eliot filled the post for many years. He was succeeded by W. P. Leech, who was followed by C. H. Hornick. The post (thereafter called "publisher") was then given to the proprietor's son, Charles De Young, who filled it until his death, September 17, 1913. Following him W. H. B. Fowler was appointed general manager; he had risen to that post from office-boy, and still was general manager in 1929.

The *Chronicle* has had many long-term employees; in fifty years there have been only three cashiers, B. A. Wardell, James G. Chesley, and W. D. Burlingame. In the collection department one employee had served for over fifty years, and was still on duty in 1928. In the composing-room, another employee, John C. Collins, had also served for over fifty years.

Reuben L. Goldberg began as a cartoonist on the San Francisco *Chronicle* in 1899. In his recollections he said that the managing editor, Ernest Simpson, fixed his salary at eight dollars a week. He went to New York, where he had a hard time landing a job. When he got one he made good. He relates, modestly, that when he was about to confer on a prosperous tea-merchant the honor of becoming his father-in-law, the tea-merchant objected on the plausible ground that a cartoonist could not support a wife. Goldberg flashed a contract on the dazzled tea-man—a contract paying him \$50,000 a year.

San Francisco Examiner

The *Examiner* in 1877 was an evening paper, Democratic in politics, and intensely Bourbon in its Democracy. It was hyper-conservative, and believed in State's rights, the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, nullification, secession, and all the

rest. In fact, it was so strongly "secesh" that when President Lincoln was assassinated a mob wrecked its plant and threw its type out of the window. It was then known as the *Democratic Press*, and changed its name in order to resume publication with safety. However, its editor was the same man—William S. Moss—the staff was the same, and the paper was the same, except for the title. It appeared as the *Daily Examiner* on June 12, 1865. Soon afterward Charles L. Weller, Philip A. Roach, and George Pen Johnston became associated with Moss in the proprietorship. B. F. Washington was added to the editorial staff. For fifteen years it appeared under these auspices. In October, 1880, it was sold to "W. T. Baggett and Company," who changed it from an evening to a morning paper. This firm name was merely a mask for Senator George Hearst, to whom it was soon transferred. Clarence R. Greathouse became the manager for Senator Hearst, in whose interest the paper was run. Greathouse had been a practising lawyer in San Francisco from 1870 to 1886, associated at various times with Louis T. Haggin, William M. Stewart, Gordon Blanding, and William T. Wallace.

In 1887, Senator Hearst transferred the paper to his son, W. R. Hearst, who installed a new staff of editors and writers, some of whom were his college classmates. Greathouse retired, and went to the Orient as U.S. Consul General to Japan for four years: he then became "advisor" to the King of Korea until his death there October 21, 1899.

Under W. R. Hearst, the *Examiner* became an eight-page daily, the first in California. Hearst's new managing editor was S. S. ("Sam") Chamberlain, who had been with James Gordon Bennett for many years. Chamberlain founded the first American paper in Paris, the *Morning News*, which proved a formidable rival to the old *Galignani*, a daily printed in English with a strong British flavor. Chamberlain's paper gave an amount of daily telegraphic news that startled and alarmed the French dailies. Returning to this country in 1889, Chamberlain began a series of news stunts on the *Examiner* that made the other San Francisco dailies uneasy. One of his first was the printing of two pages of cablegrams giving the details of the tragic deaths of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Baroness Marie Vetsera. Another was sending a correspondent, Klein, to report the troubles at Samoa between America and Germany, which almost threatened war. Special correspondents fully reported the great Japan earthquake in 1891, with many photographs. The famine in China, in which millions perished, was also made a sensational feature. Hawaiian annexation was given much space.

Local features were not neglected. Strikes, legislative scandals, hospital abuses, jury bribes—all were featured, very sensation-

ally, but the people seemed to like it. To test the life-saving service on the ferry-boats, an *Examiner* reporter "fell" overboard in the middle of the bay, while other *Examiner* reporters aboard timed with stop-watches the efforts of the crew at rescue. The Coast Guard life service with their air-chamber life-boats failed to rescue a fisherman who was clinging to a wave-washed rock off Point Bonita; some *Examiner* reporters risked their lives in ordinary row-boats and saved him. When the Hotel del Monte was destroyed by fire in 1887, the *Examiner* sent a special train-load of reporters and photographers to the scene, getting out next day a "mammoth" edition of fourteen pages—a size previously unheard of for a San Francisco daily. In 1888, the *Examiner* published a large special edition in Washington, D.C., in the effort to bring the Democratic Convention to San Francisco.

Allan Kelly, an *Examiner* reporter, captured a live grizzly bear in the Sierra Nevada range, which animal he brought to San Francisco and installed in Golden Gate Park. A sensational story was made of the capture. The animal was formally baptized "Monarch," and thereafter the *Examiner* assumed the title "Monarch of the Dailies."

Three desperadoes, Chris Evans and George and John Sonntag, were successful in a series of train robberies extending over nine years, during which period they killed seven men and wounded many. Ten thousand dollars reward was offered for their arrest. Law officers fruitlessly scoured the mountains where they were hidden. Harry D. Bigelow, an *Examiner* writer, succeeded in reaching their retreat without having his head blown off, and brought back an "interview" with these bloody bandits which amazed the newspaper world.

Under Chamberlain's editorship the paper's circulation increased by leaps and bounds; from March 4, 1887, to October 20, 1889, it increased from about 5000 daily to 55,610 daily; on Sunday, 62,505.

Much of the rapid success of the *Examiner* was due to good business management. It is useless to make a good paper unless it is well distributed. The *Examiner's* business manager (called "publisher" nowadays) was C. M. Palmer, a Wisconsin newspaper man, who had been successful in the Middle West. He took charge of the *Examiner* January 1, 1889. Palmer was part owner of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, a daily; he owned a profitable flour-milling trade weekly, in Minneapolis; he owned several small rural dailies in Minnesota, and a half-interest in a daily published in St. Joseph, Missouri. His success led Hearst to secure his services in building up the *Examiner*.

Business Manager Palmer had a contract running for some

years with the *Examiner*; when it expired, Palmer returned to his own newspaper enterprises.

There was a New York paper called the *Morning Journal*, but generally known to New Yorkers as "The Chambermaid's Own." It was owned by Albert Pulitzer, a younger brother of Joseph. The elder never mentioned the younger or his journal in the *World*; evidently Joseph believed that two Pulitzer papers in New York made one too many. Hearst purchased Albert's paper, and turned it, although an evening sheet, into a lively rival to Joseph's morning paper. It was a rival, that is to say, in sensationalism. A sempiternal figure, "The Yellow Kid," in daily cartoons, gave the other dailies an adjective, and they applied the phrase "yellow journalism" to the struggle between the *Journal* and the *World*.

Hearst decided to transfer Sam Chamberlain from the *Examiner* post in San Francisco to the task of building up his new journal in New York.

Some time after Chamberlain's departure—I do not recall the date—Harry Bigelow invited me to dine with him and Hearst to "discuss a matter of business." Bigelow had become a sort of factotum to Hearst. We dined at the *Maison Riche*, then a new restaurant; its decorations, gorgeous for San Francisco at that time, had impelled Marie Aimée, opera prima donna, to christen it with its opulent name at the opening shortly before, when it was baptized with "billows of bright champagne." It was called a "French" restaurant because its proprietor, John Somali, was a Greek, its *chef* a Belgian, its waiters Swiss-Italian Ticinese, its customers all Americans, and because no French people ever went there. We had a very good dinner. The "business matter" was a proposal by Hearst that I should become managing editor of the *Examiner*. I thanked him very sincerely, but declined. For an hour or more he urged me—seconded by Bigelow—to accept, but I still declined. He even said that I could set the amount of my own salary, but I was not to be tempted. I was then in my early thirties, vigorous, and in excellent health, but I assured him that I did not feel able to stand the grind of managing a great daily. When he saw that I was obdurate, he dropped the subject.

John Somali knocked at this juncture, and came in to ask whether the dinner was served to our satisfaction. We assured him it was excellent. Bigelow poured him a glass of champagne, and John, erect and solemn, drank to our health and long life. The invocation proved efficacious so far as concerned Hearst and myself, but not the other two. Bigelow and John have been under the sod for many a long year.

During the dinner Hearst drank water, and I drank a little claret and seltzer. But a quart of champagne was in the cooler,

and Bigelow devoted himself to it. I noticed this, because when he had been in my employ, a few years earlier, he had been a teetotaler—on account, he told me, of a pledge to his mother.

"Good wine," said Iago, "is a good familiar creature if it be well used." Maybe so. But when Shakespeare wrote, Dom Perignon had not invented champagne.

Various managing editors succeeded Chamberlain; among these, A. B. Henderson lasted the longest in the early days of Hearst's ownership. Later, the business manager with the longest tenure was T. T. Williams, who was promoted to a similar post in New York after Hearst entered the journalistic field there.

Hearst had difficulty at times in filling the responsible positions—managing editor and business manager. At one period the post of business manager of the *Examiner* was filled by Edward W. Townsend, well-known writer on the *Examiner* and other papers. Townsend had for some time been acting as secretary to Senator George Hearst, who loaned him to his son to fill the post on the *Examiner*.

William F. Bogart, cashier of the *Examiner* for nearly fifty years, died July 7, 1928. He was in George Hearst's employ when the Senator purchased the *Examiner* on October 30, 1880, and at once took charge of its financial affairs.

Edward H. Hamilton served for a brief period as managing editor of the *Examiner*. He preferred his job of writing, but consented to fill the editorial post temporarily to oblige Hearst.

Among the managing editors of the *Examiner* was Andrew M. Lawrence, who served that paper in various capacities for fourteen years. He was promoted from the *Examiner* to take charge of the Hearst newspaper interests in Chicago.

Among the better known writers added to the *Examiner* staff under its new management during 1887 and later were Ambrose G. Bierce, Arthur McEwen, W. C. Morrow, Joaquin Miller, Allan Kelly, and H. D. Bigelow. Of course, it printed much matter, literary and other, from many well-known writers in addition to those noted above, but as much of it was syndicated matter they could not be called staff writers. There were several of Hearst's college mates added to the staff, but they soon dropped off. The most notable contribution made by one of them was "Casey at the Bat" by E. L. ("Phinney") Thayer. It attracted much attention when it appeared, and was subsequently made famous by De Wolf Hopper, the comedian, who recited it from the stage for forty years.

If memory serves, the *Examiner* man who jumped overboard from a ferry-boat in the middle of the bay, to rescue a woman reporter who "fell" overboard, and the *Examiner* man who swam to the rescue of the hapless fisherman on the rocky islet off Point

Bonita, was H. R. Haxton. He was a colonial Englishman who came to San Francisco from Australia. Haxton was an interesting man—brave, reckless, adventurous. I met him in Paris years afterward, when he invited me to accompany him as witness to a strange duel on the Belgian frontier.

Looking over my notes, I find that I wrote at the time :

"The *Examiner* is getting itself talked about. *Examiner* young men go up in balloons. *Examiner* young men fall out of balloons (in parachutes). *Examiner* young men jump off ferry-boats to test the crews. *Examiner* young men swim to save fishermen marooned on rocks. In brief, *Examiner* men are doing many things these days, and some fine and brave things. I am inclined to believe that many of their exploits are performed more for the love of adventure than for the love of advertising."

I still think so. After the lapse of years many of these daring youths are doubtless dead. But those who survive must thrill when they think what they did when they were young.

Among the managing editors of the *Examiner* for a time was Arthur McEwen, who was transferred to that post by Hearst from the writing staff. McEwen was a brilliant writer, but he lacked some qualities necessary to a managing editor. While he was filling his new post he went for a short visit to his old friend Joseph T. Goodman, who had abjured the newspaper business, and retired to his own vine and fig-tree in Fresno County. Goodman had arrived at the agriculturist's point of view. The farmers of California have always wanted cheap labor. They relied on Chinese labor until it was excluded by law. Then on Japanese labor, until the Japanese bought land, raised their own crops, and competed with the white farmers. Then on Hindoo labor, which proved a failure. Then, when the immigration quota law restricted immigrants, with the exception of Canadians and Mexicans, the California farmers depended on Mexican labor. In 1929 the labor unions were urging Congress to exclude or restrict Mexican labor. In default of Mexican labor, the California farmers were threatening to import from the Southern States negro labor, which can not be excluded by law.

Goodman, having become a farmer, shared the farmers' opinions on labor. During McEwen's visit Goodman talked so persistently and eloquently on the California farmers' vital need of Chinese labor that McEwen was converted. On his return to San Francisco he brought out the *Examiner* with scare headings on the side of Chinese labor. He told his amazed subordinates that he was going to raise a sensation. He certainly did. The first sign of it was when the circulation manager heard from the labor unions, and the paper began losing thousands of sub-

scribers a day. The next was when the terrified publisher wired a hurry call East to Hearst. As a result McEwen was quickly removed from the post of managing editor. He remained, however, as a writer in the employ of Hearst off and on until his death.

During A. B. Henderson's incumbency as managing editor of the *Examiner* there came on a visit to San Francisco a young Englishman named Henry Norman. He was a journalist, had been on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and later was editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*. He brought letters to Hearst, who received him hospitably, and entertained him in a social way. Norman was good-looking, clever, and interesting.

It so happened that during his stay in San Francisco what was called in those days "a tug-boat party" took place on the bay. There were no steam-yachts or motor-launches around San Francisco then. In the party were fifteen or twenty people, but I can remember only two after the lapse of years—Amy Crocker and Henry Norman. We steamed around the upper and lower bays, and went ashore on one of the islands, where we had a sylvan luncheon, with a profusion of champagne. Perhaps there was too much champagne—that also I fail to recall after the lapse of years. Suffice it to say that when we went aboard again Norman began a violent flirtation with Miss Crocker. She received his attentions laughingly, but when he began protestations of high endeavor she treated them mockingly. When he vowed, like Hamlet, that he would dive into the bottom of the deep to win her favor, she allowed a filmy lace handkerchief to escape from her hand. As it fluttered overboard, she uttered a lamentation. Like a flash Norman dived after it. Like a flash the tug-boat was stopped and backed, while her captain poured forth floods of profanity. Norman retrieved the handkerchief, but found it difficult to get aboard again. The boat had a heavy overhang projecting from her hull, and the bay currents around Alcatraz Island run like a mill-race. The captain solved the problem—without lowering a boat—by inserting a long boathook into the waistband of Norman's galligaskins; then, using it as a lever over the rail, the hero was hoisted inboard, like a package. He was much winded and streaming with water, but he made a gallant presentation of the handkerchief to the lady. The captain, still swearing, had him dragged below to the boiler-room, whence he emerged after a time clad in a greasy cap, jumper, blue overalls, and an ill-fitting pair of old brogans. The change from the dandified youth of a few minutes before was so ludicrous that he was received with shouts of laughter. At this he took umbrage, and went back to the boiler-room.

A few days later the *Examiner* had the story, told with much humor, and garnished with comic illustrations. Norman was

deeply offended. He protested so vehemently that Hearst printed an apology purporting to come from his managing editor, Henderson. The editor considered himself unjustly treated, as he knew nothing of Hearst's social relations with Norman. It was said at the time that as a result of this incident Henderson ceased to fill the post of managing editor.

When Charles M. Palmer became business manager of the *Examiner* in 1889, one of the first things he attempted was to come to an understanding with the other morning papers concerning purely trade matters—that is, prescribing street territory for news vendors; discontinuing the fights among them, which sometimes were fatal; agreeing on dates for the issuance of special numbers, so that they should not conflict; clubbing together to hire trains for delivering papers to the interior; and matters of business generally. None of these matters could conflict in any way with the most intense rivalry in the matter of news gathering, “beats,” “scoops,” and the like.

But Palmer told me that M. H. De Young would not listen to him. “De Young,” he said, “believes that W. R. Hearst is not in the business to stay. He thinks that the *Examiner* is a mere college boy's stunt, and that Hearst will weary of it soon. Hence we all have to spend a lot of money foolishly. We have to hire three trains for three morning papers, instead of one.”

Palmer told me this one noonday in New York where I had met him down town, and he invited me to take lunch at his club. It was in the top of a tall building, and a brass plate on the door read “Hardware Club.” At lunch I remarked that I knew he had many activities, but did not know that hardware was among them.

“I have no connection with hardware,” he replied, “but this down-town club is near my New York office, and is convenient.” Looking around the well-filled rooms, he added, “I think about three-fourths of these men don't know any more about hardware than I do.”

Palmer went on to give me some details of Hearst's newspaper plans—which were no secret in New York—and I concluded then that De Young's beliefs concerning Hearst's “stunts” were erroneous.

Evening Post

The *Evening Post* went through many changes of ownership and editorship after its foundation. Its first number was issued December 4, 1871; the editor was Henry George; the owners Hinton, Rapp & Company, a printing firm; the politics, Democratic. Inside of a year it was sold to Editor Thompson of the

Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who could not make it go, and it reverted to Hinton, who again installed Henry George as editor. Some three years later—December, 1875—it passed into the hands of John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada, who had loaned money to the *Post* and foreclosed. Jones had various interests in which a newspaper might be useful—mining, stock-jobbing, political. Joseph T. Goodman became editor-in-chief, with Samuel Seabough as leading editorial writer, and L. E. Crane as managing editor. Goodman had been editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise* during Nevada's flush times, and employed on that paper Mark Twain when he first came to the Coast. There was, generally speaking, a strong Nevada flavor to the *Post* under Goodman. Senator Jones installed a fast perfecting press—the first in San Francisco—and spent much money on the mechanical plant of the *Post*. The editors and publishers made various attempts to win the public—among others, fixing the price at one cent. This was a failure—news agents and news boys scorned the humble penny, and the public would have nothing to do with it. In those days even the silver "five-cent piece" was suspect, and the nickel was unknown on the Coast. All sorts of dealers worked a petty swindle called the "long bit" and the "short bit" by which they made five cents going and coming. Therefore they were all hot against the introduction of any coins tending toward correct change. Slowly the nickel made its way, but it was forty years later before the proud-stomached shopkeepers could stand the cent. The *Post* soon gave up the penny as a bad job, and changed to the standard price of the other dailies.

Among the editorial attempts of the *Post* to gain circulation the most marked was a complete change in politics, from Democratic to Republican. It also supported a "Woman's Crusade" against liquor saloons—called "local option" at that time. This crusade had a strong undercurrent in favor of woman suffrage. But the *Post* found its efforts unpopular in the seventies. Still, it was only in advance of its time, for both woman suffrage and prohibition were written into the organic law some forty years later.

Another attempt of the *Post*, under Henry George, to attract attention to his paper, was when he investigated the *Sunrise* Case. The *Sunrise* was what is known as a "hell ship." A number of her sailors complained of brutal treatment by the captain and mates. George took up the cudgels for them. With the assistance of W. H. L. Barnes, an eloquent attorney, the offenders were vigorously prosecuted, convicted, and punished. The case attracted more than local attention. George was quite sincere in this affair, and it was not undertaken by him purely for business reasons.

Among all the San Francisco editors in the seventies, the

only one becoming nationally known in later years was Henry George. His career in brief is not without interest. Born in 1839, in Philadelphia; went to sea; voyaged to Calcutta and Sydney; tired of the sea; became a typesetter; arrived in San Francisco May, 1858; joined the wild rush to the Fraser River mines; failed as a miner; returned to San Francisco; was printer in Frank Eastman's job office; worked as a "sub-printer" on San Francisco dailies; with five printers, started the *Evening Journal*; tired of it, and sold out; a "sub" on the *Sacramento Union*, San Francisco *Bulletin*, San Francisco *American Flag*; worked on first issue of San Francisco *Times*, November 9, 1868; editorial writer on San Francisco *Chronicle*, but could not get along with Charles De Young; returned to Philadelphia; tired of it; returned to California; worked on Oakland *Transcript*. As above, started San Francisco *Evening Post* in 1871 with W. M. Hinton; as above, Senator Jones foreclosed.

George determined to write a single-tax treatise that had fermented in his mind for years, since writing "Our Land Policy," 1871. Being out of a job, he got appointed gas inspector, a sinecure that gave him time to write and means on which to live. When the manuscript was finished, it was submitted successively—but not successfully—to Appleton's, Harper's, Scribner's, and other lesser publishers. All declined it. Hinton then printed it at his job office in March, 1879. It was entitled "Progress and Poverty." Henry George himself set some of the type. The present writer had a copy of the first edition, which was destroyed by fire in 1906; it had the queer appearance that job-printed books bear. Later, it was reprinted by Appleton's, George paying the cost of the plates, and became one of the most talked-of books of the century's end. The aureola of its fame surrounding him, Henry George in 1882 made a lecture tour in England. Returning to this country, he had become a personage. In 1883, he ran for mayor of New York City, polling 68,000 votes; A. S. Hewitt (elected), 90,000; Theodore Roosevelt, 60,000. In 1897, Henry George again ran for mayor of New York, but died during the campaign; his son was substituted, and finished the campaign, but was defeated.

Some of these data are from Don C. Seitz's "Uncommon Americans," some from "The Life of Henry George," by his son, some from local sources in San Francisco.

The names of some of the newspapers above mentioned, on which Henry George worked, may sound unfamiliar to San Franciscans of fifty years later. The San Francisco *Times* was an excellent paper, but it was probably too good to live. It was purchased—or "merged"—by the *Alta California*, and for a number of years its name was carried under the main title and above the date line of the *Alta*.

The *American Flag* was a violently patriotic journal, conducted by Editor McCarthy. During and after the Civil War there was much secession sentiment in California. Editor McCarthy strove to correct this evil. But the secessionists soon stopped talking—it is difficult to enthuse over a “Lost Cause”—and the *American Flag* ceased to appear.

The *Evening Journal* was a more transitory newspaper. Working printers frequently start newspapers, but if they seem to promise success, the printers sell out; and if they spell failure, the printers discontinue them. The *Journal* did not live long.

Colonel John P. Jackson tried his hand at the *Post* in 1875. Jackson was a man of considerable wealth. He would, however, probably have been wealthier had he confined his investments to city instead of country land, and had he refrained from investing in city newspapers. Some of his property in small towns like Vallejo, for example, he gave away, rather than pay the taxes. His investments in Napa Valley land, also, do not compare in increased valuation with similar investments in San Francisco.

However, Jackson made some realty purchases in San Francisco, and they probably paid better than did his investment in the *Post*. He was a broad-minded, liberal man, and he made a good paper out of the *Post*. But he could not make it pay, and after ten years he parted with it in 1885. He was a lawyer of standing, and had practised in Ohio and California. His title “Colonel” came from service in the Civil War. He died September 25, 1900.

Another man who assumed the direction of the *Post* was General Samuel W. Backus. He had served through the Civil War, and after its close entered the Civil Service, first in the Internal Revenue Department, later in the Custom House. He was appointed Postmaster of San Francisco by President Arthur, serving from 1883 to 1887. He was reappointed by President Harrison, serving from 1891 to 1894.

General John F. Sheehan was another director of the *Post*. During his incumbency, and that of General Backus, the *Post* was for a while edited by Arthur McEwen.

The *Post* was for a time conducted by Thomas T. Williams, who left it to take service with the *Examiner* under W. R. Hearst. Williams was an extremely belligerent editor, and was much handicapped by the *Post's* ownership. It belonged to a corporation, and was highly benevolent toward corporations generally. In those days California newspapers had to be—or thought they had to be—hostile to corporations. They have greatly changed; in the nineteen-twenties they often print kind words about corporations that would have nauseated the old-time editors. Estopped from attacking corporations, Editor Williams sought

for targets. He selected the theatres, which were not powerful, but prominent. Day after day he assailed their managers, striving to make a snappy paper. Some of them, like Leavitt, ignored him. Al Hayman, manager of the Baldwin, proved to be the most sensitive; he rose like a trout to Williams's fly. Soon he had the dead walls thus placarded: "The Baldwin does not advertise in the *Post*." Much elated, Williams renewed his attacks. The sensitive Hayman at last gave up the fight, and left the city for the East, where he remained. His friends said that he was driven away by Williams. If so, the editor drove him from impecuniosity to affluence, for Hayman speedily made his way in New York. His initial financial hit with the play "Shenandoah" put him on the highway to fortune. He died a millionaire.

A later "proprietor" of the *Post* (1890-1892) was George B. Heazelton, who was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; graduated from the high school there; took a classical course at Oberlin; spent a year at the University of Göttingen, Germany; later, studied for a year at Heidelberg; spent some time at Paris attending lectures. Returning to America, he became exchange editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and later served for five years at Washington as its correspondent. Heazelton gave up the *Post* after a three years' incumbency. Fremont Older was at first reporter and then city editor of the *Post* under Heazelton.

In 1892 the *Post* passed into the possession of Hugh Hume and J. O'Hara Cosgrave, both young, and both practical newspapermen. They ran it with energy and ability, but they could not make it go. Cosgrave was the first to retire. Hume continued to run it for some years, but finally gave it up. Hume then established a weekly paper in Portland, Oregon, called the *Spectator*, which he was still publishing in 1928. Cosgrave in the same year was editor of the Sunday supplement of the New York *World*.

Another "proprietor" of the *Post* was John Hamilton Gilmour, born in British India and educated in England. For a time he was a writer on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, leaving that journal to undertake the management of the *Post*. He also showed much ability in his conduct of the paper, but like his predecessors he failed.

The longest tenure of office among the many who directed the *Post* was that of Thomas Garrett. He was an English subject, born in Jamaica, son of the Anglican bishop for that diocese. He was educated at Cambridge University, taking a post-graduate course at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to California in the eighties; became a reporter on the *Post*; then city editor of the *Chronicle*; later city editor of the *Examiner*. In 1901 he secured control of the *Post*, of which he was editor for eight years. In

1909 he sold out his interests, and retired from the newspaper business. He died in March, 1927.

The *Post* later passed under the control of Patrick Calhoun, then president of the United Railroads. The editor was R. H. Hay Chapman, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, England. He died in August, 1929.

Some may consider it strange to devote so much space to a dead newspaper. It is done on account of the extraordinary nature of its history. Here is the story of a daily newspaper that was run at a loss for about half a century. The men who thought they could make a success of it included one millionaire (for Senator Jones was so rated in the seventies); several men who were in easy circumstances financially; some brilliant editorial writers; some who were experienced politicians; several men who were graduates of universities at home or abroad; an earnest crusader with novel economic ideas—Henry George; several working newspaper men.

One after another, these men all failed. Yet there always seemed to be another convinced that he could make it a success.

In the intervals between these optimists, the journal was run by a paper-mill company which carried a chattel mortgage on its plant and "good will." The paper-mill company was always willing to give each newcomer a try at the job. To the mill-company it meant selling more paper. Likewise the newcomer had to underwrite the "old horse" paper debt of his predecessors. That any other unsuccessful business enterprise would for fifty years attract so many men of experience and ability does not seem believable.

As already said, Henry George was the only one of San Francisco's editorial writers in the seventies who became nationally known. Yet there were others who, in the opinion of his contemporaries, were more brilliant writers than Henry George—James F. Bowman, Samuel Seabough, Arthur McEwen, Joseph T. Goodman, for example. It may be that George's removal to New York later made him known to many more newspaper readers; or that his lecturing tours exploiting his social creed won him many followers; or that his book "Progress and Poverty," with its single-tax ideas, made him the head of a school. If it was his single-tax theories that won him fame, it is singular that they seem to have made no headway in the half century that has elapsed since he first proclaimed them in San Francisco. There are improved methods of taxation now in vogue, and they are not Henry George's. The World War demonstrated to the masses

that governments could raise by taxation from both rich and poor vast sums for wars—wars designed to bolster up dynasties, to solidify ministries, to uphold cabinets, to re-elect administrations. The masses became thoughtful, and they rarely think. They concluded that vast sums might be raised in peace as well as in war—raised mainly from the rich. The masses have gone at their task with enthusiasm and success. In England they have so heavily taxed the upper classes that the land-holding aristocracy seems destined to disappear. The masses in England have not contented themselves with a single tax either. Land?—yes. But also buildings; and incomes; and jewels; and paintings; and inheritances; and everything that is taxable. Not a single tax, but multiple taxes.

In the United States also the masses have awakened to tax possibilities since the World War. Not only the ordinary taxes, but extraordinary taxes; income taxes; surtaxes; taxes on government bonds, previously tax-free; taxes on luxuries; Federal inheritance taxes; State inheritance taxes; taxes on doing business; license taxes; excise taxes. And the masses escape many of these taxes, notably the income and inheritance taxes.

The root idea of George's book, "Progress and Poverty," is the abolition of all taxation except on land values. The revenue of the government is to be collected from this source alone. The tax is to be levied without taxing the improvements on the land, although any increase in land values by reason of improvements, location, or other factors is to be taxed. This, George called "the unearned increment" in value.

It would seem as if these single-tax theories had become obsolete in fifty years. The demand for more money has become universal—more money for governments, for armies, for navies, for state officials, for municipal officials, for professional men, for mercantile employees, for skilled craftsmen, for laborers who dig and delve only. As a result of this demand, the amount of tax money raised per capita is the largest in the history of the world. It is only by multiform taxes that modern governments keep going. They do not seek to simplify taxes, or to reduce them to "single" taxes, but rather to increase their number, to complicate them, to levy "invisible" taxes, to confuse the taxpayer, to convince him that somebody else pays his taxes. And in this they are remarkably successful. They call in "tax experts" to assist them—college professors and the like—who draw up roseate tax schemes under which they claim that the taxes are mainly paid by the corporations. Yet the taxpayers find that the corporations adroitly arrange matters so that all of the taxes fall as before on the individual citizen.

If the "single-tax" system were in operation, it would be so simple that any one could understand it—an end not desired by governments.

Instead of a simple "single" tax on land American State governments now levy not only on land, but on buildings; on commercial bank deposits; on savings bank deposits; on money "in hand"; on money in safe deposit boxes; on debts due; on bonds and debentures; on common and preferred stocks; on "rights" to buy stocks; on solvent credits; on bankers' acceptances; on household furniture; on libraries, law, medical, special, general, or mixed; on jewelry, plate, watches, diamonds; on paintings, statuary, bric-à-brac; on fire-arms; on pianos, phonographs, radios; on cattle and other live-stock; on automobiles, auto-trucks, aeroplanes, motor cycles; on horses, harness, saddles; on merchandise, goods, wares, in shops or in warehouses; on consigned goods to arrive; on fixtures in offices, stores, and other business places; on adding machines, bookkeeping machines, comptometers, typewriters, cash registers; on printing presses and motors; on all machinery; on "all other property." Also, nearly all of the States levy a heavy inheritance tax on the estates of decedents.

In addition to the State taxes, the Federal government levies a tax on all incomes derived from salaries, wages, commissions, earnings generally; interest on bank deposits, notes, mortgages, and convertible bonds; dividends on stock; income from partnerships and fiduciaries; and "any other income, from whatever source derived"—including income derived from rum-running, bootlegging, gambling hells, speak-easies, brothels.

The Federal government also collects an inheritance tax from the estates of decedents—a tax much heavier on large estates than the State inheritance taxes. This is a graduated tax; in the case of large estates, it is claimed by the heirs to be confiscatory. An estate of three millions plus, for example, is taxed from a quarter to a third of a million dollars. In 1928, the estate of Adolph B. Spreckels paid a tax of \$750,000 plus.

The Federal government also collects what some call "an invisible tax" in the shape of tariffs on imports. It is held by some to be inequitable. But it brings in many hundreds of millions yearly.

This generous, sweeping, and comprehensive tax plan makes Henry George's "single-tax" plan seem poor and puny.

Do the masses worry over the heavy inheritance taxes, as do the heirs of millionaires? They do not. Do they worry over the surtaxes on millionaire incomes in the "high brackets"? They do not. They seem to bear up with calmness under the woes of the rich. The only trouble it gives their elected representa-

tives is how to spend the tax money. But they are doing fairly well for beginners. In the country districts they are spending it for magnificent concrete and asphalt highways, costing the Nation billions of dollars. In the cities they are laying out costly esplanades and boulevards. In the large cities of the United States whole quarters will soon be demolished, as in Paris under Napoleon Third, when Baron Haussmann tore out blocks of gloomy tenements pierced by crooked and winding alleys; these he replaced by the present system of magnificent boulevards. Chicago is leading the way; as the dwellers in other cities see what she is doing, they return home possessed with a violent desire to go and do likewise.

In the rural districts the voters are erecting high-schools costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. In the cities the voters, having pretty good schools already, are constructing innumerable playgrounds for the children—sometimes in a large city as many as forty or fifty.

In the rural districts the voters are beginning to demand elevated crossings where railway and highway intersect; they prefer to have the railroads pay for the work, but if that be not feasible, they will pay half of it, or even all of it, themselves. In both city and rural districts the voters are constructing public golf links; some large cities have a score of "municipal links" around them. Golf, once that expensive amusement of the rich, is now at the disposal of millions of the poor.

In both city and country the voters are constructing magnificent bridges over rivers, bays, estuaries. Where two States are involved—like New York and New Jersey—previously existing constitutional restrictions are swept aside, to make way for "tubes," tunnels, and bridges.

In the cities miles of subways are piercing the earth beneath the streets. In the country the voters allow themselves the luxury of subways or under-passes in front of the public schools, so that their children may cross without being killed or maimed by the stream of motor vehicles along the highways.

It is not here overlooked that many of these vast expenditures are based on bonds. The average citizen looks on the cash from a bond issue as fairy gold. But bonds have to be paid by the taxpayer, just the same as current debts. The only difference is that current debts must be paid to-day; bonded debts to-morrow

Minor Dailies

In 1876, a newcomer in San Francisco journalism appeared, the *Daily Mail*. It was started by Davison Dalziel, a young

Englishman, who came to be known in journalistic circles as "Dizzy Dalziel." He was the husband of Dickey Lingard, a young actress, sister of William Horace Lingard, the "mammoth comique," and sister-in-law of Alice Dunning Lingard, who was extremely popular as a leading woman in the Lingard troupe. The appearance of the new journal caused some wonder among the quidnuncs, for Dalziel was reported to be without money. Soon, however, its violent advocacy of Mark McDonald as candidate for the United States Senatorship explained the mystery. The paper had a number of bright writers on its staff, among them Arthur McEwen, Dan O'Connell, David Nesfield, S. F. Sutherland, Will L. Visscher, Thomas E. Flynn, and others. The *Mail* was a meteoric success while it lasted. But the California Legislature elected as Senator "Champagne Farley," so nicknamed on account of the billows of wine that prefaced and accompanied his victory. Mark McDonald withdrew his financial support, and the *Mail* went into the *ewigkeit*. McDonald was a stock operator, operating usually on the short side. His success had given him the sobriquet of "Ursa Major." He returned to devouring the lambs of the stock market, and doubtless soon recouped his losses on the *Mail*.

The further history of Dalziel is one of the romances of business. He went from San Francisco to Chicago, where in 1880 he ran a paper called the *News Letter*, which did not live long. He went to New York, where he started a paper called *Truth*; this also, in his hands, did not thrive, so he sold it. He went to London, and there he became a modern Midas. He started a submarine cable company, which made money. He founded a news agency, which became extremely lucrative. He profitably initiated what we call "limited" railway trains, in England and on the Continent. He successfully promoted many mining ventures, which made money for the investors as well as himself. He put into operation fleets of taxi-cabs in London. With increasing wealth, he became politically ambitious, and stood for Parliament, representing in 1908 the borough of Brixton. He died in 1928, leaving a fortune of \$11,370,000. It reads like a fairy tale.

A daily paper called the *Figaro*, devoted to theatricals, flourished in the seventies. It was brightly written and widely read. Its proprietor was J. P. Bogardus; its editor Tremanhere Lanyon Johns, an Englishman of university training, whose criticisms of theatrical productions were interesting.

An evening paper called the *Report* was edited by W. M. Bunker in the late seventies, its publisher being A. C. Heister. It had evolved from a small sheet giving the stock quotations during the Comstock boom, and was then called the *Stock Report*. When the boom died, the paper was changed into one of general

news. Bunker made it quite bright and interesting. However, he was wise enough to sell it to an Eastern newspaper league, which attempted to make a penny paper of it. The attempt failed, and the *Report* died.

The *Stock Exchange* was the name of an evening paper published in the late seventies, devoted to news and advertisements of the stock market. It dropped the "stock" from its title, and called itself the *Daily Exchange*. It was owned by John P. Jackson and D. F. Verdenal, and for a time was edited by Thomas E. Flynn. The *Daily Exchange* found the struggle in the general field too severe, and its publication was discontinued.

The Morning Call

The first number of the *Morning Call* appeared in San Francisco December 1, 1856, under the proprietary title "The Associated Practical Printers," whose names as published were James J. Ayres, David W. Higgins, Lew Zubln, Charles F. Jobson, and W. L. Carpenter. The interest of Carpenter was soon sold to George Ed. Barnes, later for many years dean of the drama critics of San Francisco. He was intimately connected with the journal at its birth, for he once told me that there was difficulty in selecting a name for the new baby. All sorts of titles were discussed, disapproved of, and discarded. The new proprietors seemed to be at a deadlock. Suddenly Barnes pointed out of the window to a bill-sticker who was pasting up a poster of "The Morning Call," a favorite play of the period. "There is our name," said Barnes. The proprietors were struck with its aptness, and approved. The new daily appeared under that heading.

Like most co-operative enterprises run by craftsmen, the concern soon passed into other hands. The *Call* had increased in size, and seemed to be thriving, but the "practical printers" did not agree very well, and many changes took place in its proprietorship. George Ed. Barnes sold his interest to Loring Pickering, who had already begun acquiring ownership in the *Call*, and in the course of a few years he owned the whole of the shares.

In addition to the names of the proprietors already given, the early editors and editorial writers included E. A. Rockwell, Frank Soulé, James F. Bowman, Gilbert B. Densmore, William Bausman, Peter B. Foster, Albert S. Evans, and W. H. Rhodes. The latter would be called a "feature writer" to-day; he wrote stories in the style of Jules Verne over the signature of "Caxton." At a still later period came John Bonner as an editorial writer. One of the earliest managing editors was George Ed. Barnes; later

came A. B. Henderson, W. A. Boyce, Thomas E. Flynn, Ernest C. Stock, and others. Among the *Call's* city editors were Thomas Newcomb (one of the founders of the Bohemian Club), S. F. Sutherland, Frank A. Gross, W. K. McGrew, H. G. Shaw, Wm. S. Cameron, J. P. Cosgrave, Frank J. Ballinger, Louis E. Whitcomb, Ernest Simpson, Frank Bailey Millard.

George Ed. Barnes, after selling his interest in the *Call* to Pickering, soon returned to it in that editor's employ, and served as drama editor until his death. Gilbert B. Densmore was senior editorial writer of the *Call* in Pickering's time, also acting as drama editor of the *Bulletin*.

For many years J. N. H. Irwin edited the society page of the *Call*, which was headed "The Social World." Pickering's idea was to make this page comprehensive rather than exclusive, and he certainly succeeded. The most humble weddings, dances, and dinners were printed cheek by jowl with the "functions" of the rich. Joe Irwin was suave and prepossessing. In seeking news for his society page, he became acquainted with Mrs. Theresa Fair, who had just come from Virginia City to San Francisco. Separated from the Senator, her husband (although not then divorced), she began a social campaign in her large and luxurious house, where she entertained lavishly. Her two daughters were then young school-girls; her two sons were scarcely "society" material; therefore her guests were mostly grown-ups. She very wisely retained Irwin as a social coach, as she knew little of San Francisco's society intricacies. Irwin shrewdly remained in the background, although advising her minutely and assiduously, doubtless saving her from many a *faux pas*. Her campaign under his guidance became a success, and she was the most talked of hostess of San Francisco for a time. This pleased her greatly, for she had no desire to let Senator Fair think she was wearing the willow. He could not, of course, set up an establishment and entertain "society" as she was doing, but he made himself conspicuous as a host in opera and theatre boxes, his chief guests being young unmarried women—properly chaperoned, of course—to whom he paid court in Grandisonian style. This, his intimates alleged, greatly ruffled his wife. It is needless to state that Mrs. Fair's entertainments were given much prominence in Irwin's page.

This "society page" of the *Call*, by the way, was rather guyed at that time by San Francisco's "society"—the mixture of the masses with the quality seemed to nettle the aristocrats. One evening, at one of Mrs. Fair's dinner-parties, a man who did not have what is now called the "inside dope" remarked brightly, when the guests had become silent for a few seconds :

"This dinner is such a fine affair that it will probably be the headline of the *Call's* society page."

A snicker ran around the table, which the unhappy man construed as approval of his wit.

Mrs. Fair fanned herself violently—her way when she was disturbed.

"The *Call's* society page," she said acidly. "And why the *Call*, may I ask?"

The male Malaprop divined that he had put his foot in it—how he did not know—and replied gravely:

"Because the *Call* has the largest circulation."

Mrs. Fair fanned herself more slowly; evidently the man was not trying to be funny but was complimenting her favorite paper, so she smiled forgivingly, saying:

"Yes, I'm sure it has."

For his social services Mrs. Fair generously "staked" Joe Irwin to start a daily in San José. Irwin ran it for a time, but it died untimely, and his former boss, Mr. Pickering, buried it in the *Call's* newspaper graveyard.

Barbour Lathrop was a writer on the *Call*, who during the eighties did some work for the *Argonaut* in the line of theatrical gossip headed "Coulisses Chat." He had not concealed the fact from Editor Pickering, being unaware that *Call* employees were forbidden to write for other journals. He first learned of it when Editor Pickering ordered him to discontinue this outside work.

Lathrop thought to propitiate his boss by writing the same kind of theatrical chat for the *Call*. The city editor consented. Grand opera was running to crowded houses, and snappy paragraphs collected in the lobby were good stuff, in the city editor's judgment: personal opinions of prominent citizens on the Wagnerian *leit motiven*; the views of leading butter-and-egg men on the potential decadence of the *bel canto*—that sort of thing. Lathrop did it well. Every one on the *Call* knew of the forthcoming Lathrop stuff except George Ed. Barnes, the drama and music critic. When Barnes appeared in the lobby Lathrop hastened to give him the glad tidings.

"Did you know I was detailed for the opera this evening, Barnes?" he asked.

Barnes glared at him, and replied icily: "Indeed? No, I had not heard of it, *Mister* Lathrop."

And turning away, Barnes addressed an acquaintance, preventing further explanation from Lathrop.

When the curtain had been up for some time another *Call* man noticed that Barnes's seat was vacant. He investigated. No Barnes in sight. He reported to the city editor, who was much agitated at the prospect of no critical article on the first night of the grand opera season. The inquiring colleague was dispatched to Barnes's residence; he found the great man in slippered ease

reading at a cheerful fire. It was at first difficult to placate him. But when he was assured that the young man Lathrop was merely filling the humble function of a reporter he was impressed. What moved him most, however, was the gloomy picture of a whole city full of people missing their accustomed critical pabulum. This, he admitted, was serious, and he returned to the opera-house. But he always treated Lathrop afterwards with coldness.

Some years later Lathrop inherited a large fortune. He was a brother of Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, and he and his sister were left some millions. It is needless to say that he threw up his journalistic job. He must have smiled at times to think of the moderate stipend for which he had toiled in his newspaper days. He spent the rest of his life—and he lived long—in ceaseless travel, circumnavigating our little planet many times. Some would consider that a harder job than newspaper writing.

Lathrop died in May, 1927. He left \$20,000 to the Bohemian Club. The rest of his large estate went to two nieces. Lathrop's is the only bequest of money to the Bohemian Club of which I have ever heard.

Pickering's practice of making his society page a mosaic of all classes was rather sneered at by other daily editors at the time. But from the circulation standpoint he was right. The other dailies confined their chronicling of society affairs to the "upper classes." But society people are so used to seeing their names on the society page that they are not nearly so much excited over it as are the socially unknown—although it is true that society people become excited if they are persistently left off of it. Witness the ire of Thackeray, upon whom the humble Jenkins revenged himself by regularly leaving the novelist's name out of the list of "among those present" in the fashionable *Morning Post*.

Pickering's plan has become almost universal in the commercialized daily press of forty years later. The owners want circulation, and they know that it is gained by chronicling even humble names in their society items.

Another Pickering practice was to print political news fairly and fully in the local columns, but to take no sides politically in the editorial columns. This course he followed, although he personally had decided political opinions—he had been a Democrat up to the Civil War, when he became a Republican, and so remained. But the *Call* editorial page was distinctly non-partisan. This gave it a mild, innocuous tinge compared to the fierce editorials of the other dailies, all of which were violently partisan. I am inclined to think that Pickering was right in this attitude also, from a business point of view. This belief is con-

firmed when one notes that very few of the commercialized daily papers of to-day are partisan; they follow generally the same editorial plan as Pickering did, forty years ago, with some difference in detail.

Altogether, the lapse of years seems to prove that Pickering conducted his papers with great sagacity. When he was in his newspaper prime, the *Call* had the largest circulation in San Francisco, and printed more "small ads" (classified) than all the other dailies put together.

Both Pickering and Fitch were men of ability, and their two papers were well run. Fitch in his editorial columns followed a much more aggressive policy than Pickering. But the *Call* certainly thrived under Pickering's policy, although its tepid editorials were the source of many lampoons from the young of the newspaper tribe. I have written some myself.

I am minded to reproduce here a skit I wrote about the *Call-Bulletin* staff years ago; at the time it expressed the possibly inexact view held by other newspaper men concerning the *Call-Bulletin* methods. I wrote a good deal of unsigned stuff for the *Argonaut* at that time. This, when I wrote it, was unsigned. But when the proof-sheets went from hand to hand around the *Argonaut* office there were, mingled with chuckles, ominous remarks implying that "those *Call* and *Bulletin* men will be coming around here to lick somebody." It therefore seemed to me fitting that there should be no uncertainty as to whom to lick, so I signed it. It is dated 1882, and headed "A Great Newspaper Factory":

I have always had a liking for going through factories, mills, foundries, and the like. I had long wished to see how a newspaper is made. So I determined to visit the mammoth establishment where the *Call* and *Bulletin* are manufactured.

I repaired, then, to the editorial rooms, climbed the dark and tortuous stairway, and knocked at a grimy door.

"Come in!" said a voice.

I entered, and was greeted by the occupant.

"I would like to see Mr. Fitch," said I.

"I am he," said the gentleman, bowing with courtly grace. "Be seated."

I placed myself upon one of the many mounds of a venerable haircloth sofa, and gazed upon Mr. Fitch. He was a man of amiable countenance, with a gray beard under his chin, and a shaven face. A stiffly standing collar and upright carriage seemed to upbraid me for my own willowy posture, for I was slipping into one of the valleys of the horse-hair sofa, and could with difficulty keep myself erect.

"I have come, sir," I began, "to see the celebrated newspaper factory of which I understand you are the head."

"One of the heads, sir—one of the heads," said Mr. Fitch, sweetly. "I have a partner—Mr. Pickering."

I bowed, and he continued :

"I shall be pleased to show you over that part of the establishment which is under my direct charge—the place where we make the *Bulletin*. I may as well state that it is our policy to discourage individuality on the part of our writers. We have partially succeeded. Unindividuality, anonymity, obscurity—this is our guiding rule." Here Mr. Fitch smiled brilliantly.

We entered a dingy room, and approached a desk. Before it sat a melancholy fat man with eye-glasses. I noticed that he was chained to the floor.

"Here," said Mr. Fitch, "is one of my editorial writers." Then, addressing him : "What is your name ? Come—speak up, sir."

"I—don't—know," said the man, vacantly.

"Aha !" said Mr. Fitch, rubbing his hands, "you see, sir, the result of my system. Has actually forgotten his name. It was Upton, I think. Let me see—Number Three—yes, this is Upton. Now, sir, let us see what you can do. Write an editorial for the gentleman."

The fat man mechanically adjusted his eye-glasses, and his pen began to glide over the paper. In a few minutes he handed some sheets to Mr. Fitch, who read :

AUTUMN.—Once more the fall season has come. The long, dry California summer has gone, and the parched earth will shortly drink in again the refreshing winter rains. The days are growing shorter ; the nights longer. In the interior districts of the State the farmers are anxiously looking for rain. In this city the wholesale merchants are in the heyday of the fall trade ; the retailers are looking forward to the holidays. Soon the winter will come and go ; soon spring will come. The poet will hail her with joy ; all nature will be refreshed. But the sedentary man past middle life will have different feelings. With the return of spring his liver tells him to take more exercise. Long walks in the morning, horseback rides in the afternoon, blue pill——"

"Tut ! tut !" said Mr. Fitch, interrupting himself, "I forgot his weakness. You see, although a most excellent man, he cannot write a season editorial without working it around to spring, livers, and blue pills. Pshaw ! You must struggle with that idiosyncrasy, sir, do you hear ?"

The fat man nodded penitently, and we walked on.

"Here," said Mr. Fitch, "is another. What is your name, sir?"

"Bartlett," answered the other, distinctly.

Mr. Fitch frowned. "Ha!" he said, "he knows his name, it seems. Evidently an imperfect subject. He would not interest you. Let us go on."

We came to the desk of another—a young man with gorgeous Titian tints in his blonde hair. Mr. Fitch paused:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Shinn," was the crisp reply.

Mr. Fitch looked disconcerted. "They are not working very well to-day," he said. "It is probably the norther which is at present blowing, and which, as you perhaps know, is strongly electrical, and causes peculiar nervous disturbances."

"*And which,*" Shinn went on in a mechanical kind of way, "*also has the property of parching vegetation.*"

"Very true," said Mr. Fitch, "so it does. Go on, sir."

"*These peculiar winds,*" said Shinn, writing and reading aloud in rigid fashion, "*have the most deleterious effects upon all vegetation. The delicate mangel-wurzel shrivels before it; the tender shoots of the rutabaga are parched and killed; the green leaves of the artichoke shrivel and fall; even the hardy salsify perishes in its scorching breath. The field should be prepared with a top-dressing of manure. There is no doubt, too, that the grafting of hybrid trees upon——*"

"There, that will do," said Mr. Fitch, hastily. "Now, sir, what's your name?"

"I—don't—know," was the vacant reply.

"You see," said Mr. Fitch, triumphantly, as we walked on, "you see the results of my training. He is an excellent agricultural editor now. When he came here he had some absurd ideas about writing for horticultural magazines, and the like, where he could see his name in print. What nonsense! Now he is part of the *Bulletin*, which is much more satisfactory in every way."

We walked on through the rooms, where the wan operatives glanced timidly at Mr. Fitch, and then resumed their labors with increased speed.

"These do not seem to be chained," I remarked.

"No," said Mr. Fitch, with an appearance of vexation, "no, this is the local staff, and they have to go out sometimes. Even the city editor, Evans there, I can not chain. He, too, has to go on the street frequently."

"But do they know their names?" I asked.

"I fear they do," replied Mr. Fitch. "I will see." And he called out in sharp tones: "Evans! Burke! Dallaba! Wright!"

Each time a head would pop up, and then drop again when the owners saw their mistake.

Mr. Fitch rubbed his nose irritably. "Yes, I feared as much," he said. "But then I do not pride myself upon reporters. It is in editorial effacement that I take what I think I am justified in calling a warrantable pride. However, I will now turn you over to my partner, Mr. Pickering, who has in some respects progressed further than I."

And Mr. Fitch led me to another room, and presented me to Mr. Pickering. This gentleman was tall, with glossy black hair, mustachios, and imperial, and had a somewhat gloomy cast of countenance. He greeted me politely, and when informed of my errand, said he would be pleased to show me through his factory. We entered another dingy room.

"Here," said Mr. Pickering, "is my managing director. Stand up, sir, and let the gentleman see you."

The man rose humbly, and walked as far as the length of his chain would permit.

"Well," said Mr. Pickering, "what can you do? Write something for us."

"Ye—yes, sir," said the man, with a timid look.

He sat down, and began to write. Mr. Pickering and I gazed over his shoulder as he did so. This is what we saw :

AN EXPLANATION.—I wish to apologize further, if that be possible, for my dreadful mistake of October 19th last. In consequence of the absence of my revered chief, Mr. Pickering, from the office, I was weak enough to send the *Call* forms to press without black lines around the edges. This, too, when the President had died the day before. When I think that the *Chronicle* not only had black lines around the edges, but between the columns as well, and everywhere else where there was any room, it brings tears to my eyes. I am a miserable wretch, and have greatly sinned. That I am pardoned is only due to the kind heart of my benefactor, Mr. Pickering.

Alex. B. Henderson,
Managing Editor *Call*.

"There," said Mr. Pickering, with much pride, "you see, sir, how well I have them trained. Since the commission of his grievous fault he has written nothing but this. Does it involuntarily, as it were. Now, sir, speak up, and let the gentleman see what you know. What is the guiding principle of the *Call*?"

"Never prejudice——" said Henderson, mechanically.

"Very good. Go on."

"Never—prejudice—anything—in—advance," said Henderson, smiling with infantile pleasure.

"What are you laughing at, sir?" said Mr. Pickering severely. "I'll have no levity. Now, tell me what is the course of the *Call*?"

"The—course—which—is—for—the—best—interests—of—the—people—is—that—which—must—be—done," continued Henderson, in a parrot-like way.

"Very good. Now you may read over some of my old editorials as a reward. Step this way, sir, and I will show you an editorial writer. Here, Densmore—What are you doing, sir?"

The man whom he addressed hastily concealed what seemed to be the photograph of a pretty actress, and began writing rapidly.

"What are you doing, sir?" asked Mr. Pickering, severely.

"I am writing a two-inch editorial, please sir, for to-morrow's *Call*."

"Aha!" said Mr. Pickering, while a pleased smile stole over his features. "A two-inch editorial, eh? What is the title?"

"It is called 'Some Views,'" said Densmore.

"Hum!" said Mr. Pickering, shaking his head, "isn't that rather strong?"

"I don't know, sir," faltered Densmore.

"Well, well, let us see what it is. Read it, sir."

Densmore glanced deprecatingly at his chief, and thus began:

SOME VIEWS.—There is reason to believe that it is rumored that there is a ring in the Board of Supervisors. Possibly this is true. It may, however be false. In either case, the *Call* will endeavor, if it be possible, to keep its readers informed. Apparently there is a ring, but appearances are sometimes, although not always, deceitful. An unauthenticated rumor should not be trusted—that is, not implicitly. Presumably the ring will work harm to the city. If the *Call* were satisfied of that, it would very likely try and defeat the ring's endeavors, if there be a ring, and if it be endeavoring. In this connection we may be permitted to remark that the *Call* has the largest circulation of any daily journal west of the Mississippi River. The *Call* pays out to employees the sum of \$50,000 per month. If the papers composing a single edition of the *Call* were placed end to end, they would go three times around the earth. Our small advertisements form no uninteresting feature of the *Call*.

"Very fair," said Mr. Pickering, "but altogether too strong. How often have I told you, Densmore, not to express yourself with such freedom?"

"I know I am wrong, sir," said Densmore, "but I will try."

"Do. Change 'there is reason to believe' to 'there *may* be reason to believe,' and change 'presumably' to 'it is within the bounds of possibility that—.' Then I think it will do. Would you believe, sir," he added, turning to me, "that this man was once what they called 'brilliant'? Pah! I loathe brilliancy. I have made him what he is. Are you grateful, Densmore?"

"Oh, very, very much, please, sir."

"Very well. Write two half-inch editorials, and then you may go."

"Thank you, sir."

We continued our walk. We came presently to a young man with long side-whiskers, who was shoveling manuscripts with a scoop upon a basket which a boy held.

"This," said Mr. Pickering, "is our society editor. He is now editing 'The Social World,' a department which I think I am justified in saying is unique. Are you nearly through, Irwin?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, as he put the last scoopful into the basket; "yes, sir, all but my introduction."

"Very good," said Mr. Pickering. "Sit down, and let us see what you can do."

The man sat down, and began chewing his penholder. After a while he began to write. We followed him with our eyes, and this is what flowed from his pen:

The social festivities attendant upon the week just expired were unusually numerous. It is noticeable, also, that in the week to come there will be a still more appreciable interest in society affairs. Everything promises well for a season, if not unexampledly brilliant, at all events sufficiently so to compare favorably with any we have had for some years. A number of engagements will doubtless eventuate shortly in matrimonial celebrations, of which we will keep the readers of *THE SOCIAL WORLD* fully informed. Below will be found appended our usual full and accurate report of interesting events.

"Hum," said Mr. Pickering, "how many lines does it make?"

"Nine, sir," said Irwin, counting them.

"Cut out one," said Mr. Pickering; "never more than eight lines. Then I think it will do, Irwin. Now, sir, I don't know as any of the other hands would interest you particularly. But hold—here is one. This is another one of my young men who used to be 'brilliant' when he came here. Bah! Brilliant, indeed! He's having it taken out of him, I can tell you. Townsend, are you glad you left the *Chronicle*?"

"Oh, yes, please sir, very glad."

"Are you sorry you were brilliant?"

"Very sorry, if you please, sir."

"Will you ever be brilliant again?"

"Never, sir—not if I can help it."

"You *must* help it, sir," said Mr. Pickering, severely. Then turning to me, he added: "Brilliancy, sir, has not made the *Call* what it is."

"Very true, indeed, sir," I replied.

Mr. Pickering looked at me suspiciously for a moment, and then said:

"Now, if you like, we will descend to the press-room. I will not conceal from you the fact," said he, when we reached the press-room, "that I consider this the most important part of the establishment. Editors and reporters are comparatively cheap, and easily procured, while this beautiful machine before you, sir, cost t-h-i-r-t-y t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s."

"Indeed!" said I.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Pickering, "t-h-i-r-t-y t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s. Think of that! And I'll have to lay it aside soon, and get another."

"But why?" I asked. "Does it not work well?"

"Very well indeed, but here is the point: The *Chronicle* has a press that pastes—this does not paste. It cost t-h-i-r-t-y t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s," said Mr. Pickering, gloomily, "but it does not paste. We must have a press that pastes. The *Call* is inferior to no journal west of the Rocky Mountains, and rather than let a little gumstickum stand in its way to onwardness and upwardness, the *Call* would spend—."

Here the only operatives started the press:

"Clink! Clank!"

Round went wheels and cylinders:

"Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank!"

Faster and faster went the machinery:

"Clink-ety-clank! Clink-ety-clank! Clink-ety-clank!"

I started up and rubbed my eyes. The sun was pouring in at the window. In the street below a car was clanking over a double crossing. I awoke in time to hear its "clink-ety-clank" over the fourth rail.

I had dreamed a dream.

But had I dreamed it all between the first and fourth rails of the car-track?

Who knows! Mohammed flew through all the seven heavens upon his magic mare, while a goblet of water was falling. Mohammed returned to earth ere the goblet had reached the ground.

JEROME A. HART.

Loring Pickering had some peculiarities which did not commend him to the projectors of new journals. He had laid down rules that the appearance of the first number of a newspaper should not be mentioned in the *Call*. On the other hand, his journal always gave minute details of the deaths in the newspaper field. These mournful events were numerous in those days. The *Call's* careful chronicling of them seemed to give umbrage to the newspaper fraternity; they dubbed this necrological record "Pickering's newspaper cemetery."

When the *Argonaut* started, Pickering refused not only to make any mention of it, but forbade his business office to accept a paid advertisement of the event. This irritated Pixley. In the paragraphs which he wrote about Pickering and his papers—and the paragraphs were many—he revenged himself by ravishing Pickering of his majuscule. Lest this should sound improper, I hasten to add that what he did was to deprive Pickering of his capital letter. Thus Pixley would write: "Our esteemed contemporary the *Call*, so ably edited by mr. pickering, says:" etc. Or he would flatter thus: "Never has mr. pickering written a more brilliant half-inch editorial than Monday's on the weather," etc.

Pickering's rigid rule—that the *Call* should never mention the *Argonaut*—was offset by Pixley's rigid rule—that the *Argonaut* should never mention the *Call's* editor with a capital letter.

Mr. Pickering was said to be much annoyed by the appearance of "mr. pickering," but Pixley's action was not actionable. Thus I mention because Pickering was so thin-skinned that he occasionally brought suits for libel against his esteemed contemporaries. For example, in 1876, he began a libel suit against the *Alta* and its editor—for what cause I do not remember. The amount sued for was \$25,000, but it is not of record that Pickering obtained that amount from the *Alta*.

When Editor Fitch decided to retire, in 1897, the *Call* and *Bulletin* were sold for his account and for the Estates of Pickering and Simonton. It was stated by the *Chronicle* that Claus Spreckels had held an option on the *Call* since 1895, but if so it was not closed, for the two papers were sold at auction. The *Call* was purchased by John D. Spreckels for \$350,000. The *Bulletin* fetched \$65,000, as elsewhere told. Spreckels installed as managing editor Charles N. Shortridge, a personal friend, who had been editor of various country journals. Shortridge spent money lavishly, for Spreckels gave him a free hand. He added new features to the paper. He engaged a number of high-priced writers. The telegraph service was greatly increased. The news service was added to and improved. The mechanical plant was brought up to date; expensive color presses were installed. Much additional expendi-

ture was thus forced on the rival morning papers, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*. But still the *Call* did not seem to pay, and after a short time changes were made. In 1897, the *Call's* imprimatur read: "Charles M. Shortridge, Editor and Proprietor." A year later Shortridge's name disappeared. In 1899, the *Call* bore the legend "John D. Spreckels, Proprietor," with no editor's name. Then the imprimatur had added to it "W. S. Leake, General Manager." Despite the various changes, the *Call* continued to lose money.

Again changes were made. The *Call* was placed under Charles W. Hornick as general manager, with Ernest S. Simpson as managing editor. John D. Spreckels still printed his name as proprietor. Under this régime the paper was more expensively run than ever. There were thirty-one names listed on the "editorial staff," while the "local staff" numbered twenty. There were eight men on the "art staff" and six on the "business staff"; with, of course, the usual large number of outside writers, syndicate writers, feature writers, and the like, that large dailies carry. In addition to Simpson, a journalist of experience and ability, the editorial staff included Edward F. Cahill, a veteran writer who ran a unique department entitled "The Candid Friend"; Walter B. Anthony as music and drama editor—he later went into the movies as a successful scenario and title-writer; George A. Van Smith as political editor; and many other writers notable locally. The "art staff" was competent, and much color work was done. On the whole, this period under Simpson and Hornick—say 1910—may be considered the highest point reached by the *Call* under Spreckels's ownership.

The precise manner in which the *Call* passed out of the ownership of Spreckels is not very clear. The change seems particularly mysterious as chronicled in "Journalism in California," by John P. Young, who was for over forty years managing editor of the *Chronicle*. Mr. Young said on page 180 *et seq*:

"The *Call* was purchased by Claus Spreckels January 1, 1895. On August 13, 1897, the *Call* passed into the possession of John D. Spreckels, in whose ownership it remained until September 1, 1913, when it was purchased by M. H. De Young, and its publication permanently suspended. The extinction of the *Call* created a national journalistic sensation, and was hailed with satisfaction by advertisers, who regarded the conversion of San Francisco into a two-morning-daily city as simplifying their relations with the newspapers and the public. At the time of the acquisition of the *Call* by Mr. De Young it possessed a splendid equipment, the major part of which was absorbed into the

Chronicle's plant. The purchase of the *Call* was the subject of extended comment, most of it taking the form of approval of making a few great newspapers rather than multiplying their number at the expense of efficiency."

These statements were made by John P. Young as of June 1, 1915, the date of the preface of his book. They seem peculiar. For some years after the date when he says the *Call* "was purchased by M. H. De Young and its publication permanently suspended," F. W. Kellogg seemed to be under the impression that he was publishing the *Call*. His name appeared as publisher in 1914 and later; there appeared also at that period the names of E. D. Coblentz as managing editor, B. B. Page as assistant publisher, C. M. Jackson and some thirty-six others on the editorial and local staff, together with five on the art staff. They probably all thought that they were working on the *Call* and that F. W. Kellogg was publishing it. In "Who's Who for 1926-7," Volume 14, Kellogg's biography states that he published the *Call* from 1913 to 1919, when he sold it. If it died in 1913, as John P. Young recorded, Mr. Kellogg could not have sold it. He might have imagined that he sold it; or he could have sold its ghost. But surely the purchaser could not have suffered from these strange delusions; no purchaser would have put up real money for a phantom *Call*.

Elsewhere in these pages it is stated that Mr. Pickering, *Call* editor in the old days, was reputed to maintain a "journalistic graveyard," wherein he interred newspaper corpses. Yet at no time was he accused of burying his rivals alive. It is possible that John P. Young was influenced by the Pickering tradition when he showed such zeal in burying the kicking *Call*. Or it may be that as a docile editor he accepted the dictum of De Young that the *Call* was "permanently suspended," and hence acted as undertaker.

"He went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

But the fact remains that fifteen years after M. H. De Young signed its death warrant and John P. Young buried it, the *Call* still existed.

In later years the *Chronicle* seems to have had doubts concerning the accuracy of John P. Young's statement about the *Call's* decease, for on June 8, 1926 (the day after John D. Spreckels's death), it said: "Spreckels bought the old San Francisco *Morning Call* in 1897, and conducted that newspaper until September, 1913, when the *Call* became an afternoon newspaper, with Spreckels holding a minority interest."

This is probably nearer to the truth. The facts are that F. W. Kellogg conducted the paper, as publisher, for Spreckels, from 1913 to 1919, when he engineered a curious triangular deal. The *Call* was running at a heavy loss to Spreckels, but he was rich, obstinate, and proud. Whatever was done, his face must be saved. Kellogg pointed out to Hearst and to De Young that the *Call* as a morning journal deprived them of an appreciable amount of circulation and advertising; that therefore it would be to their advantage to purchase control of the *Call* and turn it into an evening paper. This would remove it from the morning field, where it annoyed them. Transferred to the evening field, it could be made a formidable rival to the *Bulletin*, which under Crothers, with Older as editor, was increasing rapidly in circulation and advertising. Kellogg brought about this deal, and he incorporated with the new evening *Call* the old evening *Post*, which was then semi-moribund. The merged evening paper soon passed into the hands of Hearst. It proved to be so successful a rival that the Crothers-Pickering interests eventually sold out, and retired from the San Francisco newspaper field in 1925.

It seemed at the time (1918) that De Young made a mistake in being a party to removing the *Call* from the morning field, which then was divided between three men, all millionaires. John Spreckels had been losing money on the *Call* for years. While he was doubtless willing to terminate his *Call* losses, he was not willing to accept humiliation as well as defeat. Absolute discontinuance of the *Call* after a quarter of a century—all the time at a loss—would have deeply wounded his pride. Yet it was almost impossible to sell the *Call*. Few newspaper men are millionaires, and most millionaires fight shy of becoming newspaper men. There were plenty of men in San Francisco who would have been glad to buy the *Call*, but they did not have the money. There were plenty of men there with money, but they did not want to buy the *Call*. Newspaper proprietors in other cities would scarcely have been tempted to come to San Francisco to buy the *Call*; they would know that it had been run at a loss; furthermore, that it would probably continue running at a loss, as it was rivalled by two first-class dailies run by very rich men of long experience. Therefore it seemed as if John Spreckels would have to continue running the *Call* through altruism. The only hope for him was that his rivals would come to his rescue. They did so—they secured control of the *Call*, and removed it from the morning field.

Thus the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* found themselves pitted directly against each other in a fight. Previously, they had to divide the curse—the *Call* cut into both of them. Theoretically,

with the *Call* removed, they would share its circulation and advertising—divide its raiment, so to speak. But the matter did not work out that way. The *Examiner* took a majority of the advertising and much of the circulation previously enjoyed by the *Call*.

M. H. De Young was a shrewd business man, but in this deal he seemed to show less than his usual sagacity. With three in the field the *Chronicle* had put up a good fight, but the *Examiner* alone proved a dangerous rival. The Hearst paper speedily ran away from the *Chronicle*.

The triangular deal included options and the like, so the *Call* soon became the property of W. R. Hearst. If Fitch and Pickering ever revisited the glimpses of the moon, it would have grieved them greatly to see their *Call* used as a weapon with which to wound their *Bulletin*. It might be said that De Young could not have forced Spreckels to continue running the *Call*. True. But Spreckels would have had to continue if he could not get out, and De Young need not have helped him to get out.

It would be interesting to know how much money John Spreckels lost on the *Call* during his more than twenty years' ownership. Probably nobody knows. Very likely John himself never knew. Deficits are unpleasant, red ink distasteful. For a hundred and fifty years the United States post office has so kept its books that it never knows what its deficit is and neither does anybody else.

Fremont Older left the *Bulletin* in August, 1918, and was succeeded by Bailey Millard. Older took charge as managing editor of the new evening paper, the *Call and Post*, for Hearst. With him was associated as publisher John Francis Neylan. After some years Neylan was promoted to be manager of the Hearst interests in California. Older was promoted to be President of the Call Publishing Company, retaining his post as editor-in-chief. Charles Sommers Young became publisher.

Under Older's management the *Call* rapidly increased in circulation and advertising. It is true that he was helped by the news services and the various syndicated features of the Hearst papers. But his individual accomplishment must not be underrated. He had built up the *Bulletin* from a limited circulation to 95,526 in 1914. In that year he had an editorial and local staff of forty-four. Among his special writers were Pauline Jacobson, John D. Barry, Robert L. Duffus, Herbert Bashford, Rose Wilder Lane, Bessie Beatty, James H. Wilkins—locally considered quite a brilliant group. On the local staff among others were Ernest J. Hopkins and Franck R. Havenner; the latter became secretary to Senator Hiram Johnson, and later head of the anti-Rolph group in the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

R. L. Duffus became a successful magazine writer in New York, and has written several novels.

Older's *Bulletin* staff was a notable one. When in August, 1918, he suddenly decided to go to the transmogrified *Call and Post*, under Hearst's ownership, it was a shock to his writers. They had to decide between allegiance to the owners, Crothers and Pickering, or to their editor, Older. Most of them concluded to stay where they were, with the exception of John D. Barry, who cast his fortunes on the new bark with Older as captain. He soon left, and joined the daily *News*.

When Older took charge of the *Call and Post* in 1918 it had a nominal circulation. He built it up to 112,184 in 1928. This he accomplished against the competition of his former charge, the *Bulletin*.

Evening Bulletin

The *Evening Bulletin* began publication on October 8, 1855, under the editorship of James King of William. The business manager was C. O. Gerberding, father of that Albert Gerberding who became a leading grain-broker and President of the Bohemian Club. The two partners transferred a minority interest to Whitton, Towne, and Company, publishers and printers, with which firm the present writer was associated years afterward. James King of William was killed by James P. Casey in revenge for King's bitter political attacks; for this Casey was hanged by the Vigilance Committee. After the death of James King, his brother, Thomas S. King, took editorial charge. About this time James W. Simonton secured a half interest. Gerberding soon desired to retire, and sold his interest to G. K. Fitch. There were then three other partners with small holdings—James Nisbet, F. Tuthill, and Julian Bartlett. Their holdings were acquired by Fitch, who sold an interest to Loring Pickering. In 1869, Fitch, Pickering, and Simonton equalized their holdings, and the three as partners conducted the *Call* and the *Bulletin*.

Fitch had come to California from New Orleans, bringing with him type and other materials for getting out a newspaper. He started at Sacramento the *Transcript*, and there became associated with Loring Pickering, then a recent arrival from St. Louis, where he had been in the newspaper business. This acquaintance led to their long partnership as newspaper publishers in San Francisco.

When the *Bulletin* passed into the hands of the three partners Fitch became its editor; Pickering was editor of the *Call*. While the two papers, naturally, were not hostile, each editor controlled absolutely his own paper. Simonton had taken up his residence

in the East, and left the details of running the two dailies to his associates. Simonton died in 1882, long before his partners, and the "Estate of James Simonton" became a partner. This curious association of the living and the dead continued to the apparent satisfaction of the Simonton heirs—a rather unusual phenomenon; few business men care to continue running a partnership with a dead man's estate. A stock company, of course, is different.

That these two papers should be conducted by these two men for so many years, under such unusual conditions of partnership and with such divergent views of newspaper policy, always seemed to me remarkable. Yet they were successful, and their relations with each other, and with the heirs of their deceased partner, always seemed to be amicable and honorable. Pickering died ten years after Simonton, on December 29, 1892.

James F. Simonton died on November 2, 1882. A daughter of Simonton had married a French gentleman, Adolph Flammant, and left him a widower with children. Flammant's ideas were distinctly Gallic, and those who knew him and his austere partners—one of whom was always called "the Deacon"—used sometimes to smile at their different points of view. Yet his and his children's interests seemed to be looked after as sedulously by the surviving partners as if they were their own.

Flammant wrote and published a book of verses (in French) which made Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Poems of Passion" sound like sermons. I still have a copy which he sent me. I noticed at the time that it was not mentioned in the *Bulletin's* "Literary Supplement."

The *Bulletin* consisted of four pages five days in the week; on Saturdays it added a leaflet, making six pages; this supplement was made up of reprints of stories, verses, and the like, mainly from English periodicals, with an occasional book review. This was the only concession to literature in the San Francisco dailies at that time. When one observes the large amount of space given to fiction, and pseudo-literature generally, in the enormous Sunday papers of to-day, the *Bulletin's* literary leaflet brings a smile.

Fitch made the editorial columns of the *Bulletin* as vigorous as Pickering made the *Call's* columns mild. For many years the *Bulletin* under Fitch waged a war for economy in the public service; it was against a new city charter and for the "Consolidation Act" (the title of the old charter) drafted by Horace Hawes, an able lawyer and conveyancer; for the "dollar limit," restricting the tax levy to one dollar on the hundred; for the "one-twelfth act," a law which forbade the expenditure of more than one-twelfth of the tax levy in each calendar month; for the

"pay as you go" plan generally in municipal expenditures; against the stock exchange; against stock gambling; against W. C. Ralston; against bond issues; against the Southern Pacific Railroad; against the Spring Valley Water Company; against the San Francisco Gas Company; against corporations generally. Politically, the *Bulletin* under Fitch generally supported "People's," "Taxpayers," or "Non-partisan" tickets, as against the regular Republican or Democratic tickets.

These and other policies the *Bulletin* supported for many years. They were honest policies, were sincerely supported, and they kept the city out of debt. Whether they would have functioned in 1929 with the modern demands for smoothly paved and brilliantly lighted streets, luxurious public schools, magnificent public buildings, generous pensions for teachers, policemen, firemen, and civic officials generally, may be doubted. The San Francisco tax rate in 1929 was nearer four dollars than one dollar per hundred.

Fitch did much editorial work himself, and always had able editorial writers under him. Among these were M. G. Upton, William Bartlett, Samuel Williams, and others.

The editors and publishers of the early days seem to have been more thin-skinned than those of the present time. Libel suits between them were not uncommon. Pickering brought a libel suit against the *Alta*, as mentioned elsewhere. Fitch brought a libel suit against the *Chronicle* in 1877. He charged the De Youngs with having accused him of being secretly friendly to the Southern Pacific Railroad, despite his outward seeming of hostility. This in Fitch's opinion was a foul libel, and he demanded that the De Youngs be mulcted in heavy damages. The suit, in law language, lingered, and lingering, did languish; how it ended this deponent sayeth and knoweth not. These old inter-publisher libel suits rarely resulted in anything but a great deal of noise.

There were many suits by individuals against the early-day newspapers which were more actively pushed. Present-day newspaper readers may imagine that the habit of bringing libel suits against newspapers has become extinct. If they think so, they are in error. Many such libel suits are brought to-day, but they are not mentioned in the press; the reason is that the publishers have a "gentleman's agreement" in nearly all large cities not to chronicle such suits, even when brought against hated rivals. Thus they hope that the public, seeing no mention of libel suits, will get over the obnoxious habit of bringing them against newspapers.

While on the subject of newspaper law-suits, it may be mentioned here that a curious sequel to the struggle over Kearney

between the *Chronicle* and the *Call-Bulletin* came to light thirty years later. All three of the editors were by that time dead. Denis Kearney died in 1907. George K. Fitch died the same year. Both estates were being probated at the same time. The Kearney family brought suit against the Estate of Fitch for \$20,000. The suit was based on a curious contract which (substantially) obligated Fitch to pay Kearney \$20,000 for "certain services." But in the event that Fitch should not consider these services as valuable as expected, the contract should be null and void. The suit did not succeed. It was never disclosed what the "services" were.

When the *Bulletin* was sold for the account of G. K. Fitch and the Estates of Pickering and Simonton, it was purchased for Mrs. Rose Crothers Pickering, the widow of the *Call* editor, by her brother, R. A. Crothers. The price was \$65,000. It was conducted by Crothers, who soon employed as managing editor Fremont Older, who had been on various newspapers in and around San Francisco for a number of years. Older completely changed the tone of the *Bulletin*: it had been a staid, conservative sheet, printing the news discreetly, and avoiding sensations. Older went to the other extreme; under him, the *Bulletin* ran to "scare heads." He put the *Bulletin* in the front line when the graft prosecution began, and was personally attacked—even kidnapped—in consequence. Some who agreed with Older differed with his sensational methods. However that may be, he certainly made a material success of the *Bulletin*, which increased in circulation from a negligible figure in 1897 to about 100,000 when his connection with the paper ceased, after twenty-four years' incumbency. He was succeeded by Bailey Millard as managing editor, who held the post for a time. The next managing editor was Loring Pickering, Jr., who remained in control until a change of ownership took place in 1925, when the Pickering-Crothers interests sold the *Bulletin* to a group of capitalists, the most active of whom were Wallace M. Alexander and A. B. C. Dohrman. Associated with them were Alfred Holman as editor, Charles S. Stanton, as managing editor, and B. B. Page as business manager. Before long Holman withdrew; soon after, Stanton followed. Wm. M. Hines then became editor and publisher. In February, 1928, the *Bulletin* was "leased" to John F. Schenck, a comparative newcomer to California, with an option to purchase. Wm. M. Hines remained as editor and Charles E. Fisher became business manager. Hines made the *Bulletin* lively reading, but its owners evidently disapproved, for his incumbency was short. He retired in a few months, and began the publication of a political weekly. C. S. Brockhagen was installed as editor and publisher; he had been brought down

for that purpose from Portland, Oregon, where he was manager of the *Telegram*, a daily owned by Herbert Fleishacker, a San Francisco banker of large wealth. It developed that Fleishacker had purchased the interests of the other capitalists owning the *Bulletin*; they had wearied of their essay at journalism. Soon Fleishacker also concluded to abandon the ungrateful task. In August, 1929, the *Bulletin* was sold to W. R. Hearst, who merged it with the *Call*. Thus, under the name *Call-Bulletin*, the twin journals were reunited, after many years of separation.

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VIII

THE "ARGONAUT'S" BEGINNINGS

THE first number of the *Argonaut* appeared in San Francisco on March 25, 1877. San Francisco then had a population of about two hundred thousand. The city was large enough to be metropolitan ; it was small enough for the people to be well acquainted. Its financial, mercantile, industrial, religious, journalistic, artistic, theatrical, club, and social circles were restricted and well defined. There were many churches, a few theatres, several clubs, and a number of newspapers.

The daily journals of San Francisco then were entirely devoted to news. They had no literary flavour ; they paid little attention to art, music, or the stage ; they none of them published a Sunday edition, which is to-day one of their chief features. Therefore the *Argonaut* projectors considered that there was room for a weekly devoted to such topics as the dailies generally ignored.

The first number of the *Argonaut* bore as editors the names of Frank M. Pixley and Fred M. Somers. Although Somers's services in the start must not be underrated, the public generally spoke of the *Argonaut* as "Frank Pixley's paper." This was natural—Pixley came to California in 1849, and during all that time had been prominent in law, politics, and journalism. Somers did not arrive in California till a quarter of a century later than Pixley, and was much younger. Furthermore, the elder man had accumulated a fortune, while the younger had not. Pixley paid the bills when the *Argonaut* began publication ; naturally, therefore, he controlled it.

Pixley had edited in the fifties the San Francisco *Daily Herald*, which did not live long. Journalistic infants succumbed easily in those feverish times. Years later he had been chief editorial writer on the San Francisco *Chronicle* under Charles De Young. But he and De Young did not get along well. De Young was arbitrary and Pixley was not docile. Hence they parted. Henry George had a similar experience with Charles De Young.

Pixley was even then a man of wealth. He had been a lawyer in active practice, a politician, and a successful real estate operator. He was fond of writing and had a strong bent for journalism.

After breaking with the *Chronicle* he wrote sporadically for various daily and weekly journals of the time. But he chafed under the restrictions imposed by their "editorial policy," and longed for the opportunity to write with entire freedom in a journal of his own.

Pixley was a forcible and brilliant political writer. As a political writer, I do not recall his superior on the American press in force and brilliance. Among writers of his generation, he excelled Horace Greeley, who not only was a sloppy editorial writer, but slopped over often. Henry J. Raymond of the New York *Times* was more finished than Pixley, but not so forcible; besides, Raymond used sometimes to write when he was not sober. Pixley was abstemious. Charles A. Dana was a more scholarly writer, but neither so forcible nor so brilliant. Henry Watterson was both of these, but he inclined to hifalutin, of which Pixley was not guilty.

Pixley was a man of wide experience politically. He always took a deep personal interest in politics, yet he had filled but few elective political offices—the most important being the California attorney-generalship. He ran for Congress in the early days, but was defeated. He dearly loved to be a delegate at conventions, municipal, State, or National. Yet even this very moderate political ambition was frequently denied him, for he was often out-voted at the primaries. But when defeated he was not daunted, for when the convention was called to order, he would usually appear—with a proxy. The State would ring with merriment when the bosses were forced to approve the credentials of "Delegate Pixley of Siskiyou." When Pixley—with a proxy—attended the National Republican Convention at Chicago and seconded the nomination of Blaine his convention cup of happiness seemed to be nearly full.

Frank Morrison Pixley was born in New York State in 1825. His forebears for generations were farmers. His mother's father was a rich lawyer, who had his grandson Frank given a legal training in addition to an academic education. In 1848, young Pixley left for California. He worked in the mines for a time, and then hung out his lawyer's shingle in San Francisco. Having a taste for politics he soon was elected city attorney, and later assemblyman from San Francisco. In 1853, he married Miss Amelia Van Reynegom. In 1861, with the on-coming of the Civil War, he and Colonel Edward D. Baker were the leading orators in the Republican campaign. Leland Stanford was elected Governor of California, and Pixley was elected attorney-general. Both were strong Union men, and Stanford was one of the most prominent of the "War Governors." The friendship growing out of their official connection lasted through their lives.

When Grant was elected President, he appointed Pixley United States District Attorney for California. This was the last political office Pixley held. Still, he retained his keen interest in politics. On the morning of a primary election day he generally used to fill his pockets with two-and-a-half dollar gold pieces; of course he never told me what he did with them. Possibly his mental attitude was the same as that of President Roosevelt when, writing to Harriman about a certain fifty thousand dollars, he said: "You and I are practical men."

Pixley was always in demand as a campaign speaker. But, unlike many people, he liked politics in non-political times. He could not deliver political speeches in non-political years, but he could write political editorials. So the *Argonaut* was really founded because he yearned to express himself freely on politics, State and Federal, as well as on those pressing problems of the Pacific Coast in 1877, labor, Chinese immigration, and Kearneyism.

There was plenty for him to write about. When the *Argonaut* began, there were troubled times throughout the nation. Although Hayes had just been inaugurated President, about half the voters believed he had not been elected. The violent storm over the Hayes-Tilden campaign had been only slightly soothed by the extra-constitutional "Electoral Commission." Beneath the oily film spread by that oleaginous body, deep thundered unto deep. The good ship "Constitution" creaked and groaned. Henry Watterson called for one hundred thousand Kentuckians to march on Washington and seat Tilden by force. Charles A. Dana in the Democratic New York *Sun* printed daily a picture of President Hayes with the word "fraud" branded on his brow.

We Republican "twenty-onesters" who had cast our maiden votes for Hayes were much troubled. But we stood by him. He was a good man, and he made a good President. But still, the American people have never done him justice, owing to this cloud on his title.

We young voters had reason to be troubled. The Republicans among us found that we were defending "States' rights," which had always been a sound Democratic doctrine, and therefore anathema to the Republican party, the lineal descendant of the old Federalist Party of Washington and Hamilton. The young Democratic voters found that they had to pitch overboard the traditional doctrines of Jefferson, and insist on the Federal government "going behind the electoral returns" of the States. The Democratic party claimed that certain State returns for Hayes were fraudulent, and therefore should be set aside. The Republican party claimed the Federal government had no power to set aside the State returns, and therefore that Hayes was elected.

It was a bad time. The politicians fought over it fiercely for months. Then Congress did what it usually has done in grave crises—side-stepped. And if such a mix-up occurs again, we shall have to face the same grave crisis that we did in 1876-77.

President Hayes had to struggle with the great railroad strike of 1877. There were some ugly doings—riot and bloodshed at Pittsburgh, Albany, St. Louis, Chicago. In California, came echoes of the Eastern strikes. Here, the Chinese question had become acute. The noisy Denis Kearney raised the cry "The Chinese Must Go," in daily mass-meetings at "The Sand Lot"—now the Civic Centre of San Francisco. He and his fellow sand-lotters received much newspaper support, owing to the political quarrels and business jealousies of the San Francisco dailies. Out of the newspaper wrangles grew a "workingmen's" political party which was courted and flattered by the *Chronicle* and *Call*.

Pixley's disgust over the cowardice and servility of the dailies led to his beginning the *Argonaut*, and to his writing about them in very plain language. His articles the people read with relish.

The *Argonaut's* junior editor, F. M. Somers, was born in Maine in 1850, migrating to Kansas in 1873. For a time he taught school, later becoming a reporter on the Leavenworth *Times*. In 1875, he came to California, and secured a position as political reporter on the San Francisco *Chronicle*. There he became acquainted with Pixley, who had long thought of starting an independent journal. Together they planned the issuance of the new weekly.

Somers was not so notable as a writer, at least on the *Argonaut*. He wrote no editorials, and very little else save an occasional account of a trip to the seaside or to the redwoods to accompany pictures made by Joe Strong or Julian Rix. However, his time was taken up with matters other than writing, for there was plenty to do with paste and scissors. He concerned himself mainly with the selection of matter from other journals, for the early *Argonaut* was largely made up of "reprint copy."

Somers sold a portion of his *Argonaut* stock to me when he conceived the idea of establishing an "epigrammatic" daily journal. After the failure of this scheme he went abroad. He soon sailed from Europe for New York, and returned to San Francisco in August, 1881, when he offered me the remainder of his stock. When it was disposed of he left San Francisco, where he never again resided, although he visited the city several times. Thus it will be seen that Somers's editorial connection with the *Argonaut* terminated in 1880, and he ceased all connection, editorial or proprietary, some months later. This left Frank Pixley and me as associates, and we so remained for many years, until Pixley's

failing health impelled him to sell to me. He wrote little or nothing after 1891, and he died in 1895. His name was left up at his own request for quite a while.

It was prior to Somers's withdrawal that Bierce left the *Argonaut*. "Prattle"—later headed "Aftermath"—was discontinued then. For a short time he continued to contribute "Little Johnny" and other sketches. But even this connection with the paper he terminated when he left for the Black Hills. Bierce returned to San Francisco some months later and wrote for other weeklies and dailies, but was never again connected with the *Argonaut*.

Pixley probably imbibed politics with his mother's milk. He passed his youth and young manhood in "up State" New York, where at that time there was probably more politics to the square mile than in any State in the Union—which is saying a great deal. For New York then had not only the regular State, city, and county politics to quarrel over, but it also took a hand at National and international politics. There were border troubles with Canada—for a long time New York yearned to hang one Alexander MacLeod, a Canadian, who had boasted he had killed an American when he took part in the burning in the Niagara River of the American lake steamer *Caroline*. This led to New York having rows with Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, with Great Britain, and with Canada, who did not want MacLeod hanged. War was threatened between Britain and the United States, and when Secretary Webster succeeded in getting MacLeod acquitted, "up State" New York threatened war on Washington. Furthermore, all sorts of special political fads and crazes raged in New York. There was the "Locofoco party," so called because they had once lighted candles with locofoco matches at a meeting when their political enemies had put out the gas. There was a political party called the "Barn-burners." Another called the "Anti-renters," because their armed mobs fiercely resisted the law officers and the efforts of the great Patroon landlords to collect from their tenant farmers. There were the "Native Sons of America," who later came to be called the "Know Nothings," owing to their uniform reply to inquirers. There were the feminine groups affiliated with the Native Sons, such as the "Daughters of America" and others. There was a violent Masonic and anti-Masonic feud, which became political, and which was intensified by the reported kidnapping and murder of one William Morgan, whose body, however, was not found. And then there were acrid Erie Canal politics, followed by bitter political quarrels over the many minor railways which subsequently were welded into the New York Central. This led to mob attacks on the Irish emigrant laborers on the canals and railways.

Yes, in his youth Pixley lived in a heated political atmosphere which colored his mental processes throughout his life.

Almost from his arrival in California, in 1849, Pixley had taken an active part in politics. As a result he had piled up not a few political quarrels. These he joyfully transplanted into the columns of the new *Argonaut*. Some readers, doubtless, found that they added a pleasant pungency to its pages.

One of his bitter quarrels was with George C. Gorham, a prominent Republican politician of the time. Whatever its cause, it grew more savage with the years. In time, the two men were sure to be on opposite sides in every feud in the Republican party. Gorham ran for the nomination as Governor of California in 1867; Pixley opposed him, but Gorham was nominated. He was defeated by the Democratic nominee, Henry H. Haight. Gorham and his friends claimed that Pixley had not supported him. Very likely—Pixley was a chronic bolter. In the late seventies and early eighties Pixley and Gorham attacked each other savagely—in speeches. In one philippic Gorham said solemnly of Pixley: "The warden walks before him, and the turnkey stalks behind." To my surprise this greatly agitated Pixley. When I remarked that he surely must know that he was guiltless of anything like felony, he replied, gloomily: "In politics it is not what a man has done, but what his enemies assert he has done." However, nothing came of Gorham's mysterious threat. In time, Gorham succeeded in getting the office of Secretary of the United States Senate, generally regarded by politicians as a juicy plum. He filled the post for many years, his absence from California causing his feud with Pixley to dwindle and decay.

Another political enemy of Pixley's was Morris M. Estee. He ran for Governor of California in 1882, receiving 67,175 votes and was defeated by the Democratic candidate, General George Stoneman, with 90,694 votes. Estee's friends claimed that Pixley had "secretly" opposed him. He had, but not secretly. He claimed an important part in Estee's defeat, but as a matter of fact the Democrats swept California in 1882. Horace Davis's San Francisco Republican Congressional district, which had given him 2000 majority in 1880, now gave over a thousand majority for W. S. Rosecrans, Democrat. Horace F. Page, whose rock-ribbed Republican district had sent him to Congress for eight years, was defeated by James H. Budd. This Democratic landslide was caused by the resentment of California's voters over the attitude of the Eastern Republicans on the Chinese question, and particularly by President Arthur's veto of the Chinese restriction bill. The sweeping defeat of the Republican ticket led the Republican party in the Eastern States to reverse its attitude on Chinese immigration.

Pixley was accused of "treachery" to Estee, the head of the Republican ticket, and to the ticket generally. He did not wince under the accusation; he allowed it to be inferred that if the National Republican Party cared more for the Chinese than for Californians, the Californians would vote accordingly.

I met General Stoneman and his wife several times at the Pixley's country place, "Owl's Wood," in Marin County. There I observed that the relations between the new governor and Pixley were very cordial. Still, Pixley derived no material benefit from Stoneman's success; he commanded no patronage, placed no friends in political jobs. He said—and perhaps believed—that he acted thus "for the ultimate good of the National Republican Party." With this went, in my opinion, a large admixture of hatred for Estee, his ancient enemy.

Estee again ran for Governor in 1894, when he received 110,738 votes, being defeated by James H. Budd, with 111,944 votes—a narrow margin. Pixley took no part in this campaign, being old and ill. Estee was senior member of the law firm of Estee and Boalt. His partner, Judge Boalt, was a man of education and polish—rather superior to Estee. It used to be told that one day in conversation Estee said: "Now, between you and I—." "Come, come, Estee," interrupted Judge Boalt, "between you and I?" Estee reflected a moment. "Ah, yes," he said: "I meant to say *betwixt* you and I."

One of Pixley's most bitter political enemies was Aaron A. Sargent. He was on the unsuccessful ticket in 1859 with Stanford for governor, Sargent running as candidate for attorney-general. Milton S. Latham, Democrat, was elected governor with 62,255 votes; John Curry, anti-Lecomptonite for governor, 20,847 votes; Leland Stanford, straight Republican for governor, 10,110 votes. Pixley campaigned actively for Stanford. This was the violent campaign year which resulted in the slaying of Broderick by Terry.

Two years later Stanford again ran for governor, with Pixley running for attorney-general. Both were elected. Stanford heading the Republican ticket received 56,035 votes; John R. M'Connell, Administrative Democrat, 32,750 votes; John Conness, Douglas Democrat, 30,944 votes. Stanford won fame as a "War Governor." It may be noted that Pixley was an intimate friend and supporter of Stanford long years before the Central Pacific Railroad was begun.

It is probable that the enmity between Sargent and Pixley began with Pixley's success and Sargent's failure in these early campaigns. Whatever the original cause, they hated each other bitterly. Still, despite the opposition of Pixley and other political enemies, Sargent made his way. He was successful in running for the lower house of Congress, and soon aspired to the senatorship.

The legislature of 1871 was Republican, and violently "anti-railroad." All California legislatures then were anti-railroad. Sargent was a strong railroad man, yet the anti-railroad legislature elected him senator. It seems peculiar. Can it be that a California legislature in the seventies was insincere in its opposition to "the railroad"? But no—one can not believe that.

Sargent was a man of ability and industry. He was not brilliant as an orator, but he was a valuable senator for California; his committee work was persistent, and he usually "brought home the bacon." As a politician he was extremely practical, and what were known as the "Sargent ballots" acquired an evil fame in California. The backs were marked in colors in such a way that Federal job-holders could not deposit a Democratic ballot without its being seen; the fronts were printed in close lines of very small type with no margin, so that it was practically impossible to "scratch." These ballots filled Pixley with horror—at least in the *Argonaut*. He was further greatly shocked at the fact that Senator Sargent used to pack the Mare Island Navy Yard, the Mint, and other Federal job centres, with hordes of employees just before election; as all of these free and untrammelled citizens had to vote the Sargent ballot, they necessarily had to vote right. This used to give Pixley goose-flesh.

However, it may be doubted whether Pixley could have seen any good in anything that Sargent did. He was a good hater. But so was Sargent.

When Sargent, like the Roman senators of old, appeared before the populace in his stainless white toga, craving again to be sent to the senate, Pixley was filled with alarm. The legislature was in 1884-1885 Republican—which was all right; it was anti-railroad—which for popular consumption was all right; but it was for Sargent—which was all wrong. There seemed no hope for Pixley; Sargent was the only candidate; his headquarters at Sacramento were thronged with legislators; there was no opposition. The gravity of the situation caused Pixley to hatch a scheme for his enemy's undoing. He confided it to me, under pledge of secrecy. It was this—to prevail on Stanford to run for Senator.

I told Pixley that if he succeeded with Stanford, it was all up with Sargent. I knew the California legislature. But I doubted whether Stanford would consent. Sargent had been to Stanford a most loyal henchman. Through being labelled as "a railroad senator" he had endured much criticism. It did not seem to me possible that Stanford could be false to the lieutenant who had been so loyal to him. I was young then. I know better now.

Pixley smiled grimly, and bade me wait and see.

The appeal to Stanford's vanity proved irresistible. He was a multi-millionaire; he was president of a great railway system;

he had been governor of his State; his cup of ambition was nearly full. But here was a chance to become a member of the United States Senate. He fell.

There was at that time in California a group of railroad politicians who were clever, practical, powerful. It was their business to accomplish things, and they usually succeeded. Stanford asked them if the anti-Sargent plan were feasible, and they replied enthusiastically that it was. They went to work.

The first danger sign that Sargent detected was a falling off in the attendance at his campaign headquarters. He and his lieutenants investigated, but could find no explanation. It seemed mysterious, for there was no other candidate. Still the glad-hand legislators diminished—the sometime throngs became mere corporal's guards. Then a rumor came to Sargent's ears—"Colonel Mazuma" had arrived in town, the gentleman whose pockets are depicted by legislative allegory as being stuffed with wads of bills. What could it mean?

At last a horrid rumor reached Sargent's ears—a rumor so unbelievably black that he could not credit it—that his revered chief had become his rival. But it was true—the great man had condescended to accept the toga.

Why dwell upon the painful details?—the deserted Sargent headquarters, the beaming faces of the legislators, the dark conspirators in the background, the spontaneous vote given for Stanford. It is history.

While Pixley was greatly gratified at the result, he was somewhat put out at the defeat of Sargent being claimed—in whispers—by several of the group of railroad politicians. But he could not contradict them, nor could they openly claim authorship of the plan. All were estopped by the fact that it was a spontaneous uprising of the people of California to elect Stanford as senator through their legislative representatives duly assembled.

Sargent took his defeat—and its concomitants—in silence. The whole affair was conducted in silence. Addition, division, and silence. At first the press was puzzled. The people generally did not know exactly what had taken place. And the rumors gradually died down.

In the immediate years prior to the founding of the *Argonaut*, Pixley had spent considerable time abroad. He happened to be in France when the war broke out with Prussia, and was in Paris during the first siege. Like most besieged sojourners, he hastened to leave as soon as the city fell, but did not go far; he took up his quarters at Brussels, where he followed the second siege closely. He retained vivid impressions of that stormy time, and wrote

much about it in the beginnings of the *Argonaut*. In fact, he returned to it again and again as a topic. Often in conversation with me he would narrate striking incidents of the siege, and then, impressed with his own narrative, retire to his room, and write out what he had just delivered orally. It was always good reading, even if repetitious. Pixley had stood in the street below when Gambetta and his group had proclaimed the Provisional Government "from the balcony of the Hotel du Veel," as he was wont to say. He made a demigod of Gambetta, who to my thinking was a very human Provençal politician.

When, years afterward, Gambetta's mysterious death came to us in our Paris letter, Pixley asked me not to print it, so I cut it out. It was nothing queer—merely that Gambetta happened to be in a room with a "Mademoiselle Léonie," where he was fatally wounded by a pistol's discharge, which she said was accidental. Nothing strange about that.

Pixley's adoration of Gambetta rather surprised me. That Frenchman always struck me as a politician merely, and not of the highest type. Such men as Cabinet Minister Jules Favre, President Paul Deschanel, Premier and President Raymond Poincaré, Premier Aristide Briand, certainly rank much higher than Léon Gambetta. But Pixley, having heard him proclaim the government of the Fourth September from the Hotel de Ville, never forgot Gambetta's speech. He did not understand what Gambetta was saying, but he was profoundly impressed, all the same. I do not think that an American who was fluent in French, and understood the speech, could understand the man. Gambetta was *un homme du Midi*, and being a man of the South, it is probable that no one but a Southern Frenchman could understand him. Alphonse Daudet says that the colder Bretons and Normans do not understand the complex men of the South, whether Gascon, Auvergnat, Toulousain, Bordelais, or Provençal. Daudet's curious character, "Numa Roumestan," is believed in France to be a free-hand sketch of Gambetta. It is a life-like study. And the Gambetta drawn by Pixley in no wise resembled the Gambetta drawn by Daudet. Pixley's Gambetta was a super-patriot, a modern Marcus Curtius, a demigod, burdened with none of the weaknesses that stain our poor humanity. Daudet's Gambetta was vain, superficial, shallow, a phrasemonger, a promise-breaker, eloquent but windy, disloyal in love, two-faced, mendacious, and a *coureur de belles petites*—roughly Englished, "a chippy-chaser."

Lest I slander Pixley when I say that he did not understand Gambetta's speech, I may state that for a year or two after his return from Europe he was fond of using French phrases in his writings. Once he spoke of our Presidential palace, the White House; as "the Maison Blanc." I objected, saying it should be

"Maison Blanche." Pixley was indignant. "Why," he said, "I have seen that sign 'Maison Blanc' in enormous letters on a Paris store—passed it every day." I replied that no Paris store could blazon on its sign a masculine adjective with a feminine noun. "Hart," said Pixley, impressively, "I admit you know a good deal about French, but it's California French. You've never been in Paris. When you go to Paris you'll see that sign 'Maison Blanc,' and then you'll know you're wrong." I pointed out to Pixley that no man, king or commoner, can change the gender of a noun; the only monarch who ever tried it passed into history as "Sigismund supra grammaticam." But Pixley would not give way—neither would I. Finally I suggested that we compromise by printing it in English. Pixley grudgingly consented. "I suppose," he grumbled, "there are a lot of ignoramuses who don't know what 'Maison Blanc' means." I assured him that there were many. I personally did not think that even Raphael Weill, owner of the San Francisco "White House," would recognize his establishment under Pixley's mask.

In Paris, some years later, I discovered what had made Pixley so obstinate. I saw there an enormous sign across the front of a department store reading "MAISON de BLANC"—which does not mean "White House," but "white-goods store."

Somers prided himself on the "make-up" of the *Argonaut*. At that time the New York *Sun* was the idol and ideal of American newspaper-men. The *Sun* printed only a four-page sheet of highly condensed matter; everything was boiled down. Various departments were to fit exactly into one column. Somers imitated the *Sun's* make-up. He ran Pixley's editorials on the inside pages; later, I put them on the first page. He endeavored to squeeze Pixley into page eight, facing it with Bierce's "Prattle" on page nine. Whether he did it purely for a symmetrical make-up, or to create the impression that Pixley and Bierce were of equal importance, I do not know. But it did not work well. If Pixley wrote four columns instead of three, he wanted them to run continuously—over to the next page. But Somers would place the over-run elsewhere—much as the popular weeklies of 1929 skip from page 3 to page 159, to force their readers to see the intervening advertisements. Pixley would protest heatedly that the great dailies of London and New York ran their editorials continuously from column to column, from page to page. But Somers, backed by Bierce, would maintain that his plan was a better make-up.

I always thought that Bierce's comparatively short incumbency on the *Argonaut* was partially due to Pixley's resentment over the satirist thus being placed on the steps of the throne. *On ne touche pas au roi.*

Pixley at first agreed with Somers in thinking that Bierce's "Prattle" would serve as a foil to his own more solid editorials—furnish "comic relief," as it were. But both at times were embarrassed by Bierce attacking their own friends. Then the number of rows he caused by attacking other people—frequently unimportant people—annoyed them. He kept them in hot water all the time. Pixley did a good deal of attacking himself, but he generally assailed public men, politicians, and the like—also certain classes—*qua* classes. But to Bierce all was fish that came to his net. He spared neither age nor sex. Sometimes the resultant rows would embroil Pixley in an affair of which he knew nothing. One day Bierce turned a neat paragraph by calling Katie Mayhew (a popular actress) "a charming blackguard." He insisted that he meant it kindly. Perhaps he did, but her husband, Harry Widmer, did not think so. He went to the *Argonaut* office seeing red, and attacked Bierce. The noise brought Pixley on the scene from his inner office, as also William Taylor, foreman, from the composing room; also, some compositors. The strength of the defense caused Widmer to retire.

There was in the room a very large and tall book-case, the glass front of which in the mix-up was smashed. At the further end of the room a glass door led to the composing-room. Pixley used to say humorously—in Bierce's hearing—that Bierce mistook the two glass doors and tried to take refuge in the book-case. In the laughter that followed Bierce never joined. He issued a defiance to Widmer, warning him that he carried "a large revolver," but it was not used, and the excitement died down.

IX

SHOP TALK

MY own connection with the *Argonaut* began in this wise. When many-tongued rumor began to babble about the publication of a new weekly, I—although quite young—had become superintendent of what was for a long time the largest printing and publishing house west of Chicago. As the partners changed, it was variously known—as Blake & Robbins, Blake & Moffitt, Blake, Moffitt & Towne, then as Whutton, Towne & Company, later Towne & Bacon, still later, Bacon & Company. In its earlier days it published some notable Californiana. But publishing is always and everywhere a risky business, so the firm gradually settled down into manufacturing books for those who wished to take the risk of publishing them. It printed the *Overland Monthly* when under Bret Harte's editorship; it was then published by A. Roman, the well-known bookseller of that epoch. The firm also printed a number of the books published by that enterprising bookseller, who in these ventures was—alas!—ahead of his time. Roman was a fine man—kindly, generous, upright. I am sorry—for his declining years—that he did not engage in some more lucrative business than publishing and bookselling in early San Francisco.

Which brings me back to personal recollections. When I left school I had hoped to enter college, but certain financial reverses—not wholly unconnected with mining—forced me to give that up. Then a United States Senator promised to secure for me an appointment to the United States Naval Academy. He failed to keep his promise. He had kept me on a string so long that I was about to pass the age limit for naval cadets. So it was not possible for me to hope for an appointment from any other member of Congress.

I was always, as boy and youth, extremely fond of books. I therefore determined to fit myself to become ultimately a book publisher. It seemed to me that a practical training was the best beginning for such a business, so I went to work at it. My views are corroborated now in that regard, for to-day the sons of some of the leading Eastern publishers take courses of training in large

establishments like the Norwood Press and the Plympton Press. Publishing is a highly technical business, and such training proves invaluable.

I suppose I must have shown some fitness for my task, for in a very few years I had working under me many men twice my age. The firm turned out a large number of books—some of what publishers to-day call “general” or “miscellaneous” books, but mostly in special lines, such as law.

The pioneer law-publishing firm then was Sumner Whitney & Company. When the Bancrofts went into the law-publishing line there was rivalry for a number of years, and at last a merger, resulting in the present Bancroft-Whitney Company. This joint company was very successful for a time, until threatened by the great law-book trust of the East. Eventually the local company made terms with the trust.

The managing partner of the Sumner Whitney Company was Joseph HasBrouck, keen-witted, energetic, pleasant. We grew to be quite intimate; I used to take walking tours with him, and have a vivid recollection of once descending Mount Tamalpais with him in a sudden and violent rainstorm. There was no shelter on the mountain then, and when we reached its foot and a friendly farmhouse, we were so drenched that we had to repair to the barn to change our wet clothes for temporary borrowed ones.

Joseph HasBrouck has been dead for many years, but I still think of him with affectionate regret.

For Sumner Whitney & Company and others we printed the Supreme Court Reports of California, Oregon, and Nevada; treatises such as those of Abraham Clark Freeman on “Judgments,” “Executions,” “Co-Tenancy and Partition”; annotated copies of the Codes of California and other Far Western States; digests by Robert Desty and other law writers; a series entitled “Legal Recreations,” which included “Judicial Puzzles” by John Paget, “Curiosities and Law of Wills,” by John Proffatt, and similar works, on the lighter side of the law. Two ponderous tomes, “Federal Decisions,” and “Federal Citations,” both compiled by Robert Desty, we also turned out, together with many other law books. At HasBrouck’s request I prepared indexes for several law books, and assisted in some of the minor editorial work, such as the compilation of “Tables of Cases Cited.”

Among miscellaneous books turned out by the firm—some before my time—were several volumes that are now rare. One of these was John W. Dwinelle’s “Colonial History of San Francisco.” This was first issued as a brief; at that time the courts did not require many copies of briefs; sometimes as few as fifty were printed. Hence the first edition of Dwinelle’s book is extremely rare. Even the second, third, and fourth are scarce.

Among others of our books—now rare—were these :

Bret Harte's "The Lost Galleon and other Tales."

Theodore H. Hittell's "Adventures of James Capen Adams."

This was reissued years later by a New York publisher.

James O'Meara's "Broderick and Gwin."

Oscar Shuck's "Representative Men of the Pacific."

John S. Hittell's "Limantour Case." This remarkable trial showed that it is impossible to establish a chain of forged documents.

Trask's "Earthquakes in California."

George Davidson's "Sir Francis Drake's Anchorage."

West's "Chinese Invasion."

Fred H. Hart's "Sazerac Lying Club," a collection of Nevada stories.

"The Correspondence Concerning the Failure of Palmer Cook & Co., Henry M. Naglee, receiver."

Horace Bushnell's "California."

"Proceedings of the Ayuntamiento of San Francisco."

"History of the Assassination of James King of Wm."

"Adams & Co." This was the case of H. M. Naglee, receiver, against Alfred A. Cohen, for embezzlement. It was tried before Judge John S. Hager, and a verdict was rendered against Cohen for \$269,000.

All of these are now out of print, and copies are very difficult to find. There are some forty titles in all.

Other "special" publications issued under my supervision were "The San Francisco City Directory," "The Pacific Coast Business Directory," "The State Register," "The Pacific Coast Almanac," and kindred publications.

Many monthly magazines and weeklies, and a few daily publications, were put in type and printed under my direction. Among them was a group of religious papers, including the *Pacific Churchman*, Episcopalian; the *Occident*, Presbyterian; the *Pacific*, Congregational; the *Evangel*, Baptist; the *Pacific Methodist*, and I think we issued the *Christian Advocate* for a time. As a result, I became acquainted with a number of clergymen, for each denominational organ seemed to require a large editorial board. Of most of these clerical gentlemen I have very pleasant recollections. We had an "editorial room" with desks for their use in looking over their proof-sheets, and they were very civil to one another, even when they were of different denominations.

Dr. W. C. Pond, of the *Pacific* editors, was a kindly man, devoted to Chinese Missions; at a time when the Chinese were extremely unpopular, not to say persecuted, in California, he never faltered. In those days it was a humorous custom among

the proletariat to smash the windows of Chinese dwellings ; also to smash the windows of any persons interested in Chinese welfare—such as those of Colonel F. A. Bee, Consul for China ; those of Rev. Dr. Pond, who devoted himself to looking after the welfare of their souls ; and those of certain attorneys who accepted retainers to safeguard their bodies and property.

Dr. Pond died in 1925, at the age of ninety-five ; up to a few days before his death he was still earnestly laboring for his Chinese charges.

One of the *Occident* editors was Dr. Clement Babb. I think he was the most amiable, the most kindly man, I ever met in my life. I used to attempt at times to stir him up by calling to his attention some absolutely hopeless case of human depravity. But he always had excuses for even the most appalling backsliders. Once only do I recall his using harsh language ; he had a dreadful cold in the head, and even then his bitterness was only about the weather. Well, as Mark Twain said, we all complain of the weather, but nobody seems to do anything about it.

I was particularly struck by Dr. Babb's ingrained kindness, for I have met some clergymen who differed from him—true Boanerges they, real "sons of thunder, with loud-lunged anti-Babylonianisms."

Dr. Babb was a farmer as well as a clergyman. He had a prune orchard in the warm belt at the base of Mount Hamilton—an orchard which was a marvel of scientific husbandry. It even had subsoil drainage. From this country place, under the date-line, "Rural," he used to write delightful letters—from Farmer Babb to Editor Babb. They gave a grateful touch to the *Occident*, which at times inclined somewhat to good old Presbyterian heat.

One of the militant editors of the *Occident* was the Rev. Dr. Alexander. He belonged to that strenuous New England family of Alexanders who have always been strenuous and always Presbyterian. I believe the late Charles B. Alexander, who married Harriet Crocker, was one of that family. Dr. Alexander never proffered the other cheek to be smitten. One day in the *Argonaut*, Frank Pixley began an editorial thus : "As a rule, we do not like preachers." In next week's *Occident* Dr. Alexander thus discoursed : "Mr. Pixley says he does not like preachers. He is not alone in his dislike. Gamblers do not like preachers. Neither do saloon-keepers. Embezzlers greatly dislike preachers. Rich lecherous abominate preachers. Thieves, thugs, prostitutes, panders, pickpockets, murderers—all of these dislike preachers. Mr. Pixley does not lack for company in his prejudice."

Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Willey was another striking member of the clerical group. Dr. Willey had a very fine intellectual face and a keen mind. He was a young missionary at Monterey when the

American flag was hoisted, and has left a clear and concise account of the events there at that epoch in a book entitled "California's Transition Period, 1846-1850."

Another early missionary was Rev. Albert Williams, who was the founder and the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. He arrived from New Jersey by way of the Isthmus on April 1, 1849, aboard the *Oregon*. He preached his first sermons in California in the Public School House on the south-west corner of the Plaza which had been completed December 4, 1847. It was built by a committee of the Ayuntamiento of which William S. Clark was the active member. The Ayuntamiento was the Board of Aldermen, or Town Council, then called by its Spanish name.

Rev. Albert Williams conducted school in the Public School House for five months beginning April 23, 1849. In his book, "A Pioneer Pastorate," he mentions among the early pioneers identified with the organization of the Presbyterian Church the names of William S. Clark and Colonel E. D. Baker.

It is not underrating the efforts of pioneer clergymen of other denominations when it is pointed out that the earliest evangelical missionaries under American occupation were Presbyterians and Congregationalists.

The editors of the Protestant Episcopal organ, the *Pacific Churchman*, were all agreeable and courteous gentlemen, but I do not recall any missionaries among them. The editorial board occasionally were accompanied by others, and one clergyman thus dropping in was the Rev. Alfred Todhunter. Young Mr. Todhunter was extremely High Church, and was therefore a favorite as a celebrant of weddings. He officiated, by the way, at the wedding of my sister. Mr. Todhunter was not entirely averse to the limelight, as is the case sometimes with young clerics, and sometimes even with old ones. There was much talk at the time about hell—whether there really was a hell; whether, if there really was a hell, was it a real hell—and so on. This was not in Presbyterian circles, I may add. Young Mr. Todhunter wrote a book entitled, "Is there a Hell?" Rev. Dr. Platt, Rector of Grace Church, was in one day, and saw on my desk a completed copy of the book. He picked it up. "'Is there a Hell?'" he read. "'Is there a Hell?' Humph! 'By the Rev. Alfred Todhunter.' Indeed! Well, if I were your bishop, young man, I'd soon show you!" The grave group of clerics around him smiled broadly.

Dr. Platt thus seemed to imply that the Bishop of the Diocese, William Ingraham Kip, might, would, or should give young Mr. Todhunter hell. To the gentle spirit of Bishop Kip I apologize, but the wish was Dr. Platt's, not mine.

Bishop Kip was so gentle a man that he never asserted his authority, like some sterner diocesans. There was no Episcopalian cathedral in San Francisco—nor is there yet, as I write. There was not even a "Bishop's Church." When the young of rich, haughty, and aristocratic families wanted to be married by Bishop Kip, the poor Bishop had to rush around begging the loan of a church from one of his reluctant rectors.

While the clerical editors were always courteous to those of other denominations there was one group at which the others looked askance. This was the editorial board of the *Evangel*, the Baptist organ. It was headed by Rev. Dr. Isaac Kalloch, then a recent arrival in San Francisco.

Dr. Kalloch had nothing clerical in his appearance. He was a man in the middle years, with a rich deep voice, a handsome face, fine eyes, a curling brown beard, and a most magnetic manner. He wore a slouch hat—unusual then among clergymen—and he smoked choice Havana cigars. He looked like a prosperous Rocky Mountain stock-rancher. He was the most unclerical cleric I ever saw.

Once his group in the editorial room were arguing over the terms "already" and "all ready," while Kalloch and I were looking over the proof-sheets of one of his sermons, or addresses rather; he suddenly interrupted them, saying: "Why don't you leave it to a man who knows? Ask Hart here." Which they did, and at once accepted my dictum. Naturally, I thought him a man of discernment.

Kalloch had great power over men—and women. As to his audiences, as Hamlet says, he knew their stops—he sounded them from their lowest notes to the top of their compass. He played on his auditors as skillfully as his organist played on the manual of his costly instrument. Kalloch's church was called "Metropolitan Temple," and the building with its fine organ he had caused to be constructed through his persuasive influence over a capitalist, who (I think) was a Jew.

In the Metropolitan Temple I heard him speak on the fateful night when he bitterly denounced the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which was with equal bitterness attacking him.

When I had heard him talking in our office surrounded by his phalanx of "Baptist bishops"—pleasant-mannered, suave, but dominant—it did not occur to me that he might use his power over men to rouse a political tornado, which was to lead to an attempt on his life; to his election to the highest post in San Francisco; to the death of his assailant at the hands of Kalloch's son.

Next in numbers to the clerics who used our editorial room were the scientists. We issued the "Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences." That journal consisted mainly of papers

on divers scientific subjects, such as ichthyology, ethnology, anthropology, bacteriology, botany, entomology, biology, parasitology, archaeology, paleontology, geology, mineralogy, embryology, and a few other topics. These papers were written by the scientific bigwigs of the Coast. Some of these gentlemen were not so cordial to each other as were the clergymen. Various of the scientists, although acquainted, "did not speak," and I would not have been surprised at any time to see them making faces and sticking out their tongues. Those who specialized in the same branch of science seemed to be the most deadly enemies. A man whose specialty was oviparous sea-creatures—I do not dare to call them "fish"—looked with ill-concealed dislike on him who was an authority on the viviparous branch of the order; while the scientist who specialized in ovo-viviparous cold-blooded mammalia considered the other two as rank impostors.

The Academy printed the papers of these scientists in large and heavy volumes—by "heavy" I mean in avoirdupois. As it took a number of months to fill one of these volumes, the eager interest of a waiting world was allayed by printing the papers in advance in thin pamphlets, which the writers then circulated to scientific friends throughout the world. In return, they received similar booklets in French, German, Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, and many other languages. The members of the California Academy were in the habit of bringing in the MSS. of their articles, and then calling at my office frequently to read and revise their proofs before the pamphlets were printed. Their corrections were many. Sometimes Scientist A., accidentally scanning a proof-sheet awaiting Scientist B., would find some dreadful blunder. Thereupon a psychical problem arose. If A. was a friend of B., he would hasten to warn him, and the scientific infant would be considered still-born, hastily withdrawn, and secretly buried. If, on the other hand, A. hated B., he would conceal his discovery; with an unholy joy he would lull any suspicions the editor-in-chief might have; then, when the blunder was irreparable and had been circulated throughout the learned world, A. would assemble a few friends—or enemies, shall we say?—and chortle over B. I have heard some of these scientific chortlings, and they were reminiscent of the witches' chorus in "Macbeth."

The editor-in-chief was R. E. C. Stearns, then Secretary of the University Board of Regents. He seemed to be on fairly good terms with most of the other scientists. The reason, according to my belief, was because his specialty seemed to be clams. I do not jest—there is much more to the clam than mere chowder. Furthermore, in addition to the clam's quietude and dignity, he seems to be distinctly American, like his chowder. I have some-

times taken a secret delight in asking European *maitres d'hotel* for clam chowder; then, when the puzzled functionary was forced to admit he knew it not, I would ask for clam fritters; next, apparently in despair, for plain clams—clams *au naturel*. Of course, I meant steamed clams, but the benighted foreigner could not know that. He would be obliged to confess utter ignorance of the clam. Then I had him. I would smile in a superior way, and inform him that the clam was well known in every country but the one in which we happened to be. This statement may have been inaccurate, but the only clam of which I ever heard in Continental Europe was General Paty de Clam, of Dreyfus case fame.

However, Mr. Stearns seemed to have his chosen field entirely to himself. Many were the learned papers he wrote about the clam in its variety—for the American Indian, after he had eaten the American clam, used to bore holes in his shell and use him for money. There may have been, for aught we know, a great clam trust in New England—an early predecessor of the Pierpont Morgan money trust of to-day. This is purely a conjecture of mine, for the stories of the business relations, real estate deals, and the like, between the Pilgrims and the Indians are vague and conflicting. A race clever enough to invent wooden nutmegs to sell to the egg-nogging Cavaliers of Virginia and the Carolinas, could certainly counterfeit clam-shell money. This remark must not be considered as criticizing the actions of the Puritans; they doubtless wished to punish the Indians for presuming to use a circulating medium unknown to Puritans. In any event, they were right; the cheapest money, the cheapest man, must yield to the more dominant. The Puritans were the avatars of our present civilization. True—as Evarts said—when they landed, they first fell on their knees, and then fell on the aborigines. But at least they always opened their transactions with prayer.

Mr. Stearns inclined to speak of his specialty as *Eulamellibranchiate* molluscs; it seemed more dignified than "clams." According to him, the American clams were divided into two great schools of thought, the hard-shell clams, and the soft-shell clams. These schools were subdivided and again subdivided. In his more ecstatic moments, Mr. Stearns's muse was wont to sing of the *Tridacna gigas*, a giant clam often weighing over five hundred pounds.

Mr. Stearns was a loyal New Englander, and was either unaware of or suppressed the fact that a small and exclusive colony of clams dwelt in Bolinas Bay, California—a little colony of little clams whose flavor far surpassed that of the much-vaunted Little Necks of the East. I am afraid, however, that he neglected the clam from a gastronomic point of view, and was a mere scientist.

At the Bohemian Club table one day a discussion on clams ended in Major Simpson betting Ben Clark a champagne dinner for the party that there were clams weighing over a hundred pounds. An attempt was made to choose me for referee, but I sidestepped. I referred the contestants to Stearns's learned paper on the five hundred pound *Tridacna*. Simpson won.

When I narrated this incident to Mr. Stearns, he frowned and shook his head. "Betting," he said, "is immoral—highly immoral." Still a pleased smile stole over his features, as he added: "But I am glad that the man who was betting on the right side won." And he drew forth and lighted a stramonium cigarette.

Mr. Stearns suffered from semi-spasmodic contractions of the trachea; for this he had been told stramonium was a cure. When he appeared in our office, in an aureole of stramonium smoke, strong men shuddered and grew sick. When he departed, there was rejoicing. Aside from being a stramonium addict, Mr. Stearns was an estimable and worthy man. His immunity from the jealous attacks of the other scientists was doubtless due to the fact that the habitat of his specialty, the clam, was generally on the beach, between high and low water. The other scientists ranged *per mare, per terram*; he was between land and sea. Their specialties flew in the air, crawled or walked on the land, or swam in the sea; his, from the depths of the mud or sand of the beach, called unto him. *De profundis clam-avi*.

Another official of the Academy of Sciences who seemed free from the jealousy of other scientists was Charles G. Yale. He was a mineralogist, and the sky-and-sea scientists doubtless tolerated him because he was engaged in the base commercial pursuit of taking precious metals out of the ground. Yale had a good deal to do with the practical matter of getting the scientific papers into pamphlet form. Commercial persons have their uses. Like Editor Stearns, I saw much of Charley Yale, and our relations were very pleasant. He was an old-time member of the Bohemian Club, of which he was librarian. His father, Gregory Yale, was a leading lawyer of the early days. Charles G. Yale died in 1926.

Another prominent member of the Academy who was a frequent visitor at our office was Harry Edwards. His specialty was *Lepidoptera*. His favorite sport was to sally forth with his net and chase butterflies. Concerning them, no man in the Academy knew more. There were scientists who were versed in *Coleoptera*, but in the domain of butterflies Harry Edwards reigned supreme. He was a many-sided man, for he was an actor—at that time one of the leading members of the old California Theatre Stock Company, playing such rôles as Brutus to Lawrence Barrett's Cassius and John M'Cullough's Mark Antony. In addition, he was an active member of the Bohemian Club, of

which he was President for several terms. He was prominent in organizing the early Midsummer Jinks of the club. Last of all, he was an earnest necrologist; for some strange reason, he had been chosen by the Academy to write the obituary eulogiums of the scientists who perished from time to time throughout the world. Yet he seemed to relish this job, which seems odd, for he was one of the most cheerful and cordial of men.

Harry Edwards, like Stearns and Yale, did not seem to be disliked by his other scientific colleagues. One of the reasons—in addition to his unvarying amiability—was probably because of his specialty. They were willing to leave *Lepidoptera* to him. As every man must skin his own *Mephitis Americanus*, so every scientist in the butterfly business has got to chase his own butterflies. Edwards did it with great enthusiasm. But most of the Academy scientists were no longer young. The spectacle of a fat and aged gentleman bounding lightly o'er the lea in pursuit of butterflies might add to the gaiety of nations, but not to the pursuer's peace of mind or body.

Among the many publications issued at our office were, the *Wine Dealers' Gazette*, and the *Temperance Banner*. The conductors of these two journals never spoke. Strange that the same bits of metal should be used to print and proclaim such opposing doctrines—on the part of the *Gazette*, the horrors of temperance; on the part of the *Banner*, the schemes of the Demon Rum. The poor types! They are fortunate in having no principles of their own, but in setting forth, like lawyers, the principles of those who hire them.

The types had to advocate different dogmas as well. My assistants had a mania for mixing things dogmatic. Editors and printers use many short pieces to fit the bottoms of columns; they call these "make-up paragraphs." The various newspapers we issued were set in the same "measure," or width of column. Therefore when a man was making up a sound Presbyterian paper, and found a make-up paragraph of nine lines, the exact length he needed, he was apt to use it, ignoring the fact that it was perfectly good Baptist doctrine. But in a Presbyterian paper it was dynamite. One of my most nerve-racking jobs was to watch these little paragraphs.

I learned much of dogma in those days. I learned to my surprise that the Baptists of to-day firmly believe themselves to be the only successors of the Primitive Christian Church.

I had read that the Roman Catholic Church claimed the Apostolic Succession through St. Peter. "Thou art Peter" (Petrus), said Christ to him, "and on this rock (Petra) I shall build my church."

This play on words is reproduced in the languages follow-

ing Latin closely, such as Italian, but not in English. It might be said that Christ in speaking to his disciples did not use Latin. It is believed that his mother tongue was Aramaic, a dialect used in Syria at that time. The exegetists say that Christ gave Peter his new name, and that "Petros" is the Greek form of the Aramaic *Kepha*, "a rock." Therefore the claim of succession from St. Peter to St. Linus, his immediate successor, and so on through the long line of Roman Pontiffs to the present day.

I knew that the Orthodox Greek Church makes a similar claim, as does the Anglican Church, both looking on the Roman Church as schismatic. But I did not know that the Baptist Church of to-day claims that it is the only Church of Christ because it follows the Apostles of Christ in adult baptism by immersion. It rejects infant baptism, and it rejects any baptism—infant or adult—by aspersion or sprinkling. I found to my further surprise that all the other sects put up a very faint defense against the Baptist claims. In fact, I never could find that they disproved those claims. The Baptist Church insists that in the Primitive Church the rite of baptism was always administered to adults, and invariably by immersion.

I further found that the great division between the churches of Rome and of Byzantium was not based entirely on the Filioque, as I had supposed. Every school-boy (particularly Macaulay's) knows that the Greek and Latin churches divided on the Filioque—that is, the place of the Holy Spirit in the Trinity—whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and* the Son, or whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *through* the Son.

But I found that the question of the method of baptism figured also in the great division. The Baptist Church claims that infant baptism, and baptism other than by immersion, are non-apostolic, and are schismatic practices arising in the early centuries of the Christian era, and long after the period of the Primitive Church. In support of the Baptist contention, the Greek Church and other Oriental Christian Churches retained the practice of baptism by immersion. The practice of baptism by sprinkling or pouring seems according to some authorities to have begun about the third century. But Larousse says immersion was universal until the thirteenth century.

Most of the Western Christian Churches seem to have permitted pouring or sprinkling, until by custom it may be said to have been adopted. This the Baptist Church claims is contrary to the Apostolic rite, for Christ directed his Apostles to baptize converts, and only adults were considered to be converts, and the only form of the rite used by the Apostles was by immersion. Furthermore, the Baptist Church maintains that in the Greek

text of the four gospels the word *baptizein* means "to immerse," and means nothing else.

It must not be supposed from the foregoing that I became a believer in the Baptist doctrines. I was interested in them practically, by reason of their explosive character when accidentally mingled with the printed doctrines of the other denominational papers. They also interested me historically.

As to whether infant or adult baptism is the more efficacious, is still an open question, I suppose. Any opinion of mine, after two thousand years of controversy, would be supererogatory. However, I may submit an anecdote thereanent. I once was with some people on a river bank watching a baptism by immersion. A Baptist clergyman, standing up to his shoulders in the stream, was immersing a group of black-gowned neophytes. As he was about to baptize an elderly man, a candid friend shouted from the bank: "Say, Parson, if you expect to baptize religion into that feller, you'd better leave him soak over night." Even the neophytes smiled.

I did not, of course, have time to read all the "firsts" or uncorrected proofs of the vast mass of printed matter we issued. I read "revises" and "press proofs"; I was what publishers call a "critical reader," or, to use the English publishers' term, a "critical corrector." To me, now, the amount of my reading seems stupendous. Probably the most interesting was the reading of periodicals. Probably the most profitable was the reading of law and science. I read thousands of pages of treatises on law, of digests, of court reports. All law suits are not carried to the appellate tribunals. Many litigants file suits which never come to trial. Others fall by the wayside after the first knock-out. But thousands of the stubborn ones push their cases to the courts of last resort. And if any one wishes to study the mysteries of the human mind and heart, all he needs is to read reports of cases in the appellate courts. The things they bring to light are astounding. If there is any sort of soiled linen that families will not wash in court when they get "riled up," I can not conceive what it may be.

I read in those days annotated editions of the California and Oregon Codes. It was probably profitable reading, although not of great value had I been reading law as a law student, for statutory law is ever changing. At one session of the California Legislature the mere titles of bills amending the Codes filled twelve newspaper columns in fine type. But still the general knowledge it gave me of the law as a whole, as an entity, as a body, was of value. The law as a whole—the *corpus juris civilis*—has always commanded from me great respect: nay, admiration. It is, I believe, the highest achievement of the human mind.

Its principles are superior to dogmas, for dogmas are based on emotion, while the law is based on reason. Everything we have and are we owe to the law. The right to a name when we are born; the right to security as we grow up; the right to hold property when we acquire it; the right to transmit it to our children when we die—all these things repose on law. Without it, life, liberty, property, are merely meaningless words.

This is not to say that there are no bad laws. There are many. They generally cure themselves by their own evils, like a scorpion stinging itself to death. The laws based on emotion perish; the laws based on reason survive.

However much I admire the law, I have no such feeling for those who administer it. For the workings of courts, for the judges who preside over them, for the attorneys, clerks, reporters, bailiffs, and tipstaves, who make their living out of the law, I have scant respect. The body of the law is the concrete accumulation of human wisdom for centuries; the judges and lawyers are men of to-day, controlled by the prejudices, whims, and emotions of the moment. I can recall decisions, even by lofty tribunals like the United States Supreme Court and the Cour de Cassation of France, which shake one's faith in justice. Lest it be thought that I am trying to overrule these high courts, I will only say that I am thinking of cases where they have overruled themselves.

In our own country there have been famous cases where the United States Supreme Court has reversed itself. I do not speak of cases where different judges on the bench have reversed the judgments of their predecessors: that has occurred frequently. I refer to cases where the same bench has reversed itself, and sometimes the same justice has, after a lapse of time, turned a judicial somersault.

The many cases in which the United States Supreme Court has handed down decisions by a majority, with a strenuous minority of dissenting opinions, impress the American people unpleasantly. Are the principles of our laws, the construing of our statutes, the meaning of our language, so vague, so baffling, so cryptic, that nine learned and aged jurists can not agree as to what they mean? It would seem so.

The cases arising under the Legal Tender Law of the Civil War time presented some very curious phases. Lawyers of great ability differed. So did the justices of the Supreme Court. It is related that Thomas B. Reed—later Speaker of the House and a candidate for the Presidential nomination—was at that time a young law student in California. He was examined by the California Supreme Court with other young candidates for admission to the bar. Mr. Justice Wallace suddenly propounded to him the question: "Is the Legal Tender Act constitutional?"

Without a hem or haw, Reed replied: "Yes, your honor." Justice Wallace, with equal promptness, said: "Any candidate who can decide a complex constitutional question like that, off-hand, is evidently learned in the law. Young man, you are admitted to the bar."

Doubtless by reason of the wide range of printed matter under my supervision, I had acquired some reputation as an expert in typography. The Bancroft firm (later, publishers of the Bancroft histories) requested me to furnish them an expert opinion on a type-setting machine in which they were thinking of investing. I examined it carefully, and advised them not to invest; the machine proved to be a failure. Samuel M. Clemens was so unfortunate as to invest largely in a similar machine, and lost a large sum of money. The later and successful composing machines, in general use to-day, are not type-setting but casting machines.

The projectors of the *Argonaut* also wanted my opinion concerning their format and "type dress." At that time Miller & Richard, an Edinburgh firm of type-founders, had an agency in San Francisco, the manager being O. A. Dearing. I had purchased type from his agency, and he knew that I thought well of it. He therefore referred the *Argonaut* men to me for an endorsement. What else he said to them concerning me I do not know, but it was doubtless eulogistic. He probably told them that I received a certain number of foreign typographic journals of high repute.

A short time before, I observed in *L'Arte della Stampa* ("The Art of Printing") an article highly praising the Miller & Richard foundry. I loaned the Italian magazine to Dearing, remarking that he might desire to have the article translated, for advertising purposes. He had this task executed by a local linguist who—like Cardinal Mezzofanti—knew many languages. In some respects he differed from the Cardinal, for he was a police court interpreter. The word *scozzese* (Scotch) puzzled him, but he concluded that it came from *scossa*, "jolt," "shake," so he translated it "shuffling." At times, to give a pleasing variety to his translation, he rendered it "shaking." The article was headed "The Shuffling Types."

At Pixley's office we examined the specimen books of the Miller & Richard foundry. That firm had reproduced with fidelity some of the beautiful type-faces used by the Elzevir brothers, famous fourteenth-century printers in what is now Belgium. To Pixley I descanted enthusiastically on the artistic work of these elder printers, and pointed out that no modern punch-cutters had been able to equal their type-faces. It was true then; it is true to-day. There are many fine faces of "body type" used by

modern typographers, but they are all reproductions or modifications of those of the early time. These Elzevir faces are all what are technically called "old style" by modern typographers. About a hundred years ago a different style of face became the fashion—the kind of type-face one observes in the books of Thomas Bewick the famous wood-engraver, and his contemporaries. I do not think that it compares in beauty with the "old-style" faces of the elder time. In fact, I believe that the first third of the nineteenth century was a debased period in typography.

Probably my enthusiasm impressed the *Argonaut* projectors, for they definitely decided to use the Miller & Richard old styles. In regard to format, I urged them to depart from the blanket sheet which was then the newspaper fashion, and make up the paper in pages about 11 by 16 inches. Pixley was so used to the old newspaper size that this seemed to him altogether too small, so he compromised on a page 14 by 21 inches. At the end of a few months, however, the larger size was abandoned, and the *Argonaut* adopted the size of page (11 by 16 inches) which it has ever since maintained.

I suggested also that they might start the paper with uniform type-faces in the advertising columns. The London journals at that time generally followed such a rule. In this country the New York *Herald* was then at the height of its power and wealth; it followed the rule of permitting no type in its advertising columns larger than "agate," the smallest type used in newspaper printing then and now. Advertisers were permitted to "build up" large letters out of small ones; thus a B one inch high might be built up out of a number of small capital B's. The New York *Herald* was so arbitrary that it would not permit its advertisers to use any "cuts," or illustrations; it would not permit them to "cut the column rule," which meant that all advertisements had practically to be only one column wide. True, an advertiser might purchase space for his advertisement in two columns side by side, but through the centre of his announcement ran perpendicularly the tell-tale column rule.

The arbitrary rules of the daily journals then seem almost unbelievable to-day. Robert Bonner, publisher of the weekly *Ledger*, was at that time the boldest advertiser in New York. One day he hired a whole page in the daily *Herald*, giving them for "copy" the single line "The New York Ledger" in small type in the centre of the large white page. He was told: "Impossible." He then went to the other extreme—he ordered the same four words repeated several thousand times, thus filling the page. The *Herald* people wavered, but finally they complied, and printed the unique advertisement, which became the talk of New York.

The *Argonaut* men decided to exclude large black type from their advertising columns. They began that way, but soon were obliged to abrogate their rule; they were not so powerful as the New York *Herald*.

The American dailies now admit almost any size of type to their advertising pages. However, they are in this consistent, for their reading pages are generally garnished with red and black headings in enormous poster type.

It had been the intention of the *Argonaut* projectors to purchase type and other materials for a complete plant of their own. Pixley, however, grew doubtful about spending much money on what might be a flash in the pan. It was therefore concluded to let out the work on contract to a printer who was willing to purchase the Scotch type I had recommended. He did the work quite well, with the exception of the main head-line on the first page, which he put in rimmed block-letter capitals. The effect of this, over the beautiful old-style faces, was bad; it lasted only one week. The second week the heading was changed to large old-style capitals; this was better. Finally, the heading was printed as I had suggested—in large old-style, not capitals, but “lower-case,” as printers say. This style of heading the paper has carried ever since.

Some time after this, I met Pixley, and in the course of our conversation, he remarked:

“What would you think about joining our enterprise?”

I replied, telling him of the extent and diversity of the periodical and book business I was supervising, and of my hope of going into some Eastern publishing house.

Pixley shook his head. “You won’t like it, East,” he said.

“Why not?”

“There’s the climate, for one thing.”

“I can get used to that.”

“You can’t get used to the people, though. You’re a Californian. You’ll find them too cold-nosed.”

We parted, without anything further being said. But his remarks impressed me. I was fond of San Francisco, and was beginning to feel that I would not like to leave my native city.

Later, when I happened to meet Pixley again, I told him that I was reading a number of European journals, incidental to my study of foreign languages; that I thought I could frequently furnish him short translations on current topics that were not apt to appear in other journals. He said he would be glad to have such pieces of matter, so I began writing them for the *Argonaut*. He used to publish them sometimes as editorial notes, and sometimes as “run of the paper.” They were unsigned, and after so many years I would now find it difficult

to identify them, even if it were worth the trouble. One, however, I recall, owing to its unique character—it was the birth certificate of Thiers, President of the French Republic. I ran across it in some Paris paper, and translated it. The introductory lines are my own; they seem somewhat flamboyant, but I recall distinctly how I came to write them. At that time France was passing through a sort of revival of the Directoire period, in women's fashions, in novels, in paintings, in plays, in comic operas. That delightful operetta "*La Fille de Madame Angot*" is a type of the revival time. In addition to my familiarity with this and similar operas, I had been reading various works—fiction, biography, memoirs—which had impressed me, hence the tone of the introductory lines.

There were two paintings of that period which some may recall—"A Wedding under the Directory" and "A Baptism under the Directory." They hit the popular fancy throughout the world. Well-executed copies of them were sold largely in the United States. People here liked the pictures, although they knew little about the Directory period. They had forgotten that we were at war with France during the Directory time, and that George Washington was then besought to emerge from his well-earned rest at Mount Vernon to take command of our armies.

This Thiers translation was printed on the first page of the *Argonaut* for October 6, 1877. It was my first appearance in that journal. It interests me personally—it may interest other readers as a curious historical document.

We take the annexed curious document from one of the Parisian papers. It has an historical interest. Eighty years ago—1797! It takes us back to the days of the Directory—when Mlle. Lange was the favorite of the Théâtre Feydeau, and of Director Barras—when Paris was filled with *chouans*, conspirators in earnest; and *incroyables*, *muscadins*, and *merveilleuses*, conspirators in play—when Madame Tallien, Josephine de Beauharnais, and Madame Récamier strove to excel each other in nudity—when a false Louis XVII. was set up by the Royalists—when the army of the Rhine and the army of Italy were striking deadly blows at the terrified monarchs of Europe—when the Parisians waltzed, not as now, but "*une valse où, tout en tournoyant, on cueillait un baiser sur les lèvres de sa danseuse*"—when, in short, they were intoxicated with their first draughts of freedom—when Thiers was born!

In the year V. of the French Republic, One and Indivisible :
Before us, Public Officer of the municipality of Midy, canton of

Marseilles, and before the Bureau of State, this 29th Germinal, at five o'clock, has appeared citizen Marie-Simon Rostan, health officer and accoucheur, now residing in the Rue Cours-Isle, No. 154, sixth house. The aforesaid citizen declares himself to have assisted at the accouchement of a male child, herewith presented; and he further certifies that the aforesaid child was born on the 25th of the present month, at 2 o'clock, the mother being citizeness Marie-Magdaleine Amic, wife of citizen Pierre-Louis-Marie Thiers, propriétaire, now absent. That the accouchement took place at the dwelling of the mother, No. 5, Rue des Petits-Pères; and that the aforesaid child has received the names of Marie-Joseph-Louis-Adolphe.

Done in the presence of citizen Pierre Poussel, propriétaire, residing Rue des Petits-Pères, and citizeness Jeanne Imbert, hair-dresser, same street. The second witness being unable to write, the first has here, with us, affixed his name.

P. Poussel,
Rostan, Health Officer,
J. Jourdan, Deputy Public Officer.

(According to our calendar, 29th germinal, year V., would be April 18th, 1797, making the date of birth April 15th.)

I followed this with many paragraphs or short articles translated from the Continental press. These—being intended to supplement Pixley's work—were generally on topics akin to those he discussed editorially, and were all unsigned. I discovered that the *Argonaut* found it difficult to secure good short-stories. Therefore I submitted some translations of short-stories; they were accepted. I began with a number of sketches and stories translated from Gustave Droz, a popular Paris writer of the day; I followed them with some from Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème." Many other translations of stories and sketches I wrote for the *Argonaut* at that period, continuing this work after I had become editor myself.

The *Argonaut* completely absorbed Pixley's mind. He turned his attention from the law—for he was still nominally practicing—and gave his time entirely to the new journal. Somers, however, irritated Pixley by his propensity toward what his senior called "side-shows." Somers was in the habit of getting out souvenirs, almanacs, programmes, booklets, and the like, bearing the *Argonaut* name; he said they "advertised" the *Argonaut*. Pixley retorted that the *Argonaut* advertised them. Somers said that his booklets made money for the *Argonaut*—indirectly. Pixley said that they lost money for the *Argonaut*—directly.

Pixley thought Somers was frittering away his time on side-issues, instead of concentrating on the *Argonaut*. So there was some feeling between the two.

On the heels of these misunderstandings, Somers suddenly determined to start a magazine on the lines of the *Overland*—then defunct, and not yet resurrected. The title he chose was *The Californian*. Pixley told him that it would take all his time, and suggested that I should be asked to take Somers's editorial work on the *Argonaut*. Remembering Pixley's previous suggestion, I consented on condition that I should be permitted to purchase an interest in the *Argonaut*. Pixley at once replied that Somers would probably sell me some or all of his stock, "because," said Pixley, "he has very little money now, and when he gets through with his various publishing schemes, he will have none."

The monthly *Californian* was to be followed by a pictorial weekly; this by an eclectic monthly; this by a magazine made up entirely of stories; this by a general book-publishing establishment.

Pixley was right; Somers evidently needed money, for at first he tried to get me to buy an interest in his new magazine; I declined. So he finally sold me a part of his *Argonaut* stock, and devoted himself to his new enterprise.

His magazine, *The Californian*, was quite a creditable publication—although not so good as the old *Overland* under Bret Harte. But Somers soon wearied of it; already he was obsessed by his idea for a new daily. Therefore, he sold the magazine to C. H. Phelps, who conducted it up to the time of its early death.

Somers started his daily, which he called *The Epigram*. It was supposed to be modelled on the French boulevard journals. Evidently that type of newspaper is not to the American taste, for his journal did not live long. He discontinued its publication at the end of a week.

After the death of the *Epigram* Somers was left without funds, so he sold to me the rest of his *Argonaut* stock, and ceased to be one of its owners. He closed out his affairs in San Francisco, and went to New York. There he started two other magazines, *Current Literature* and *Short Stories*, which ran for a time, and then ceased publication.

Pixley felt much relieved at finding himself with an associate who was not so changeable, and devoted himself with new ardor to his work. I found my task interesting and congenial. The paper did very well. It prospered so that we soon were installed in our own building on Grant Avenue near Post, where the Shreve Building now stands; in this structure we fitted up well-equipped editorial rooms with business offices. On the top floor

we installed a composing room ; the basement we utilized for a press-room, with the latest type of cylinder press, two folding machines, mailing machinery, etc. Thus we had our entire publishing family under one roof. We no longer had to depend on the tender mercies of job printers, but did our work on our own plant.

X

EARLY "ARGONAUT" CONTRIBUTORS

AMONG the contributors in the youth of the *Argonaut*, Bierce was the most notable.

Ambrose Gwinett Bierce was born in Ohio in 1842. He enlisted at the outbreak of the Civil War, and rose to the brevet rank of major. After the war he went to California, in 1866. On December 25, 1871, he married Mary Day, of San Francisco. In the early *Argonaut* days Bierce did not seem to be with his wife. In 1872, Bierce went to England, and was employed for a time on the London weekly *Fun*, a rival of *Punch*, long since dead. For that journal he wrote humorous verse, personalia, "The Fables of Zamri the Parsee," "Nuggets and Dust," and other matter which he subsequently collected and had published in 1874 by the Camden Press, London, under the title "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull, by Dod Grile."

Much of this book, after his return to the United States, he revised or rewrote, and used in various journals, as original matter, sometimes inserting American city-names, to localize it. I have a copy of the book, much marked for reprinting, by him and various editors.

After his return to California he was for a time a contributor to "The Town Crier," a department of personal paragraphs in the San Francisco *News Letter*. He became a contributor to the *Argonaut* when it began, writing a similar department which he called "Prattle."

In a sketch about Bierce, Cary McWilliams questions my accuracy in stating that Bierce was employed in the San Francisco Mint in 1877; he adds that Bierce was in the United States Treasury. None the less, the San Francisco City Directory for 1876-77 says: "Bierce, Ambrose G., assay department U.S. Mint; dwl 755 Harrison." In later issues of the City Directory he is set down as "journalist."

Much of what Bierce wrote for the *Argonaut* in the early days seemed to me ephemeral, yet he resurrected most of it thirty years later to figure in his "Collected Works." His fame seems to repose now on his short stories, mainly on "Tales of Soldiers

and Civilians." I do not recall any of these stories appearing in the early *Argonaut*. For it he wrote paragraphs on contemporaneous persons of more or less prominence, revised the "Fables" above referred to, and voiced the views of "Little Johnny," a precocious boy whose vaticinations at times were extremely droll. Bierce wrote many couplets, quatrains, sextains, and other verse-lets, mostly lampooning local great men. At rare intervals he wrote serious verse, as when he addressed the Goddess of Liberty in a poem entitled "Invocation" for an Independence Day celebration at San Francisco. His serious poems, while technically of high order, seemed to lack the divine fire.

Bierce asked me one day what I thought of "Invocation." I replied that it was very finished work rhythmically and metrically.

"But do you consider it poetry?"

"Its technique is flawless," was my answer.

Bierce looked at me keenly: "You evidently do not think it is poetry," he remarked, "but neither do I. What in your opinion does it lack?"

"It lacks appeal to the emotions," I replied; "it appeals only to the mind. Poetry should have an emotional as well as an intellectual appeal."

Bierce nodded. "You are right," he said. "Hart, let me tell you something. When I was in my twenties, I concluded one day that I was not a poet. *It was the bitterest moment of my life.*"

The French have a saying that critics are *artistes manqués*—men who have failed with the brush, the chisel, or the pen. Bierce certainly knew the technique of verse, and knowing it he was a savage critic of poets—or let us say, of poetasters: there are few poets. There were then in San Francisco many writers of verse who felt the urge for print. Most of their work was mediocre, much of it was bad, and some of it was ludicrous. Upon these "poets" Bierce was wont to pounce like a hawk on a hen. Similarly their squawks resounded through the poetic barnyard as the feathers flew. Most of the poor creatures did not deserve such savage treatment.

When there was at times a paucity of poets, and when Bierce therefore lacked targets, he used to resort to the "death column" in the dailies. Then—and perhaps now—mourning relatives relieved their feelings by "dropping into poetry," like Silas Wegg. Upon these amateur bardlets Bierce often fell with frenzy; he would bite and tear them. It is true that much—nay, most—of that kind of verse is ridiculous, and therefore easily ridiculed. When Bierce attacked public men, or writers who could hit back, there may have been some warrant for it. But there was none in such cases as the foregoing.

Bierce occasionally fell foul of verse-writers on other San

Francisco journals of the time, who repaid him in kind. Generally speaking, however, he was more than a match for most, in satirical verse-writing.

In the *Argonaut* office he was looked upon as an expert in matters metrical, and disputes regarding verse were generally referred to him. We all deferred to him in such questions, and often asked his opinion concerning poems submitted for publication in the department "Old Favorites." Bierce often recommended poems for that department. He saw one day a fragment of a poem that he greatly admired :

" By Nebo's lonely mountain
On this side Jordan's wave," etc.

He expressed his admiration in the *Argonaut*, and asked if any reader could furnish the poem in full. The answers came not single spies, but in battalions; they poured in for weeks; at last there were avalanches of answers. The poem was "The Burial of Moses." It had appeared in one of McGuffey's Readers, and was known to hundreds of thousands of Americans, many of whom, probably, could recite it, letter-perfect.

The incident caused much guying in the *Argonaut* office, and Bierce was not a little crestfallen. But then nobody knows everything.

There came to the office one day a query from a reader regarding a poem by Swinburne, "The Triumph of Time." This had appeared in the collection "Laus Veneris," which so greatly shocked good Queen Victoria that the poet's chances for the laureateship went a-glimmering. The correspondent sent in a copy of this stanza :

" There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing : and so died he."

The correspondent added an earnest request for some explanation of the meaning of the stanza—who the man was, and who the woman. The matter was promptly referred to Bierce. He studied over it, but not being able to answer the query, he printed the stanza with what is called to-day a "wise crack," implying that Swinburne had no real persons or occurrences in his mind when he wrote the poem.

In a few days there arrived at the office a note signed T. H. Rearden. This correspondent wrote modestly—but authori-

tatively; he said that Swinburne had taken the story from Petrarch's "Trionfo d' Amore," where he wrote of a certain troubadour—

"Giaufre Rudel, who went with oar and sail
Unto his death."

Rearden quoted the passage in the Italian. He might have added that the story had been given by other poets—poets of Italian, of English, or of Teutonic blood; by Leopardi and Carducci, by Heine and Uhland, by Robert Browning. He knew these facts, for he was a man of wide reading in several languages; but, being kind-hearted as well as modest, he did not desire to make his correction seem like a rebuke. Bierce printed the correction in his column without comment. There was not much to say.

A score of years later a French poet, Edmond Rostand, told once more the story of the troubadour Geoffrey Rudel and his love for the far-away Princess of Tripoli in a charming play, "*La Princesse Lointaine*." Modern historians say there really was a Provençal troubadour, Rudel, who voyaged over seas to see his far-away Princess, who ruled in Tripoli about A.D. 1118.

I met Rearden shortly after this episode. He was an attorney, and for some years a judge on the Superior Bench of San Francisco. At that time he was preparing an edition of the fragmentary poems, or poetic fragments, ascribed to Sappho, with the Greek text, accompanied by an English translation with annotations. He was a scholarly and interesting man. He wrote a fine poem inspired by the Grand Army of the Republic, with the refrain "Dress right! Close up the ranks!"

Rearden met a young girl, Anita Cowles, daughter of Judge Samuel Cowles, and sister of Mrs. Joseph D. Redding. She was a great beauty. They fell in love. The young lady's family disapproved on account of the disparity of ages, for Rearden was much the older. But she married him. They were very happy, but neither of them lived long. The family accepted him in death, for he lies beside his wife in the family plot at Laurel Hill. The only lines on his headstone are:

T. H. Rearden
34th Ohio Infantry.

It seems odd that Bierce and Rearden should have become acquainted in this way. Both men in the Civil War were soldiers from Ohio. Rearden was so proud of the fact that he left testamentary directions that it be placed upon his tombstone.

Bierce contributed to the early *Argonaut* with a certain regularity. He is absent from the files for some months in 1878

—possibly through illness. But he returned, and contributed to the paper up to about the end of 1879 and the beginning of 1880. He then was seized with a desire to go to the Black Hills, a region attracting gold seekers at that time. After the Indian troubles of 1876 and Custer's fatal battle at the Little Big Horn, the Federal government took the land away from the Indians and threw it open to the miners. There was great excitement among those obsessed with the fierce thirst for gold, and Bierce was one of them. However, he did not attack the Black Hills with pick and pan and rocker; he did not become a prospector or a placer miner; he secured a job on the staff of a big mining company. So he left for the promised land, with everybody wishing him good luck. After not many months he abandoned the gold region. There had been some change in the ownership of the mining company with which he was employed. He wrote back to the *Argonaut*, announcing the date of his return. He was evidently confident of resuming his former position.

But Pixley was not anxious to see him appearing again on the paper. As already told, he did not like to have Bierce bracketed with him on the editorial page. Somers, too, was not enthusiastic; he said that Bierce's disappearance from its pages had made no impression on the *Argonaut's* readers. So they agreed that he should be politely notified that they could not again avail themselves of his services. When Bierce was due to appear at the office, I was deputed to break to him the news—not an agreeable task.

He did not take it pleasantly, and never forgave Pixley; he attacked him incessantly for years afterwards in his various newspaper connections. He began in the *Wasp*, a San Francisco weekly with which he secured employment almost immediately after his return; he continued it in that journal under the proprietorship of E. C. MacFarlane and others until he was employed on the *Examiner*. In that journal he continued it until he left San Francisco.

After "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull," in 1874, Bierce published no books for some years. In 1891, he issued "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." In 1892, he got out "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter"; this was a story translated from the German by Dr. Adolphe Danziger, revised and edited by Bierce. A violent quarrel over the work broke out between the two collaborators, who carried on their war in the San Francisco newspapers. George Sterling in the Modern Library says that Bierce broke a cane over Danziger's head. In the same year, 1892,

appeared "Black Beetles in Amber." A year later, in 1893, Bierce published "Can Such Things Be?" In 1898, he published "In the Midst of Life," with the note that its "former title was 'Tales of Soldiers and Civilians.'" In 1899, appeared "Fantastic Tales"; in 1903, "Shapes of Clay"; in 1906, "The Cynic's Word Book"; in 1909, "The Shadow on the Dial"; in 1909, "Write it Right." In 1912, Bierce got out his "Collected Works," in twelve volumes. After this he published no more books.

Bierce was unlucky in his publishing. The regular book publishers did not look favorably upon his offerings, and he was past fifty before one such firm undertook a venture with one of his books. Some of his books published prior to that were issued by friends who paid for the printing, as stated by Bierce in some of his prefaces; others were published by persons who were not regular publishers, and not controlling the avenues of book distribution. Bierce was similarly unfortunate with the magazine editors; his short-stories did not appeal to them, and after having made unsuccessfully the magazine rounds, usually appeared in newspapers. It seems odd, for upon these rejected stories his fame now rests. However, magazine editors are presumed to know what their readers want. Most of Bierce's stories are grim and bloody, and magazine readers probably dislike what is bloody and grim.

Bierce deeply resented the cold attitude of publishers and editors. In the preface to the Steele edition of "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," he wrote: "Denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, merchant, of this city. In attesting Mr. Steele's faith in his judgment and his friend, it will serve its author's main and best ambition."

Steele was head of the San Francisco firm of C. Adolphe Low and Company, importers. He was wealthy, a patron of the arts, a member of the Bohemian Club, and an admirer of Bierce. In 1905 he died suddenly.

The "Tales" was reprinted in 1891, but the edition was scarcely a "book." It was one of the paper-covered novels issued at regular intervals by Lovell and Company; it passed through the mails at second-class rates, and was classed by the Postoffice Department as a "periodical." Among similar series at that time were the Lakeside, the Seaside, and the Franklin Square series, all numbered consecutively and issued as periodicals, in order to evade the exorbitant book postage rates of the department. In 1898, Bierce got out a bound edition of the same book with the title "In the Midst of Life." As it was published for him by the well-known publishing firm of G. P. Putnam, the tart reference to publishers was excised from this edition.

A book often attributed to Bierce by booksellers and book-collectors is "The Dance of Death." He frequently mentioned it in conversation at the time of its appearance, but he did not then claim to have had a hand in its authorship. A caustic review of it by Pixley appeared in 1877 in the *Argonaut*, for which Bierce was then writing. Pixley's article condemning the book was written in good faith, and not suspecting Bierce of having any connection with it, which militates against the stories of Bierce having been its author, which were hatched in later years. It is a small volume of 131 pages, purporting to be written by "William Herman," and published by Henry Keller and Company, 543 Clay Street, San Francisco, 1877. Gossip of the time attributed the authorship to William H. Rulofson, a member of the firm of Bradley and Rulofson, photographers. This name appears on nearly all the photographs of actors, actresses, and society people of that period in San Francisco.

The book caused quite a sensation at the time. It is ostensibly a bitter attack on the waltz from the standpoint of morals. In reality, it is an extremely salacious discussion of that dance, from the standpoint of eroticism. Of course it copies from Byron's poem on the waltz, and it supplements these extracts by quotations from Swinburne and more lascivious bards. There is not a little Latin sprinkled through it; many of the epigraphs at the heads of the chapters are in that language; there are quotations from Ovid; Caracalla's amorous remarks to a near relative (discreetly left in Latin) appear in it; one finds occasional quotations in Old French; there is much talk of Priapus and of Phallic worship. All of this is leavened with smug morality. It is a nasty book.

Concerning its rarity, an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* (attributed to a famous book-collector) says of it:

"Certainly one of the rarest items in modern literature is that known as 'The Dance of Death.' . . . The author of the work—in collaboration with another man—was Ambrose Bierce. It was a tirade against the immorality of the waltz. It was actually a hoax perpetrated by Bierce and T. A. Harcourt. . . . The valuable edition is that which on its title-page, in addition to title and author, contains only the words 'Author's copy.' All others are reprints, and though they are scarce and desirable, the right copy fetches to-day something like fifty dollars. In a few years it will take its place as one of the commanding rarities of our time."

Of course book-collectors and booksellers are more interested in the rarity of a book than in its authorship. This paragraph

therefore may not appeal to them. But book-lovers interested in Bierce may like to know whether he did or did not write this book. I am positive that he did not. Its style is not his. Furthermore, he was not familiar with French, and therefore of necessity was ignorant of Old French which differs as much from modern French as Chaucer does from this morning's paper. There are various quotations in Old French in the book, with the *oit* termination for the imperfect tense; with some ancient forms of the plural; with such words as *fault* and *hault* spelled with an *l*; with "night" spelled *nuict* (*now, noctes, noctem, nuict, nuit*); with *quoy* spelled with a *y*; and with the *s* retained in such words as *maistre*, which now indicate that eliminated letter by a grave accent. Bierce knew nothing of these archaisms, and would certainly have made no quotations that involved their use.

He printed a list of his works in 1912, which did not include "The Dance of Death." Had he written it, he might readily have claimed it, for Rulofson was dead long years before. In the nineteen-twenties the writing of books for tongue-tied pugilists, movie stars, gangsters, bootleggers, and the like, had become a recognized avocation, and those who pursue it were called in newspaper circles "ghost writers." In 1877, both parties concealed such collaboration. So it must remain as the work of "William Herman." But I believe it was written by T. A. Harcourt.

Pixley wrote thus about the *Dance of Death* in the *Argonaut* of June 16, 1877:

"Mr. Rulofson, the photographer, has written, under the *nom de plume* of William Herman, an incomparably indecent work, unfit for the reading of anybody, and calculated to do as much ill as such bold and bad trash can do. Its very nastiness will disarm it to a certain extent. It will be excluded from all decent society. We are sorry to say it is sold by respectable booksellers, and we are utterly disgusted that it has received the endorsement of certain unthinking newspapers, unreflecting clergymen, and foolish women. After reading the copy presented to us for review, we burned it."

In his "Prattle" column in the *Argonaut* of June 23, 1877, Bierce wrote about it:

"I have not that bold bad volume before me (the editor of this paper virtuously burned the office copy, after gloating over it during the whole of one day, to the dead neglect of everything, including the still small voice of duty and the still smaller voice of

conscience) but if I had I could here quote from it a multitude of things unfit for publication. The book is a high-handed outrage, a criminal assault upon public modesty, an indecent exposure of the author's mind! From cover to cover it is one sustained orgasm of a fevered imagination—a long revel of intoxicated propensities. With superior indelicacy the author affirms the indelicacy of the waltz. To his perverted discernment this rather silly but harmless enough amusement is a seductive, naughty rite performed behind too thin a veil. Noble reformer! he snatches away the veil. To 'the roses and raptures' of the vice he denounces, he adds the jewels of his learning, the charms and splendors of his fancy, the graces and vivacity of his style. And this is the book in which local critics find a satisfaction to their minds and hearts! this is the poisoned chalice they are gravely commending to the lips of good women and pure girls! their asinine praises may perhaps have this good effect: 'William Herman' may be tempted forth, to disclose his disputed identity and gather his glory. Then he can be shot."

A little volume frequently sold at book-auctions, with or as a pendant to the one above, is *The Dance of Life, an answer to "The Dance of Death,"* by Mrs. Dr. J. Milton Bowers. Published by the San Francisco News Company, 1877. This book answers the other in much the same strain, with numerous quotations in Latin and French. It was rumored at the time that Harcourt wrote this book also, attacking the other; of that I know nothing. The putative author was the wife of Dr. J. Milton Bowers, a non-graduate practitioner. Some eight years later he was accused of murdering his wife with poison; he was tried twice, the case was appealed to the Supreme Court, a new trial ordered, and he was acquitted. There were some extraordinary revelations in the case, which was most mysterious. "The Dance of Life" is also quite scarce.

The first edition of "Black Beetles in Amber" (1892) brings a good price in book-auctions. This volume is similar to "Shapes of Clay" (1902), being made up entirely of verses, most of them attacks on prominent persons of the time. For some reason the attacks in "Shapes of Clay" are much milder than those in the other volume. Some of the verse attacks in "Black Beetles" are appalling. When it appeared, many of those attacked bought up copies of the book, and destroyed them. Thus the number of copies in existence was artificially diminished. The copies in public libraries were frequently mutilated by excising certain pages; librarians believe that this was due to the resentment of those attacked, or their relatives. As a result, in some public libraries the book has been taken from circulation, and kept

locked up, issued only in the reading-rooms under the eyes of the employees.

"Shapes of Clay" has never sold so high as "Black Beetles." A certain number of unsold copies were discovered in storage one day, which broke the back of the booksellers' market.

As noted before, Bierce more than once depended on his friends to publish his books. It does not seem that he was always grateful for such services, according to George Sterling, who recorded that Bierce "wrote a number of bitter letters to friends during the last days before he crossed the Rio Grande." Strange that a man should write so on the eve of eternity—if, as seems probable, he committed suicide. Sterling adds that, in addition to a harsh letter to his brother, Albert Bierce, "I too was the recipient of such a letter, and regret that I had no chance to answer it, for I could easily have disproved his accusations, one of which was that I had deceived him in asserting that I had financed the publication of his second volume of satiric verse, 'Shapes of Clay.' I have now in my desk the receipts of the publisher, Mr. W. E. Wood, for nearly \$600."

Sterling speaks of this as an "unwarranted delusion," and mentions others as strange. In fact, Sterling at times wrote of Bierce as if he believed that toward the end of his life he was not quite sane.

In the nineteen-twenties the American critic most generally read was H. L. Mencken, editor of the *American Mercury*. He wrote a critical essay on Bierce, which may be found in the sixth series of his "Prejudices." The extracts following are reprinted by permission :

"Bierce's reputation has always had something occult and artificial about it. . . . He has been hymned in a passionate, voluptuous way by a small band of disciples; passed over altogether by the great majority of American critics and American readers. . . . It would be absurd to say that he is generally read even by the intelligentsia."

"Yet," says Mencken, from him come "some of the best war stories ever written. . . . He took a cynical delight in showing how sordid and filthy is war—how stupid, savage, and degrading. . . . Not as the world views it, heroic, glorious, idealistic. . . . His war stories do not depict soldiers as heroes, but as bewildered fools, doing things without sense, submitting to torture and outrage without resistance, dying at last like hogs in Chicago."

Mencken had "encountered no more thorough-going cynic than Bierce. . . . He was unable to imagine the heroic or the wise. . . . Man to him was the most stupid and ignoble of animals. . . . The obscene farce of politics delighted him. . . .

He howled with mirth whenever he thought of a professor, a doctor, or a husband."

Mencken is struck by "his curious taste for the macabre. All of his stories show it. He delighted in hangings, autopsies, dissecting rooms. Death to him was a sort of low comedy."

Although Mencken praises Bierce's short-stories, he thinks they are destined to be forgotten: "Their influence on the modern short-story . . . is almost nil. When they are imitated at all, it is by the lowly hacks who manufacture thrillers for the cheap magazines."

None the less (says Mencken) "it is astonishing that his wit is so little remembered. In 'The Devil's Dictionary' are some of the most devastating epigrams ever written," and "some of the most gorgeous witticisms in the English language."

Differing with the California admirers of Bierce, who rate him high as a critic, Mencken says "his critical faculty was never high at the best." This is said apropos of Bierce's publishing a twelve-volume set of his "Collected Works," in 1912. Of this, Mencken wrote: "It is a depressing assemblage of worn-out stuff, much of it quite unreadable. It is filled with epigrams against frauds long dead and forgotten, and echoes of old newspaper controversies that belong to a dark and expired age. I doubt that any one save the Bierce fanatics aforesaid ever plowed through the twelve volumes."

At the head of what he calls "the Bierce fanatics," Mencken places "his chief disciples, George Sterling and Herman Scheffauer. Sterling has written about Bierce with gratitude and affection. Another disciple, Scheffauer, has greatly extended his fame abroad, especially in Germany." "But even these, his chief disciples, Sterling and Scheffauer," Mencken comments, "do not follow him. Sterling is a poet whose glowing romanticism is at the opposite pole to Bierce's cold realism, and Scheffauer has departed completely from the classicism of his master."

When Mencken wrote these lines (1925) both Sterling and Scheffauer were living, but within not many months both were dead, by suicide.

Mencken closes his critical estimate of Bierce by saying that "he wrote much better than Poe." In reading the collected works of both Poe and Bierce the present writer is forced to conclude that both wrote a great deal of trash. Still, in valuing a writer's work, one should judge him by his best and not by his worst. Thus valuing Poe, some of his best stories and poems are alive after nearly a hundred years. It does not seem probable that Bierce's best stories and poems will live so long.

George Sterling, some two years before his own death, wrote at length in the *American Mercury* of his intimacy with Bierce.

It began, he says, in 1893. Bierce was then fifty-one, and some eighteen years the elder. Sterling thus wrote of his meeting with Bierce: "I feasted on the summit of Olympus, at the very feet of the god. . . . Bierce was our Rhadamanthus of letters. . . . With a scratch of the pen he made or broke reputations. . . . The practice had its dangers . . . and though in his veins ran valorous blood, he was never without his big revolver."

Sterling was told by Bierce's brother, Albert, that Ambrose "often became suspicious, especially of his closer friends. He would remember each failing and slight, fancied or otherwise . . . and years afterward release the stored-up poison in a flood." Sterling adds: "I can bear witness to that trait myself, for I was to find it shown to his brother, to me, and to several others. . . . The main treason, in his eyes, seems to have been to disagree with him on any subject. He honestly believed his judgments infallible, and was intolerant of any dissent, however mildly proffered."

Bierce wrote to Sterling: "The man who expects anything but lip-service from his friends is a very young man. There are half a dozen Californians (all loud admirers of mine) editing magazines in the East. Every man Jack of them has turned me down.

"So you've subscribed for my Collected Works. Good! That is what you ought to have done a long time ago. It is what every personal friend of mine ought to have done, for all profess admiration of my work. It is what I was fool enough to permit my publishers to think that many of them would do. . . . My royalties on the sets sold to my friends are less than one-fourth of my outlay in free sets for other friends. Tell me not in cheerful numbers of the value and sincerity of friendships!"

Sterling comments: "My delay in subscribing for the 'Collected Works' was occasioned not by indifference but by poverty. But even that was no excuse" (that is, in Bierce's eyes).

It seems odd that Bierce, not a lover of human kind, should be so disappointed at the failure of potential "prospects" to purchase his books. From his viewpoint of humanity he should have expected it.

Sterling speaks frequently of Bierce's asthma rendering certain places impossible as residences. In the early days of the *Argonaut* he spent most of his time in the mountains skirting the Napa Valley—on Howell Mountain for a time. Generally the highlands agreed with him, but sometimes he changed from highland to lowland. He came from his Napa residence in 1893, when Sterling first met him, to his brother Albert's camp near Lake Temescal, in Alameda County. He brought with him "several cases of Schramsberger, his favorite vintage." (This was a Napa Valley

white wine, from the vineyards of old Jacob Schram.) Bierce was obliged, however, in a few days to return to his mountain retreat, owing to violent attacks of asthma. This malady clung to him all his life.

Years ago in San Francisco, judging from his conversation then, Bierce did not seem to find its climate specially unsuited to him. Therefore, his violent condemnation of that city in later years must have been due to other causes—perhaps moral ones. The California Book Club in 1922 published a volume entitled "Letters of Ambrose Bierce." In these he thus writes concerning San Francisco:

"It is the paradise of ignorance, anarchy, and general yellowness."

"It needs another quake, another whiff of fire, and more than all else, a steady trade-wind of grape-shot."

"It is a moral penal colony. It is the worst of all the Sodoms and Gomorrah's in our modern world."

Hard words, my masters!

Yet Bierce first came to San Francisco in 1866. After some years elsewhere he returned to San Francisco in the early seventies and married there. Leaving San Francisco in 1880 he returned again in 1881. He remained there for several years, then went East, returning from time to time.

If Bierce so loathed San Francisco, it is strange that he returned so often. If he so despised San Francisco, how extraordinary that he should for years have stooped to earn his livelihood there. If he considered it "a moral penal colony," it is odd that he lived there so long.

Sterling tells curious anecdotes of his friend. One day he and Bierce were in a canoe on the Russian River. Just having left the swimming pool of the Bohemian Club grove, Sterling wore a bathing suit. Approaching them was another canoe, paddled by Sterling's wife and Bierce's niece. "Bierce ceased paddling and demanded: 'Do you intend to meet my niece in that costume?' 'Why not?' I innocently replied. 'If you try it,' he replied, 'I'll put a bullet through your guts.' To humor him I laid aside my paddle, and swam back to the swimming pool."

Sterling adds that "on more than one occasion Bierce asserted afterward that he would have carried out his threat—and I, at the time, was his closest man-friend."

At the Bohemian Grove Jinks Bierce was a guest, and told Sterling he wanted to meet Jack London. Sterling feared the two men might be antipathetic, for Bierce detested socialism, and Jack London was a socialist. However, Bierce insisted, so Sterling "disentangled London from the poker game to which he gave his forenoons, and presented him." The new acquaintance-

ship brought no quarrel, and at midnight, after the Grove Play, Sterling and London "accompanied Bierce to his brother's home, to reach which we had to row across the river and walk a mile along the railroad track. London and I were ambling rather unsteadily along the ties, when he suddenly said: 'Why, where in hell's Ambrose?' Sure enough he had vanished."

They retraced their steps. Hearing Bierce's voice from the bottom of a twenty-foot trench, they descended and helped him to his feet. He was not injured. Arrived at their destination, "Bierce and London sat up for the rest of the night consuming each a bottle of Three Star Martel. Truly they were made of the stuff of heroes!"

Sterling remarks that "Bierce found his main happiness in the society of the woman for whom he cared most at the time." He adds that "the feminine spell never seemed of indefinite duration," and Bierce once said to him, in speaking of his migrations from valley to mountain: "Sometimes I use up the climate, and sometimes I use up the girl."

Concerning his attitude toward women, Sterling quotes from a letter from Bierce to him: "Girls is pizen, but not necessarily fatal. I've taken them in large doses all my life." Sterling adds: "His estimate of woman was strictly Mohammedan." He further remarks that "Bierce was a faithful correspondent with loves, past or present, and lived in terror of the publication of his [love] letters."

At a later period Sterling implies that Bierce changed his attitude toward women. "On his return to California in 1910 he had become engaged to marry a highly gifted and lovable woman of middle age. . . . During the summer of 1911 he was for several weeks the guest of my uncle at Sag Harbor. He was joined there by two women friends, one his secretary, the other a middle-aged school-teacher of unimpugned respectability, the two occupying a boarding-house in the vicinity. . . . It was Bierce's complaint that I had reported the fact to his fiancée, with lewd misinterpretations. 'At which,' Bierce wrote, 'she broke off our engagement.' . . . I have [wrote Sterling] from the lady in question a statement entirely exonerating me from so painful a charge. . . . Bierce did not, with such matter for resentment in his heart, bring up the matter with me when he was in California in 1912. . . . But the affair had been explained too late. . . . Bierce had crossed the border [of Mexico] and was to pass into oblivion within a few weeks."

Concerning Bierce's marriage, George Sterling wrote in his introduction to "In the Midst of Life" in the Modern Library: "Bierce had married, early in his Western career, the beautiful Molly Day. The couple took separate ways after the birth of

two sons and a daughter, nor were they ever to meet again." Sterling, by the way, wrote this introduction in October, 1926, the last lines he wrote for publication.

Sterling discusses "on which division of his work must Bierce base his claim to literary immortality."

What Bierce had told the present writer in the old *Argonaut* office, many years before, he later repeated to Sterling—that he did not regard his verse as poetry. Perhaps he was insincere. But more than once he put in print the remark: "I am not a poet." Still, Sterling says of Bierce's verse: "When he did essay the higher faculty, the results were more than satisfactory"—which is faint praise from one who was beyond question a poet.

Sterling says that Bierce considered himself great as a satirist, and was particularly proud of his satirical verse. Upon this he thought his claims to immortality would rest. It seems that he reluctantly was forced to omit from his Collected Works "forgotten columns in which were many thousand scintillations, like diamonds in a dust-bin." He wrote of these to Sterling: "Long after I'm dead a horde of damned thieves will quarry them." His apprehensions, however, seem to have been unjustified.

Sterling explains Bierce's dislike of socialism by "his early days on the *Argonaut*, when he had been drawn into its war on Denis Kearney and sandlotism." Furthermore, "he lost the most beloved of all his sweethearts to a socialist lecturer" after which no words "could express his loathing for the whole clan."

In his later days Bierce seems to have been more kowtowed to than in his youth, for Sterling says "he could not tolerate contradiction, and preferred a reverent attitude on the part of his friends and literary disciples." "He had so long been our Western assize of last resort that he had unconsciously developed a feeling that it was *lèse-majesté* for any one to venture on disputations with him." That self-delusion certainly did not exist in the eighties, for there was then no lack of disputants eager to cross swords with him. Among them I recall Arthur McEwen, who more than once had the better of Bierce, in the opinion of the newspaper fraternity. In his book "Shapes of Clay" Bierce had some verse attacking McEwen, which brought forth so savage a *riposte* that Bierce thereafter let him alone.

It is not worth while reprinting these replies to Bierce's attacks, any more than it was worth while for Bierce years afterward to reprint his attacks.

Bierce at that time signed "A. G. Bierce." One of his newspaper antagonists once dubbed him "Almighty God Bierce," and the title stuck to him for a long time. It so much annoyed Bierce that he finally dropped his middle initial.

These are, of course, trifles, but they serve to show how hypersensitive, how thin-skinned, are satirists themselves.

Bierce was accused, says George Sterling, "of laying a hand of ice on my muse." It is the belief of the present writer that Bierce's influence on Sterling's verse-writing was not to its advantage. Bierce has often admitted that he was not a poet: Sterling was. Bierce thought more of words than of poetic ideas; in much of his work he was a verbal juggler, a word-spinner.

Bierce did not relish any critical comment on his work, even when well intended. Once in the early *Argonaut* days I suggested to him that his putting the word "pronunciamento" in italics was unnecessary. "I put it so because it is a Spanish word," he retorted, rather tartly. I replied that the term as he used it was an Anglicized form of the Spanish word *pronunciamento*, and had been used as such in English for nearly a hundred years; that if he used the Spanish word it should go in italics, but that there was certainly no reason for italicizing an English word.

Bierce, who was rather disputatious, seemed inclined to question my knowledge of the subject. Nettled in my turn, I explained that the word came from the Spanish verb *pronunciar*, one of whose meanings is to issue a manifesto or proclamation; its past participle, *pronunciado*, had come to be used as a noun, meaning one who issues such a proclamation, frequently a rebel; while the noun *pronunciamento*, regularly formed from the verb *pronunciar*, usually meant the manifesto or proclamation issued by a leader—frequently a rebel.

Bierce seemed impressed by this mild display of erudition, and said he would change the word; adding: "I seem to have written myself down an ass—" which sounded over-bitter, as the mistake was trifling. This incident, too, is not important, and is merely told here as bearing on the doubtful story of his acting as Villa's military adviser.

During Bierce's middle years Sterling seems to have been his most intimate friend; not so much so, seemingly, in the satirist's later years.

As Sterling writes: "From the beginning of my poetical efforts I had been accustomed to submit to his criticism all that I wrote. However, the day was to come when I could not assent to all of his æsthetic suggestions" (*i.e.*, regarding Sterling's technique). "When my unwillingness began unmistakably to show itself he was not without evidence of pique."

In the *American Mercury* of May, 1927, Mary Austin, writing of George Sterling, tells of his fantastic adoration for Ambrose Bierce. She says that Sterling admitted that "Bierce formed his taste." Concerning Bierce himself, Mrs. Austin wrote: "I judged

him to be a man secretly embittered by failure to achieve direct creation . . . a man of immense provocative power. . . . I thought him something of a posturer, tending to overweigh a slender inspiration with apocalyptic gestures. . . ." Mrs. Austin adds concerning the relations of Bierce and George Sterling: "In the end they drifted into an attitude of slightly veiled antagonism over Sterling's acceptance of Jack London's version of socialism." It may be well to add here that "Jack London's version of socialism," to use Mrs. Austin's delightful phrase, was hastily abandoned by him when the World War made Socialism—pale or red, pink or parlor—at first unpopular, then dangerous.

However, Sterling remained loyal to Bierce, and was continually defending him in the press—in Bierce's later years against the public's indifference rather than the attacks of enemies. It therefore seems strange that after Bierce's death his reputation should have suffered more from disclosures by Sterling, in magazine articles and letters, than from any unfriendly source. Bierce liked to shroud himself in mystery, as H. L. Mencken says. But after his death much of it was stripped off by Sterling—such as Bierce's women affairs, his drinking, his outbursts of temper, his baseless suspicion of his intimates, his family scandals, his money troubles, his financial obligations to his friends—these and other weaknesses are minutely set forth by Sterling so that he who runneth may read. This seems peculiarly striking to the present writer, for the reason that he once attempted to dissuade Pixley from some acrid comment on Bierce's troubles with his wayward sons. Pixley was in no mood to listen, for Bierce had lampooned him for years. Pixley had not replied to Bierce's attacks, but grimly waited. He told me he was waiting for a time when he could thrust a barb into Bierce and twist it in the wound. That time came when Bierce's elder son was killed in a brawl, and a younger son was the centre of an unpleasant scandal. Pixley showed me what he had written, and asked my advice about publishing it. I urged him not to attack the man when he was suffering so horribly, but to postpone. "He never postponed any of his attacks on me," replied Pixley, "nor did the suffering of any of his victims cause him to relent. I will print it." And he did.

It appeared in the *Argonaut* of August 5, 1889. The reference in it to the death of a "younger boy" than Bierce's was based on the suicide of David Lesser Lezinsky. This youth wrote verses in the San Francisco journals of the day. He was young and sensitive, as many poets are, and Bierce's continual gibes at him in the *Examiner* drove him—so his friends averred—to suicide. Pixley's paragraph reads thus :

"If it be true, as alleged, that the gibes and jeers of the local press so worked upon the weak mind of a young man, maddened by passion and crazed by jealousy over an unworthy woman, that he should have resorted to murder and suicide to terminate his unpleasant and ridiculous predicament, may not the incident teach a moral lesson to those writers who indulge in such cruel and inhuman satire? May not the death of the younger Bierce teach the older man, his father, how sinister have been the bitter, heartless, and unprovoked assaults which he has spent his life in cultivating that he might the more cruelly wound his fellow-men? Might not an intellect so keen, a taste so critical, and a pen so caustic have been wielded to some higher and nobler purpose? Might not a life, now growing nearly to its close, have been passed more profitably to humanity, more happily to himself, than in indulgence in the practiced use of a pen more cruel than the most destructive and death-dealing of swords? Does there not rest upon this father the shadow of a haunting fear lest he may have transmitted to a sensitive and tender soul an inheritance which resulted in crime and death, while he was cultivating the gift of wounding natures just as sensitive and tender, who had not the courage to end them in murder and self-destruction, but were driven to hide their sorrows in secret?

"Perhaps this man with the burning pen will recall the names of those whom he has held up to ridicule and shame; the men and women whom he has tortured and humiliated; perhaps he will analyze the moral code which has governed him, and review the relations he has held toward men of whom he might at least have remembered that gratitude was something other than merchandise and payable as a debt. Perhaps this man may recall the time when a younger boy than his, with brighter hopes, folded his wings in a more peaceful death, leaving in his flight a mother's love and a father's fondest hopes; and, while they were in sorrow which could find no relief, how cruelly he wounded and tortured them because there had been said over the last remains of the son they loved words too eulogistic for his hard, incredulous stoicism. We are too sincere an admirer of the intellectual capacities of this gifted writer not to regret that when his remains shall have been gathered for entombment in the grave of literature, nothing will be found . . . that was kindly meant, nor aught that was not cruel and cruelly intended. Upon his tomb may be carved the inscription, 'He quarrelled with God, and found nothing in His creations worthy of the commendation of Ambrose Bierce.'"

Following Pixley's caustic review of Bierce and his family troubles, I reprint here a few lines concerning the matter written by his intimate friend, Sterling :

"At this time an incident occurred that throws a keen light on the hidden tragedy of Bierce's life. He had long been separated from his wife, and his two sons had grown up to be headstrong and dissipated youths. . . . The elder boy had been murdered by a gambler in a sordid love-affair in a northern town. The younger son, Leigh, who became one of my most frequent companions, now formed a liaison with a young woman, and was at last summoned before his father. He left my room defiantly, swearing that nothing could make him give up the girl. . . . But his affair with the slender, sad-eyed girl was ended with almost brutal abruptness, and in a few weeks she was dead [from illness]. Leigh, too, died a few years later."

Sterling's defense of Bierce was much needed in 1901. An election contest in Kentucky in 1900 resulted in a long and bitter quarrel. William Goebel, Republican candidate for governor, was finally declared elected by the legislature. Thereupon he was fatally shot by Caleb Powers. Kentucky was divided; a technical trial ensued; Powers went free. The affair produced a most unpleasant effect throughout the nation.

Bierce at the time was writing regularly for the Hearst papers. Concerning the Goebel murder, he printed this quatrain:

"The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast
Can not be found in all the West;
Good reason, it is speeding here
To stretch McKinley on his bier."

Sometime afterward President McKinley fell before the bullet of the assassin Czolgosz. Bierce was not a prophet, and could have had no foreknowledge of the McKinley murder. It was merely one of his wanton shafts, but in this case it found a target. Intense indignation was expressed all over the country. According to John K. Winkler, Hearst's biographer, it took the form, in many places, of boycotting the Hearst papers. They were excluded from many public libraries and club reading-rooms, while thousands of individuals dropped them. The resentment caused by Bierce's verse lingered long; in some clubs and similar institutions the boycott lasted for years. Of course the crusade against the Hearst papers was not all caused by this verse. Through 1900 and 1901 these papers had been savagely attacking President McKinley. In the editorials, in the cartoons, in departments such as Bierce's "Prattle," in the series of letters signed "A Gentleman," on every page of those papers were bitter attacks on McKinley. Among other high crimes and misdemeanors, the President was accused of supporting Admiral Sampson against Admiral Schley, in the Santiago controversy, and daily denounced

for doing so. In August, 1901, in the *Journal*, appear some verses by Bierce lampooning the President for his support of Sampson. The *Journal* on April 10, 1901, had printed an editorial attacking President McKinley, in which occurred the sentence: "If bad institutions and bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done." This and the Bierce verse were widely quoted, and were the chief points of the assault on the Hearst papers which followed. Naturally, Hearst's newspaper rivals intensified the popular feeling, which was already bitter. Hearst's biographer, John R. Winkler, says that "when the first papers containing the 'assassination editorial' reached his desk, Hearst ordered the presses stopped and the editorial 'toned down.'" As to the Bierce verse, Winkler says it "was printed without Hearst's personal knowledge." He adds that Bierce afterward stated that "Hearst never knew of this verse until after it was published." What Bierce actually did write afterward was this: "I dare say Mr. Hearst first saw the lines when all this hullabaloo directed his attention to them."

Bierce explained afterward that the purpose of his famous quatrain was to warn of the danger of "this particularly perilous precedent if unpunished." If this explanation was truthful, he must have been much surprised that the quatrain was so universally misunderstood. He wrote afterward: "So fierce was the popular flame that thousands of copies of the Hearst newspapers were torn from the hands of newsboys and burned in the streets. . . . That high-minded gentleman, Secretary Root, incorporated one of the garbled prose versions of my prophecy into his speeches"—referring to the time when Root was sent by President Roosevelt on a stumping tour against Hearst's candidacy for the governorship of New York. Bierce goes on: "No doubt it was my luckless prophecy that cost Hearst tens of thousands of dollars and a growing political prestige. For anything that I know or care they [the verses] may have cost him his election." Bierce seemed, on the whole, to be rather proud of his "prophecy." Winkler, Hearst's biographer, adds to the list of attacks narrated by Bierce, that Hearst was hanged in effigy "in several separated communities"; that "from more than one tree dangled two effigies, handcuffed together, representing Hearst and Emma Goldman, the anarchist"; that "it is doubtful if any American has ever faced a wilder storm of abuse"; that "he was everywhere denounced as a murderer, anarchist, and scoundrel."

Bierce's review of these matters, after he had left the Hearst papers, seems tinged with a curious satisfaction—not so much over the murder of McKinley as over the harm it had done to Hearst. He discusses his former employer at length, and expresses for him contempt and dislike. One wonders why, so feeling, he

should have worked for Hearst for twenty years. In apology for this, Bierce writes : " Possibly the easy nature of the service had something to do with it. As to the point of honor. . . . I persuaded myself that I could do most good by addressing those who had most need of me—the millions of readers to whom Mr. Hearst was a misleading light. Perhaps this was an erroneous view." This seems to convey the curious assumption that Bierce was fighting in Hearst's own papers the political, industrial, and economic doctrines of his employer. Even if Hearst permitted him this freedom—and he did not—and even if Bierce believed that he exercised so unique a power, how strange of him to boast of his disloyalty.

In the nineteen-twenties there arose quite a book-collectors' demand for Bierce's earlier works. They were frequently advertised for in the *Publishers' Weekly*, and were quoted by second-hand booksellers as "scarce items." Most of them had been issued by non-publishers, sometimes indifferently printed, and published in small editions. Such items soon become "scarce," and then "rare." The signatures of Button Gwinnett, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, are extremely rare, as he was thoughtful enough to be slain in a duel while still young. Therefore they fetch from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars apiece, while the signatures of John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Clark, and John Hancock, who lived long lives and wrote thousands of letters, are quoted at negligible rates. So was it with Bierce's books. The earlier ones fetch high prices, not for their literary merit, but for their scarcity. On the other hand, his "Collected Works," which he edited and revised with loving care, the book-collectors pass heedlessly by. These twelve volumes, handsomely printed, with "rivulets of text in meadows of margin," sell for a song; while some trumpery booklet of his youth fetches a round sum.

"The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

Concerning the stories of Bierce's joining Villa's army, the present writer disbelieves them utterly. Some of them are put forth with names vaguely attached calculated to lend them credence, but when examined they dissolve. Of this stripe is the gauzy tale told by Adolphe Danziger de Castro. He is the man who collaborated with Bierce in the production of a translation from the German in San Francisco some thirty-six years before. He was then called "Dr. Danziger," and was supposed to be German. He seems since to have become a Mexican, at least in name. In January, 1927, he challenged the *New York Times*, which persisted in "regarding the fate of Bierce as an unsolved mystery," despite De Castro's statement that the satirist had

been "shot by Villa's soldiers while attempting to desert." Of this story, the *Times* remarked: "It is possible it may be true, but Mr. De Castro does not tell us how he obtained the information." To this, Mr. De Castro retorts: "I might have been justified in believing one of my reporters (of *The Week in Mexico*), who told me that Mr. Lorenzo, formerly private secretary to General Villa, had told him certain matters regarding Ambrose Bierce." In order to verify these two persons' statements (although Mr. De Castro did not tell the *Times* what they were) he wrote to General Villa, asking for an interview. He prints in the *Times* Villa's reply, a vague undated note, which contains no reference to Bierce, or to anyone or anything else, but merely declines to grant the interview. Mr. De Castro says he insisted, and thereupon "Villa met him at the depot in Durango City." There, he says, Villa told him "that he drove Bierce away—in his own words *le hecho fuera*." This phrase, according to Mr. De Castro, meant that Villa, "for reasons of his own, preferred to have Bierce assassinated outside of the city of Chihuahua." He closes his article in the *Times* thus: "There is not the slightest doubt about the death of Bierce at Villa's orders." The *Times* remained unmoved before Mr. De Castro's mass of unconvincing testimony, contenting itself with professing polite skepticism.

In November, 1927, Robert H. Davis fell under the spell of Mr. De Castro, who into the porches of his ears did pour the accursed Villa's crime. Mr. Davis wrote it into a piece for the *New York Sun*. He seemed to have been entirely unaware of its appearance in the *New York Times* in January, 1927, for he copyrighted the tale; the *New York Sun's* editor seems to have been afflicted with a similar unawareness, for he printed it: the Associated Press seems also to have believed it to be "new matter," for that news agency listened to a repetition of Mr. De Castro's tale, paraphrased it (to avoid breach of the Davis copyright), and sent it to thousands of journals throughout the land. All of the editors who reprinted it seem to have shared this curious ignorance concerning the *New York Times*. Yet that journal had a sworn daily average circulation in 1927 of 447,651 copies. Apparently other daily editors never read it—it seems to be read only by readers.

The Associated Press need not have feared copyright troubles over Mr. De Castro's story, for in each successive version there is "new matter" differing from the old. The first De Castro story, *written* for the *New York Times*, is extremely vague; names, dates, precise details—these rivet one's attention by their absence. The second, *told* to the confiding Mr. Davis, is fuller; in it Mr. De Castro says—with many details, designed to

lend verisimilitude to a bald and unpleasing narrative—that “two of Villa’s generals had confessed to him [De Castro] that Bierce was killed for displeasing Villa.” In the third version, told to the Associated Press, Mr. De Castro gives General Hipolito Villa and General Reyes as his authority for the statement that two men were detailed to follow Bierce, and “about a mile out of town” they shot and killed him. This story is not so effective as the one told by the Associated Press some years before Mr. De Castro materialized; this story had Bierce “placed against a wall and shot by a firing squad.” However, Mr. De Castro may see its merit, and give it to us in a fourth version, revised and amended.

The California Book Club privately printed in 1922 a number of letters by Bierce, edited by Bertha Clark Pope. In two of these may be found the only clue to his end written by him. The book says that in December, 1918, his last letter to his daughter “mentions casually that he has attached himself unofficially to a division of Villa’s army. No other word has ever come from or of Ambrose Bierce.”

Elsewhere the book says: “You must try to forgive my obstinacy in not ‘perishing’ where I am,” he wrote as he left Washington. “I want to be where something worth while is going on, or where nothing whatever is going on. . . . Goodbye—if you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To be a Gringo in Mexico—ah, that is euthanasia!” This is ascribed to “a letter to a friend”—name not given. The friend was Mrs. Josephine McCrackin.

According to Mr. De Castro’s narrative, the death and burial of Bierce took place “just outside the city of Chihuahua.” According to the narrative of Edward S. (“Tex”) O’Reilly, it took place “just outside the consecrated ground of the cemetery at Sierra Mojada, a Mexican mining town.” Mr. De Castro’s terrain is in the State of Chihuahua; Mr. O’Reilly’s terrain is in the State of Coahuila. Other accounts (the authors anonymous) place the scene “outside the city of Durango,” which is in the State of the same name. These places are separated by some hundreds of miles.

Mr. O’Reilly’s narrative was printed in the *New York Times* of May 23, 1928. He says that he was an officer on the staff of Villa in 1914: “I never met Bierce, and did not see him die. But I investigated the story of the aged American who was killed at Sierra Mojada by several Mexicans who believed he was a spy. I learned that he was an old man with white hair and mustache. He could not speak much Spanish. He was in

and out of the saloons, morose and solitary, trying to get in touch with Villa's men, who had just left. Several Mexicans met him in a bar-room. One borrowed his pistol. Then they all went out for a walk, and in the outskirts of the town they shot him and buried him just outside the consecrated ground of the cemetery. I was so firmly convinced that this man was Bierce that I placed a marker at the grave, and burned his name into the piece of board." Mr. O'Reilly does not give very convincing evidence that Bierce's body lies beneath the burned board, but the next investigator will probably take oath that it does.

Another narrative is given on the authority of Dr. Edmund Molero, who said he "had known Bierce while they were together in the Villa forces." Dr. Molero is quoted as saying that he investigated the disappearance of Bierce; that he found Bierce had "deserted to the Constitutionalists;" that he had been captured with a Mexican near the village of Icamole; that he had "refused to answer the questions of Urbina, the Villa chieftain"; that he had been shot with his companion, and the two buried in a shallow grave at Icamole.

On December 10, 1925, there appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* an interview with Colonel Edwin Emerson, who in 1898 was with Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and who since has served as a war correspondent in various parts of the world. Says the *Chronicle*: "Colonel Emerson was in Mexico with Villa as a war correspondent at the time Bierce disappeared and when Bierce was supposed to have joined Villa's forces. Interrogated concerning this matter, Colonel Emerson replied: 'Ambrose Bierce was not in that region at that time. I was with Villa as war correspondent, and knew every American there. I was in close touch with affairs, and I am sure I would have heard of the arrival of such a character as Bierce. Legend has grown around that man. George Sterling, who worshipped at the shrine of Bierce, backs up this Mexican legend. But with the story which brings Bierce to his death, by foul or soldierly means in Mexico, I can not agree.'"

The narrative of George F. Weeks seems to be dated February, 1919. He visited the towns in Mexico where Bierce was supposed to have been last seen; he found no traces of him. Later, in Mexico City, he encountered "a Mexican officer," unnamed, who told Weeks that "a Mexican Army surgeon," also unnamed, had told him that Bierce joined the Villa staff in 1914; that he acted as adviser to Villa; that in 1915 a "white-haired American" with a Mexican servant and four mules laden with machine-gun parts and ammunition was captured by General Tomas Urbina; that this Villista general suspected the

American of gun-running to the Carranzista forces; that the American could speak no Spanish; that the Mexican servant confessed to the gun-running; that General Urbina ordered them both to be shot by a firing squad.

U. H. Wilkins was sent into Mexico by the San Francisco *Bulletin* to investigate the Weeks report. He reported in 1920, confirming it, adding that he had found a Mexican soldier who was a member of the firing squad, and who had a picture of Bierce which he took from the dead man's pocket.

There are many holes in these stories. De Castro has Bierce shot after the battle of Chihuahua in 1913. Weeks and Wilkins have him shot after the break between Villa and Carranza, which was long after the battle of Chihuahua. If he was alive between these first and second killings, something should have been heard of or from him during these months. But Colonel Emerson, who was with Villa during that period, insists that Bierce was not with the Villa forces; that he "was not in that region at that time"; that if he had been, Emerson would have heard of him.

Another discrepancy in the Weeks story is that Bierce acted as "adviser" to Villa. He knew no Spanish, knew nothing about Mexico, and knew less about the Huerta-Carranza-Obregon-Zapata-Villa intrigues. Men higher placed than Bierce did not understand them. President Wilson certainly did not.

That Bierce could have acted as adviser to Villa is preposterous. Edward H. Smith, in a book entitled "Mysteries of the Missing" (1928), says that Bierce's secretary in Washington, Miss Carne Christianson, received in January, 1914, a letter from him post-marked Chihuahua. At that time President Wilson had mobilized a large force of American troops along the Mexican border. As no further word came from Bierce for eight months, his daughter asked the State Department to investigate, and the War Department instructed General Funston to make inquiries about the missing man from the Mexican commanders along the border. Both departments failed to find any trace of him.

Arthur C. Bierce, a cousin of Ambrose Bierce, is an employee of the New York *Evening Post*. In that journal, in the summer of 1928, he related what he knew of the satirist. Arthur had met his cousin Ambrose in 1872, at the home of Royal C. Bierce in Wisconsin, where Ambrose had stopped on his way to London from California. "Ambrose Bierce," he said, "was the black sheep of the family. The Bierces were all religious people. They were Congregationalists, of Puritan strictness. They migrated from New England to Ohio, then part of the great North-west Territory. Ambrose's savage attacks on the faith in which he had been reared estranged him definitively from his relatives. As

to his end, there was always a feeling of the bitter futility of life in his writings. It increased as he grew older. There was always pain and vengefulness in his wit. I believe that his powers had begun to fail. He was fleeing from himself when he went into Mexico. He did not even say good-bye to his daughter. He just disappeared. And suicide, I believe, was the final disappearance."

At the time his last letters were written Bierce was in Washington, where toward the end of his life he resided. In that city (as a man without a title is a social pariah) he assumed his Civil War title, and was generally known as "Major Bierce." A California friend met him there one day at the lunch table in the Army and Navy Club. Two others in the party were retired army officers. In conversation, Bierce remarked casually that he was about going to Mexico. Asked if he meant the City of Mexico, he replied that he was going thither "by way of Chihuahua." Nothing further was said of Mexico, and Bierce's remark attracted no special attention. Therefore at the very time when he was writing to distant friends in a melodramatic way about being "shot against a wall" in Mexico, he confined himself, while talking to army friends across the table, to a commonplace remark about a trip to Mexico. If he had really intended to join Villa's army, such a plan would have been received with enthusiastic interest by his army friends. Fighting men love fighting—even old fighters. There would have seemed to them nothing at all out of the way in his contemplated adventure. That he was silent to them about it, while writing freely of it to others far away, seems to render doubtful the Villa adhesion. If he had mentioned it to his army friends, it would have entailed a minute and detailed discussion. On this, Bierce could not have been prepared to enter. If he had told them what he wrote to distant friends—the "firing squad," etc.—it would have seemed to them like mock heroics.

There is absolutely no proof of the story that Bierce was shot by Villa's order. It is flatly denied by Colonel Edwin Emerson, who was with Villa's command at that time, as set forth above. Bierce probably came to his death by suicide. His cousin, Arthur Bierce, so believes. Mr. De Castro in his various narratives says that he was the "confidant and friend" of Bierce; that he was in "constant communication with Bierce for a quarter of a century;" that "Bierce was a suicide by temperament;" that he "held the right of self-destruction to be inalienable."

There is no doubt that Bierce entertained these views, and that he confided them to other intimates. Among his favorite disciples were George Sterling and Herman G. Scheffauer. Elsewhere are given details of his long intimacy with Sterling, and of

his intellectual ascendancy over that poet. That Sterling came to entertain similar views on suicide was known to his associates. His intimate friends knew that he always had with him a vial containing the means of a sudden and painless death. In November, 1926, H. L. Mencken, an intimate friend of Sterling, came to the Pacific Coast. He was much entertained in Los Angeles and San Francisco. In the latter city, having parted jovially with Sterling over night, he went to keep an appointment with him on November 17, at the Bohemian Club. Sterling was said by the servants to be still in his room. Repeated knocks failed to arouse him, and the door was forced open. He was found dead by a quick poison—cyanide of potassium.

Herman Scheffauer, another favorite disciple of Bierce, had been an architect. On Bierce's advice he abandoned that profession for literature. As Bierce's followers phrased it, he was "launched by the Lion of Letters on a literary career." His poems, sketches, plays, were highly praised by Bierce. He wrote for 1908 the Bohemian Grove play entitled "The Sons of Baldur." In the World War time, Scheffauer's sympathies carried him to Germany, and there he remained when the war came to an end. In October, 1927, at his Berlin residence, Scheffauer killed his secretary, Katherine Von Meyer, and then cut his own throat. No reason was discovered. His friends said that he was inclined to "take life too seriously."

Prefacing "Shapes of Clay," a volume of verse published by him in 1903, Bierce printed these lines :

DEDICATION

With pride in their work, faith in their future, and affection for themselves, an old writer dedicates this book to his young friends and pupils, George Sterling and Herman Scheffauer.

The book is composed of savage satire. But there is in it no more bitter satire than that in the four words "faith in their future."

In 1878, there appeared in the *Argonaut* a number of striking poems signed Richard Realf. Nothing was known of Realf's pre-war life when he appeared in San Francisco. His Civil War record, which was good, was vouched for by his old commander, General John F. Miller. After Realf's sensational death, little concerning him came to light.

In 1898, Funk and Wagnalls published "Poems by Richard Realf," which book contains a biographical sketch by his bosom friend, R. J. Hinton. The friend explained that the long silence concerning Realf was to spare the feelings of his first wife—or rather his only wife, for the succeeding ladies seem not to have been legally married to Realf. After her death, Hinton felt at liberty to publish the facts concerning his dead friend, and he certainly was very frank. Realf's life-story was remarkable. He was born in Sussex, England, in 1834, of humble parents; his father was a rural constable, and had been a farm laborer; his sisters were domestic servants. The boy's good looks and brightness attracted the attention of a wealthy lady, Mrs. Parnell Stafford, who had him educated. When he was seventeen he was by her "shown off" to Lady Byron and her daughter Ada, to Miss Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Lady Jane Peel, and others, all of whom petted the bright boy, and paid for the publication of some of his first efforts at verse. Lady Byron was so much interested that she conceived the idea of giving Realf employment on one of her Leicestershire estates, where he was taken into the household of the manager, Mr. Noel, who was her nephew. At Lady Byron's desire, Realf was treated as an equal. He was then in his nineteenth year.

There was a young girl in the family, and the two soon became enamored. The Noel family did not note the growth of this attachment. After a number of apparently quiet months, Realf suddenly disappeared. It was then discovered that the young Noel girl was far gone in pregnancy. This scandal in the Noel mansion caused great perturbation in Lady Byron's circle at Brighton. The young lady's brother was summoned from the Continent; he sought diligently for young Realf, found him in a distant town, and gave him so severe a beating that the luckless lover was laid up in the hospital for many weeks.

Lady Byron, considering her troubles with her husband, and this scandal in her own family over her young protégé, did not seem to have much luck with young poets. She concluded it was well to assist Realf to emigrate to the United States, after which she washed her hands of him. He landed in New York in April, 1855. There he secured a place in the "Five Points House of Industry"—what we now call a "settlement." The Five Points was then New York's most dreadful slum. He remained there for sixteen months doing missionary work. He left there to go to "bleeding Kansas," to join the semi-military forces which began fighting there for "free soil." He arrived in Kansas in October, 1856. There he joined the Northern "free-soilers" who were fighting the pro-slavery men—mostly Missourians. In the same group with Realf were Thomas Wentworth Higginson, later

well known as a writer, and a commander of negro troops during the Civil War; James Redpath, later a lecturer on history; Oscar Lagrange, later a general in the Union Army, and after the war prominent in San Francisco, where he was superintendent of the mint. There were other well-known men in this group.

Realf left Kansas in January, 1857, for Springdale, Iowa, to join John Brown, who was drilling a nucleus of ten men for his expedition against the South. This attack was then supposed to be directed on Kansas and Missouri. Realf was elected "Secretary of State" of the new government which John Brown expected to erect in slave territory.

Brown sent Realf to England to arouse sympathy and obtain financial assistance for the cause. Realf was in Europe from June till September, 1859. While there, Realf dropped his propaganda job to study the Catholic faith; on his return to the United States he entered a Jesuit college at Spring Hill, Alabama, was instructed, baptized, and received into the faith.

John Brown made his assault on Harper's Ferry October 17, 1859. Realf does not seem to have been with him. The "Secretary of War," J. H. Kagi, was killed in the fighting there, but the "Secretary of State," Realf, was absent.

John Brown was tried, and sentenced to death, despite the poetic warning of Edmund Clarence Stedman, "But, Virginians, don't do it!"

"Each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,
Ossawatimie Brown,
Will trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin down."

Notwithstanding this warning, John Brown was hanged. And in accordance with Stedman's warning, he certainly did give the South much trouble after his death. For if his body was buried, his soul went marching on through the South for four terrible years.

It is not quite clear where Realf was when his captain was executed. Probably in the Jesuit College. Immediately thereafter he appeared in New Orleans. From there some one sent a letter to the Washington authorities "betraying" the secrets of the Brown campaign. James Redpath accused Realf of being the "traitor," but subsequently withdrew his statement. However, Realf was arrested, and taken to Washington. There he

volunteered to testify before a Congressional Committee. Closely examined by Jefferson Davis and J. M. Mason of Virginia, he testified at great length—mainly concerning the linking of the fighting in Kansas with the attack on Harper's Ferry. Released at last, he was given \$600 for witness fees and mileage, some of which he gave to former John Brown comrades in Cleveland, Ohio, whither he had gone.

Next—in March, 1860—he appeared at the Shaker settlement at Union, Warren County, Ohio. In one month he "united," became a member, and soon developed as an eloquent preacher of the Shaker doctrines. He remained with the Shakers for five months. Then he disappeared. From September, 1860, to July, 1862, his whereabouts were a mystery even to his friend and biographer Hinton. At the latter date he suddenly appeared in Chicago, and enlisted in the 88th Illinois Infantry. He showed great courage and ability, was rapidly promoted, and served through the war with honor. In 1865, when the war closed, he was on the staff of Brigadier-General John F. Miller.

After the war Realf met Sophia Emery Graves, a young lady from Maine, who was teaching school near Chicago. They fell in love, and were married in June, 1865. In September, he left her to go South to "investigate outrages against the negroes." On February, 1866, he wrote saying he was on his way home to join her. This was the last letter she received from him, and she never saw him again.

Mrs. Realf, however, continued to hear about him. What she heard made her conclude that he would not return, so she took her mother's maiden name, and was thereafter known as Mrs. Sophia Emery. She returned to her relatives in Maine, where she spent the rest of her life quietly. She never disturbed Realf. Even when she heard of his bigamous "marriage" to another woman, she made no complaint.

For about six months after his letter to his wife, there is no trace of Realf. On July 2, 1866, he wrote from New York City a letter to the secretary of the Oneida Community in Western New York, seeking for admission. This was a so-called "free-love" community, very famous in its day. Several letters were exchanged, and Realf gave his military record, his age as "thirty-four," and various other facts, but said nothing of being married. The secretary at last replied favorably, and Realf set forth to join the community at Oneida. But he got no further than Rochester. There he met his fate. In October, 1867, Catherine Cassidy and Richard Realf were "married" at the Church of the Holy Trinity. This mate was the one who afterwards became what the newspapers called his "nemesis."

Realf was never divorced from Sophia Emery Graves. That,

of course, he knew. He may possibly have supposed that she was dead.

When Catherine Cassidy began to make his life a burden, he said in one letter (to Hinton) that he had married her "during a prolonged debauch;" in another letter (to Colonel Samuel Tappan) that he had married her "in a fit of mental aberration."

After this "marriage" in October, 1867, his friends heard nothing of him until February 9, 1869, when he was arrested on the complaint of James Cassidy, and charged with stealing forty dollars. James Cassidy was the father of Catherine. Realf denied the theft, but said the money was due, and he had therefore taken it. The case was not pressed, and Realf was discharged. It seems to have been part of the Cassidy crusade against him. Realf left for South Carolina, then in the throes of reconstruction. He took a prominent part as a Republican speaker. As a reward, he was appointed Federal Assessor of Internal Revenue at Graniteville, South Carolina. A financial deficit developed in his office. Friends made it good. But his "nemesis" appeared, and between the two troubles Realf fled. He appeared at Indianapolis; she followed him. In December, 1869, he began delivering temperance lectures at Pittsburgh, where he remained for several years. His "nemesis" at last appeared, with an infant son, which she claimed was his. Realf repudiated the alleged paternity, and she had him thrown into jail for abandonment. Friends secured his release, and he applied for a divorce in September, 1872. He was granted a divorce February 14, 1873. His "nemesis" appealed the case, and the Supreme Court reversed the decree, and ordered him to pay alimony.

He then resumed his temperance lectures, adding some addresses on the Civil War.

During this period he seems to have contracted another alliance, for triplets were born to a lady who believed herself to be his wife. Rossiter Johnson, the well-known editor and writer, came forward to help the family. The boy baby was placed in an institution, the two girls were adopted, and the mother was lodged in a hospital. Realf himself besought assistance to get to the Pacific Coast, where he believed he could do well. Rossiter Johnson interested Henry Villard, Senator John P. Jones, and Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, and Realf was assisted to reach the Coast.

Realf arrived in San Francisco in July, 1878. General John F. Miller made him his guest at his country-place in the Napa Valley, and filed application to secure him a place in the United States Mint. In the meantime, General Miller introduced him to Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut*, which journal began the publication of some of his poems. This led to his location by his

"nemesis," who arrived in San Francisco October 26, 1878. She at once appeared at his lodgings. They had a violent scene, after which he went to Oakland, and secured a room at the Winsor Hotel. Next morning he was found dead by poison. He left numerous letters to various persons. Among them was one addressed to "the dearly beloved one," which General Miller was asked to forward. This lady does not seem to be one of the three who thought they were his wives. Hinton does not know who she was. His biographer believes there were a number of other ladies in his life, during the periods when he disappeared. But the biographer does not give or does not know their names.

Catherine Cassidy, claiming to be his widow, sold to General Miller a large quantity of manuscript, mostly poems. This General Miller turned over to the *Argonaut* for publication. It was found, however, that most of it, although written by Realf, had been published before.

Among the manuscripts found beside his death-bed was a poem beginning, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"; it was written in the form of three sonnets. It is an apology for his life, and is a very fine piece of work. It represents many hours—perhaps days—of earnest labor. No man could have written it in the short interval between a bitter quarrel with his "nemesis" and his suicide. It must have been written before his pre-mortem travail, and kept for use when the time came. It seems to show that he was determined, if the fates were against him, to take his life.

His Grand Army comrades conducted the funeral. He was buried in their plot at the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco, on a hill overlooking the Golden Gate.

This somewhat detailed account of his life and death is given here as a curious human document. Realf seems to have been a crusader, as shown by his joining John Brown's desperate enterprise; he was a brave soldier, as shown by his record in the Civil War; he was religious, as shown by his linking himself with various groups of believers; he was highly gifted; he had poetic talent; he was handsome; he had personal charm; he was without financial honor; and in his relations toward women he seems to have been a sort of immoral moron.

As the Psalmist says, "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

A writer who followed a unique vein in short stories was Robert Duncan Milne. His work appeared in the *Argonaut* for a number of years, beginning with its earliest issues.

Milne came of a good Scottish family. His father was a cleric of high standing. Milne was educated at the University of Edinburgh. He had an unfortunate weakness for drink, which may have led his family to exile him to America. He received from them at intervals a modest remittance. During the short time this lasted he lived *en prince*, and was surrounded by alcoholic courtiers. When the remittance was exhausted, he went to work writing stories.

And such stories! He possessed the power of making the impossible seem possible. He took the *Argonaut* readers to the North Pole in an air-ship. He led them into the bowels of the earth like troglodytes. He flew with them into celestial regions in flying machines. He established communication with Mars by means of a colossal aerial reflector. He bombarded San Francisco with Chilean naval guns. He dropped dynamite all over California from hostile balloons. He hired buccaneers to steal seventy millions from the Federal Treasury in San Francisco. He brought to their notice a gentleman who remained frozen in a block of ice for ten thousand years, but whom Milne kindly brought out and introduced. Finally, he destroyed the world in a terrific cataclysm.

Milne in his stories followed the lead of Jules Verne, at that time probably the most successful writer of the day. Some years later H. G. Wells published a number of short stories in a similar vein, but on a higher literary plane. Wells's short stories I consider a remarkable literary achievement; it is to be regretted that he abandoned them to write full-length books, which pay better. Many of the marvels forecasted in Milne's stories (1878-1890) and in Wells's stories (about ten years later) have become part of our every-day life. When they were written most readers considered them fantastic, and some thought them absurd. Milne's story, "Ten Thousand Years in Ice," was by some believed to have been suggested by Edmond About's "*L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée*." I see little or no resemblance. The idea of suspended animation has been used by many writers. Milne had no need to borrow other men's ideas—he had plenty of his own.

He was one of the few writers I have had to deal with who would take a suggested plot or idea and work it up into a finished story. The invasion of San Francisco was suggested to him, to be modeled on "The Battle of Dorking." This fictitious battle had been so widely discussed that a charge of plagiarizing it was ludicrous. But one of the San Francisco dailies solemnly accused Milne of stealing his story from "The Battle of Dorking."

Poor Milne showed me this paragraph and remarked: "Hard

lines, Mr Hart. A man who has more ideas than he can use, yet is accused of stealing the ideas of others."

In addition to his alcoholic handicap, Milne stuttered. I have never met a man who stuttered worse. At times, when talking, it seemed as if he could not surmount some verbal crag. Strange that a writer with such a fluent pen should be so halting in his speech. Still stranger that a man with such a fine mind should struggle to muddle it with drink.

For he did struggle. He did not desire to be free of his evil demon. Once when he had been missing for many days a gentleman called on me, saying that he was from Scotland, was travelling around the world, and desired to know the whereabouts of Milne. He implied that he was desirous of "rescuing" him, and taking him back to Scotland, where he seemed to think there were no temptations. I privately doubted whether Milne would go. However, I promised to bring them together if possible. Finally Milne was found, recovering from a spree. I told him of the presence of his family's friend, and of the friend's desire to take him back to his family in Scotland.

Milne's countenance clouded. Evidently the idea did not please him. His displeasure was betrayed by an unusually staccato stutter as he replied :

"I d-d-d-don't want t-t-t-to see him. He's a c-c-c-c-cold water c-c-c-c-crank."

My well-meant efforts to bring them together failed. Milne did not return to Bonnie Scotland, the land of no temptations.

During all the years he wrote for us I never knew Milne's address. After one of his disappearances mysterious messengers would come to my office, bearing notes with a request for an advance. These requests I always honored, although they recalled the legends of Fleet Street, the tales of its flinty-hearted publishers, and the melancholy stories of the poor booksellers' hacks of Grub Street. Milne always punctiliously kept account of these advances when next he collected for his work.

The appearance of Milne's story, "Ten Thousand Years in Ice," had a curious sequel. One morning the *Argonaut's* large mail was abnormally swollen by a bunch of letters from Vienna, from Budapest, from Belgrade, from Prague, from Bucharest, and from various other cities and towns in what used to be Austro-Hungary, and what is now Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. A few of these letters were in English, some in German, Hungarian, and other languages of the defunct polyglot empire. They came from people in every station of life—Magyar noblemen, military officers, professional men, actors, small shopkeepers, and what not. All wrote breathlessly, demanding further

particulars concerning the gentleman who had been so long frozen. But the excited subjects of Francis Joseph never had their curiosity satisfied. Milne had promised a sequel giving the desired particulars, but circumstances prevented his writing it. It seems that the avalanche of letters was due to the fact that Madame Fanny Steinitz, a lady living in Budapest, had translated the story for the *Pesther-Lloyd*, a widely circulated journal. Hence the commotion.

Fiction-writers, playwrights, poets, and others of the imaginative crafts who ply their trades in the ancient Hapsburg dominion, are fortunately situated. They have a highly emotional audience. It is not so in the good old U.S.A.

Some of these letters bore the letter-heads of important business institutions, such as "Aradi Szechenyi-Gozmalomarader Szechenyi-Dampfmuhl-Resveny-Tarsasag Actien-Gesellschaft," which, as its name indicates, belonged in Arad, Hungary. Another was headed "Maschinenfabrik Eisen-und Metallgiesserei," which hailed from Fuenfkirchen, Hungary. One came bearing the heading "Ugyved Dr. Rusznyak Samu, Advokat," with his address in Budapest. He was a prominent lawyer, and was so anxious to verify the story that he subscribed for the *Argonaut* to ensure receiving the sequel. Several other letters were from lawyers, and two or three from army officers.

How ingenuous must be the Slavic nature! Fancy a number of serious American business men writing to an American journal for further particulars concerning an imaginative scientific story.

For a number of years Milne wrote for the *Argonaut*, ceasing only when the *Examiner* employed him. When W. R. Hearst took over that journal, its editors sought to engage a number of the brighter writers on the local press. As the *Examiner's* financial backing enabled it to pay more than any other journal in San Francisco, its editors succeeded. Milne became an *Examiner* staff writer, and was soon given a "Keeley Cure" detail, for which his idiosyncrasies equipped him, as its treatment was supposed to remove the taste for liquor.

The Keeley Cure was sometimes called the "Gold Cure," the popular impression prevailing that its apostles administered "elixir of gold" or "chloride of gold" to the patients. To my thinking the gold flowed the other way—from the patients to the apostles. However, the "cure" caused a great sensation at the time. Many heavy drinkers were cured of their alcoholism. Some relapsed. Several rich men's sons in San Francisco, whose liquor addiction had defied all parental suasion, yielded to the Keeley Cure. One such young man came into a fortune of ten millions, left in trust by his parents until he should reform. He died in 1907 of cancer.

The *Examiner* editors thought it would be an interesting stunt for Milne to write up the Keeley Cure; then to take the Keeley Cure; then to write up his experiences while taking the Keeley Cure; and finally to write up his physical feelings, moral reflections, and psychic reactions after taking the Keeley Cure. Milne did all this, and his articles caused quite a sensation.

But Milne followed up, as they say in business, and followed through, as they say in golf. He proceeded to do a relapse stunt. It was whispered at the time that he was tempted into drinking again by his editors, who desired some more sensational copy. Whether this was true I do not know. But there was no question about his relapse—he fell again into drunkenness, seemingly worse than before.

The poor devil did not last long. While far gone in drink one day, on a crowded city street, he met with a traffic accident which caused his death.

In the first numbers of the *Argonaut*, in 1877, appeared a department entitled "Fancy Free," by Charles Warren Stoddard. It was made up of prose and verse, faintly resembling the work of the "Colyumists" of the nineteen-twenties, but more finished. Stoddard wrote much other matter for the old *Argonaut*, including sketches, stories, and poems. Stoddard's spelling was peculiar. Although a master of English style he never had mastered English spelling. However, the printers were usually able to cope with his orthography. But one day there occurred a word in his manuscript that defied the *Argonaut's* experts. The context shed no light as to what its meaning might be. Stoddard was sent for, and interrogated. He was greatly surprised. "Why," he exclaimed, "that word is perfectly plain. I don't see how any one could mistake it. It is *s-t-o-u-g-h*, stuff."

His *Argonaut* department he finally discontinued. He loathed Bierce, and Bierce detested him. Stoddard accepted a kind of roving commission from the San Francisco *Chronicle*; for several years he wrote travel sketches for that journal from various parts of the world; these were subsequently collected and published in book form, together with part of his *Argonaut* work. The titles of some of these volumes are: "South Sea Idylls"; "Mashallah, a Flight into Egypt"; "The Lepers of Molokai"; "In the Footsteps of the Padres"; "Exits and Entrances"; "For the Pleasure of his Company." Stoddard had an agreeable prose style, and the critics spoke highly of his poems. He was a prominent member of the old Bohemian Club.

When middle-aged he published, anonymously, a small book

entitled "A Troubled Heart and how it was Comforted," in which he told of his conversion to the Catholic Church. Shortly afterward he became professor of English literature in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., which post he filled for many years.

Stoddard was born at Rochester, New York, in 1848, and came to California in 1855. He died at Monterey in 1909, and lies in the Catholic cemetery there.

A few days before his death he had his attendant burn all his letters and other manuscripts.

Beginning in August, 1879, there appeared in the *Argonaut* a series of sketches entitled "Recollections of a Native," by Clay Meredith Greene. In these, the writer claimed to be the first white child born in California of American parents. He was born in San Francisco, March 12, 1850. But gradually, as the years rolled by, he was pushed from his throne. Many native daughters, whom modesty had restrained (in 1877) from disputing his statement, had no hesitation in the succeeding century, when well stricken in years, in claiming priority of birth. There were also some native sons who antedated him.

In his "Recollections" Clay Greene told of the time when the waters of San Francisco Bay came up to Montgomery Street; when gigantic sand-hills so blocked Market Street that in going to the Mission one had to make a southerly detour; when the "steam paddy" was slowly levelling these hills along what was to be the city's main thoroughfare; when it took half a day to go to Oakland in a stern-wheel steamer crawling up "San Antonio Creek"; and other strange and incredible tales.

Shortly after writing this series for the *Argonaut*, Clay Greene took up his residence in New York City, where he remained for a number of years. He wrote numerous plays, was prominent in dramatic circles, and was Shepherd of the Lambs Club for many terms. One of his most successful plays was "Struck Oil," written for James Williamson and Maggie Moore. Others were "M'liss," "Chispa," "Sharps and Flats," "The Golden Giant," "An International Match," "Forgiven," "Sybil," "The Master Stroke," "The Duchess," and many others. Clay Greene in 1928 said he "had written about seventy-five plays, of which twenty-five had been produced." His play "M'liss," a dramatization of Bret Harte's story of that name, was first produced in 1878. Katie Mayhew played the girl. Annie Pixley played it later for a number of years. It was revived in 1903 with Nellie M'Henry as M'liss.

Quite a success was "The New South," produced by Joseph R. Grismer and Phoebe Davies. In 1901, Greene brought out a play entitled "Nazareth," sometimes called "The American Passion Play." It was produced at Santa Clara College, California, and was so successful that it has been put on at that college theatre many times since.

Arthur McEwen wrote for the *Argonaut* at various times extending over a series of years. His first contributions, in its early days, were short-stories; in later years he did editorial work and special articles.

He was born in Scotland in 1851. He emigrated to Canada, thence to California. There he was forced to work on the railway track with pick and shovel; when he had at this task accumulated some money he took a course in English literature and rhetoric at Berkeley, following this with a lecture, delivered all over the Coast, on "Hard and Easy Shoveling." About this time he secured a job as editor of a new real estate weekly, but it soon died. He then went to Nevada, and obtained employment on the *Virginia City Chronicle*. Leaving there, he returned to San Francisco and became editorial writer on a new daily, the *Mail*, conducted by D. Dalziel. This soon died. McEwen then went to the Stockton *Mail* for a time. He left this job in 1884 to found a weekly, the *San Franciscan*, with Joseph T. Goodman and Thomas E. Flynn; it ceased publication in not many months. He was then offered the editorship of the *San Francisco Post*, at that time conducted by Backus and Sheehan. He left this paper when W. R. Hearst branched out with the *Examiner*, and employed McEwen, who remained with him for some years. He left the *Examiner*, and became a "free lance" for a time, during which period he wrote for the *Argonaut*, and started a weekly San Francisco letter which he syndicated to a number of rural journals. It was generally headed "Arthur McEwen's Letter." One week he pitched into M. H. De Young with such vigor that he was surprised at the chorus of approval that came from his rural readers. The editors of the country journals joined the chorus, and urged McEwen to renew his attacks on De Young. This demand gave McEwen the idea of starting a small weekly called *Arthur McEwen's Letter*. With him was associated Franklin K. Lane as business manager. The entire first number was devoted to a bitter philippic on De Young. They sold over twenty thousand copies of the first issue, which determined McEwen to give up writing for other journals and to concentrate on his own. He came in to my office to announce

his change of plans, to give up writing for the *Argonaut*, and to bid me farewell. I told him that I was sorry to lose him, for I liked his work. His cryptic reply was: "Yes, and I like to write for you, for your paper is white."

I saw him again not many months later. He came in to announce the discontinuance of his weekly. He said: "The first two or three weeks I sold many thousands of copies. I was on velvet. But when I changed from De Young to other editorial topics, the sales dropped heavily. The news-dealers told me I would have to keep up my attacks on De Young. In short, according to them, I would have to run a paper called *The Weekly Mike*. I declined, and suspended my weekly."

In addition to his statement, I heard elsewhere that De Young had threatened to bring suit for heavy damages for libel.

After McEwen discontinued his weekly, he went back to Hearst, becoming editorial writer on Hearst's New York paper. John Wanamaker later employed him to take charge of the Philadelphia *North American*; this he ran for a year or so, leaving for a European trip. On his return he went back to Hearst, leaving him again in 1905 to attach himself to the San Francisco *Bulletin* in its fight against Schmitz and Ruef. When Schmitz was re-elected, McEwen left San Francisco for New York, where he again became an editorial writer on the Hearst papers. He went to Bermuda for a brief rest, and while there died suddenly of heart failure, May 2, 1907.

McEwen wrote much for us in the intervals between these various employments. As will be seen from the above, he was very changeable. We were always glad to see him return. He was an accomplished and versatile writer. In addition to that, he was a brilliant talker.

Peter Robertson, when he first arrived in San Francisco, wrote for us for several years. He had a marked taste for doing critical writing about the stage, but the post of drama critic was filled, and we had no room for him there. He therefore did much dramatic gossip about actors, managers, playwrights, and the like, thus supplementing the work of our drama critic. He did also miscellaneous work and feature articles.

About that time there came to San Francisco a man claiming to be the "Tichborne Claimant." In England one Sir Roger Tichborne had mysteriously disappeared some years before. A man declaring he was Sir Roger came forward at last. His claims were disputed, and a long trial ensued, which is one of the famous cases in English jurisprudence. The San Francisco claimant told

a plausible story to us of the *Argonaut*, but when I requested him to put it in writing his grammar and spelling seemed unlike that of the caste of Vere de Vere. However, it was a good story. As to its truth—well, as Pontius Pilate said, what is truth? Who was I to pass on that? I was not the Court of Queen's Bench, or the House of Lords. So I got Peter Robertson to fix up the wobbly spelling and the tottering syntax, and we told it to the world. It made a great sensation. The world was not so blasé then as it is to-day. If you want the world to-day to sit up and listen you need a loud speaker.

Over the lapse of years it seems to me that our claimant turned out to be a fraud. So, it is true, was the other one—he was proved to be one Arthur Orton, butcher, of Wapping. But our claimant claimed to be *the* claimant who was convulsing all England at the time—which he was not. That person was the Wapping butcher—the true claimant—or rather the false claimant—or whatever he was. Our man was a fraud upon a fraud—one falsely assuming to wear Orton's honors—or dishonors. However, we did not endorse his story. We merely printed it.

Peter did other work for us in the line of special articles, and always did it well. He became a member of the Bohemian Club, and one of its most popular contributors at the "Jinks." He grew intimate there with composers and playwrights, and as a result wrote the libretto for the comic opera "His Majesty," music by Humphrey J. Stewart; he also wrote several plays, all of which are unknown to fame to-day. At the première of one of them the present writer, seated near the playwright, distinguished himself by going to sleep in the middle of the second act. A mutual friend called the dramatist's attention to this inexcusable act, and suggested that the sleeper be awakened. But Peter only remarked sadly: "He is right; I wish I could go to sleep too."

In addition to his plays, Peter published several books, made up mainly of material selected from his *Argonaut* and other newspaper articles.

Peter finally severed his connection with the *Argonaut* to fill the post of drama critic on the *Chronicle*. This position he filled for more than twenty-five years. He died in 1911.

A story manuscript came to our office one day which attracted my attention. The scene was laid in France, and it was so Gallic in tone that it sounded like a translation. I wrote to its author, Harry D. Bigelow, inquiring if he had done much writing, and asked him to call at my office. He turned out to be very young

and clever. He wanted steady employment where he could write, so he became one of our staff. He remained in my office for several years, and I found him an invaluable assistant. Our tastes were similar in various ways: we both had been omnivorous readers from childhood; both had a liking for French literature; and both were fond of verse. This was before the International Copyright Law of 1891, and Bigelow used to go through the English periodicals, and mark poems for me to pass on. From them we reprinted many fine poems by Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley, and other poets of that period. I remember still how delighted we both were with Dobson's "Ballade of the Prodigals" and "The Ladies of St. James's." Bigelow also winnowed the worth-while pieces from the mass of manuscripts we received, and this greatly lightened my labors.

He began with a nominal salary, but this was rapidly raised, until he was receiving a substantial sum. One day he surprised me by announcing that he had accepted another position. I asked if it was a question of higher salary, but he replied that we had treated him more than liberally; his reason for leaving was that H. B. McDowell, then running a new weekly, the *Ingleside*, had promised him a position, and an interest in the ownership. With this roseate future before him, there was nothing more for me to say. We parted good friends, and remained so.

The *Ingleside* perished in about two years, and Bigelow joined the *Examiner* staff. Some of his brilliant work on that paper is mentioned elsewhere in these pages. He was a great favorite there—and everywhere. He died young.

Ben C. Truman wrote for the old *Argonaut* for a number of years. He was born in Rhode Island in 1835, and came to California in 1867. Before the Civil War he was on the *New York Times* for five years. While serving as major in a Union regiment recruited in Tennessee, he was appointed provost marshal of Nashville by Senator Andrew Johnson, then military governor of Tennessee by President Lincoln's appointment. In 1862, Governor Andrew Johnson placed Truman on his staff, and later appointed him his secretary. Truman at his own request was detached several times for field duty, and was at Stone River, Missionary Ridge, and all the battles of the Atlanta Campaign. He also acted as war correspondent for the *New York Times* and *Philadelphia Press* during the war. When Lincoln was assassinated President Johnson appointed Truman as his private secretary. Later President Johnson sent him to the South as his special agent to report to the President on the workings of

reconstruction; in this task he was engaged for eighteen months. On his return President Johnson appointed him paymaster in the regular army, with rank of major. Truman accompanied President Johnson on his famous tour "swinging round the circle," and in later years wrote much inside history of the conspiracy to degrade and impeach President Johnson. He left the army to become a newspaper publisher in Los Angeles. After some years he sold out to become head of the advertising department of the Southern Pacific Company, which post he filled for some twelve years; during that period he handled the company's publicity at fairs in Liverpool, Manchester, and New Orleans; also at the American exposition in London. Leaving this position, he practically retired, filling thereafter only such honorary posts as Commissioner to the Chicago and Paris Expositions.

Truman's experiences in the Civil War time, and in Washington under President Johnson after the war, gave him abundant material to draw upon. He wrote much on the many duels in the United States prior to the war, and published a book on the subject, "The Field of Honor." He was the author of a number of other books, including a voluminous history of the Chicago Exposition. His acquaintance in many cities equipped him to write much pleasant personal gossip. Altogether his wide knowledge of men and affairs in times of peace and war made him a valuable contributor to the *Argonaut*. At one time he left, owing to quarrels with Bierce, but returned after Bierce left.

When the Hotel del Monte was youthful, Truman got out a weekly to sing its praise, called the *Del Monte Wave*. When the hotel seemed firmly established, Truman sold the paper, and it was thereafter conducted by J. O'H. Cosgrave. It was a bright paper, but did not live long.

Harry J. W. Dam contributed stories, sketches, and miscellaneous work to our early numbers. He laid aside journalistic writing to become secretary to General George Stoneman when that army officer was elected Governor of California. Before Stoneman's term expired, Harry Dam left for New York City, where he did some clever sketches for the *New York Times*. He left New York for London, where he spent practically the rest of his life, doing miscellaneous writing for the press, and some work for the stage. He was the author of one play, "The Shop Girl," which was a London success. He went to the West Indies on a health trip, and died there in April, 1906.

A contributor to the earliest numbers of the *Argonaut* was George H. Jessop, who wrote what then were called *vers de société*

—in the vein of H. C. Bunner in the United States, and Præd, Calverly, and Dobson in England. Jessop gave to some of his verses a local flavor; in one rhymed chronicle, concerning the drama critics of the various dailies, he touched lightly on his colleagues, saying of one :

“ The *Alta*—ah ! a pretty sight,
 The usher sees the seat is ready,
 The critics’ corner seems more bright ;
 With gentle bows to left and right,
 The lorgnette rests in fingers white—
 The *Alta*’s critic is a lady.

“ She knows the business of the play,
 Knows how to praise and blame in season ;
 Is captious in a playful way,
 Prefers the serious to the gay ;
 Well, she is right to take her way,
 You know *Les dames ont toujours raison*.”

This lady was my elder sister, Mary Therese Austin, who for some time had filled the post of drama critic on the *Alta*. She later joined the *Argonaut* staff, and wrote its drama and music critiques until her death in 1889.

Jessop soon left for New York City, where he wrote for various periodicals, was the author of several books, and also devoted much time to work for the stage. One of his plays, written for William H. Crane, was quite a success.

Daniel O’Connell, one of the contributors to the old *Argonaut*, was born in Ireland in 1849. He came to California in 1868, leaving the British navy, in which he served as midshipman. He became, for a time, a member of the faculty of Santa Clara College, and later of St. Ignatius College. But journalism attracted him, and for a number of years he labored on various San Francisco papers. He was extremely versatile, and wrote stories, sketches, poems, plays, and opera librettos. From his poems, printed in the *Argonaut* and other journals, he selected a certain number which were published in book form by A. M. Robertson. One of his volumes is entitled “ Songs from Bohemia.” Another, “ Later Lyrics.” He died in 1898.

One of our early contributors was James O’Meara. He wrote much reminiscent matter about the political and personal quarrels of the fifties. His little book “ Broderick and Gwin ”—now rare—is an authority on the Broderick-Terry duel, at which combat O’Meara was one of the spectators. He believed that the real quarrel at that time was between Broderick and Gwin. O’Meara also entertained heterodox notions about the Vigilance Committee of 1856; he maintained that many

criminals hastened to join it in order to forestall possible danger to themselves.

In the early days of the *Argonaut* Alexander Del Mar was a frequent contributor on economic topics. He was a specialist in matters concerning mines, metallurgy, bimetallism, finance, and kindred topics. He wrote a number of articles for the *Argonaut* on Chinese immigration, which was a burning issue up to the time of the Exclusion Act of 1880. The remonetization of silver was a topic on which he was prolific. Although a man of ability, Del Mar was not popular. In the eighties, at an annual meeting of the Bohemian Club, a violent debate was raging in which Del Mar took part. His side was outvoted, and in a fit of petulance Del Mar rose and tendered his resignation, which was at once accepted. About ten minutes later Del Mar again rose to speak, but was called to order by Walter Holmes on the ground that Del Mar was no longer a member. "The gentleman's point of order is erroneous," said Del Mar. "I offered my resignation to take effect at the end of the month." Walter Holmes solemnly replied: "I withdraw my point of order. In the general joy over the gentleman's resignation, its date was overlooked."

Ralph Sidney Smith worked in the office as sub-editor in the early days. He also wrote stories, sketches, and poems. He left us to run a rural paper in San Mateo County. While there he took sides in some local dispute; this led to an altercation with the town bully, who shot and killed poor Smith. The murderer was acquitted on the ground of "self-defense."

Lawrence S. Vassault became a sub-editor in 1884, and remained with us for many years. His time was mainly devoted to the miscellaneous work of an editorial office, although he found opportunity to make occasional translations. He went East to seek a larger field. There he became one of the editors of the *Cosmopolitan* when it was owned and directed by John Brisbane Walker.

Ferdinand I. Vassault was in the employ of the *Argonaut* for a number of years, part of the time in the editorial office and part of the time as business manager. He decided to seek a new field, and became Associate Editor of the *Bellman*, a Minneapolis weekly modelled on the *Argonaut*.

From the first numbers in 1877 onward, the *Argonaut* frequently printed poems by General Lucius H. Foote, a veteran of the Civil War, and first United States minister to Korea. General Foote was handsome, polished, and agreeable; I used to wonder why such a man should care to exile himself in a semi-barbarous country like Korea. It was during his incumbency that the treaty was signed between the United States and Korea by which we promised our "good offices" to that little country in case it

was attacked. In 1905, Korea had reason to learn that Bethman-Hollweg was right when he wrote in 1914 that "treaties are scraps of paper." General Foote returned after a few years in Korea, and continued to write occasional poems for us until his death.

Among those who contributed verse to our columns in the old days was Alfred Wheeler, an attorney of high standing, who was counsellor for various San Francisco public utilities. This in itself seems odd—a specialist in the law of corporations writing sonnets and other verse. What also seems odd is that his *magnum opus* between covers was entitled "Abstract of the Land Titles of San Francisco." This work is very valuable—has, in fact, been indispensable to the courts, conveyancers, and title-searchers of San Francisco for two generations. Yet one finds no trace of poetry in its dryasdust pages. To add a third to these strange facts, when Alfred Wheeler died, his son, Alfred A. Wheeler, began contributing verse to our columns. The poetic faculty is rarely hereditary, but in this case the rule was broken. Both father and son wrote verse of a high order. In May, 1928, the son, Alfred A. Wheeler, died. Out of his estate he left a sum of money to publish a volume of his poems. The poetic instinct yearning for expression after death.

Frequent stories and poems appeared in the old *Argonaut* signed A. E. Watrous. He lived in the East, and my acquaintance with him was only by letter. His work was always good, and occasionally very unusual. One day there came from him a poem entitled "The Body of an Unknown Man." Some stanzas follow :

I came at dawn from out the silent house,
(*The last night's kisses warm upon my lips*)
Wearied the dance, and stilled the revel's rouse ;
Done the long joys, where these joys found eclipse,
(*The last night's kisses warm upon my lips.*)

I mind the wharf—a wharf disused and lone,
(*The last night's whispers sighing in my ears*)
Gray waters weltered 'round each slimy stone ;
Gray waters weltered through its crazy piers,
(*The last night's whispers sighing in my ears.*)

Small travail mine ; long-planned and picked my way,
(*The last night's kisses warm upon my lips*)
I stare at noontide from the glassy bay ;
Beneath my head the long swell lazy slips,
(*The last night's kisses frozen on my lips.*)

Some days after we printed the poem I was looking over our exchanges. In an Eastern paper Watrous's name in the headings caught my eye. The article told of his body having been found floating in the waters of the harbor.

XI

A ROSTER OF "ARGONAUT" WRITERS

QUITE a notable feature of the old *Argonaut* was its short-stories. For nearly a third of a century it printed hundreds of these brief tales, most of them Western and frontier in tone. During my long editorship I devoted much attention to this feature. The type of story I sought was from two to five thousand words in length. The model I suggested to young writers asking our requirements was Guy de Maupassant. This writer was born in 1850, and in the early eighties was at his zenith. He excelled in the very short story—what the French call the *conte*. In from two to three thousand words he succeeded in compressing plot, construction, characterization, suspense, climax. His work was concise; his style limpid—as was natural, considering his apprenticeship under Gustave Flaubert. At that time I considered Maupassant easily first as a writer of short-stories, and the succeeding years have confirmed my judgment. His stories now are classics. Forty years after his death, edition after edition of his stories comes from the press.

He was equalled by other writers in his full-length novels, such as "Pierre et Jean," "Fort comme la mort," "Sur l'eau," "Bel-Ami." But as a writer of short-stories he stood alone.

Some of the writers submitting stories to the *Argonaut* rather rebelled at these limitations of space, and of course I did not make it a hard-and-fast rule. Still, most of them complied, and the results were not only pleasing to the readers but useful to the writers. No one of them was harmed by the necessity for concise diction, and probably many were advantaged. Besides, when some years later a demand arose for longer stories, it was not difficult for writers to pad. It is much easier to write a story of ten thousand words than one of two thousand. And more profitable.

I used to run occasional stories translated from foreign writers, mainly French, and longer than Maupassant's—stories from such writers as Prosper Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, Alphonse Daudet, and others; these also were highly finished work, and doubtless had an influence on our local story-writers.

For nearly thirty years I succeeded in keeping up this short-story department. All our stories were not masterpieces, of course, but the average of merit was high.

Gradually, however, with the birth of the fiction weeklies, it became difficult to obtain such short-stories. The weeklies wanted longer short-stories—if they could be called short—averaging twenty-five thousand words. As they paid space rates, it was natural for story-writers to drift to them. A story of twenty-five hundred words can easily be beaten out to twenty-five thousand; it will be a little thin, like gold-beaters' skin, but, as Mercutio says, it will serve.

Of course, most writers write for money, and they can not be blamed for producing what the magazine editors want. But I do not believe that the diffuse stories of the nineteen-twenties will endure.

Those *Argonaut* writers who developed into novelists of the best seller class doubtless have smiled when they recall the modest sums paid them by the *Argonaut* for their early writing. But the *Argonaut* paid what it could. It was no gold mine. Its owners put back into the journal practically all it earned. And it was alone on the Coast in paying for fiction at all. The *Overland* began by paying its contributors, but soon ceased. The dailies paid only for reporting and editorial writing. Therefore the *Argonaut* afforded young writers the only opportunity here to put their work into print, and into print that was paid for. And this meant much. Eastern publishers had a keen eye for promising young writers, and the *Argonaut* was carefully read by them. They advertised in it freely, which showed their good opinion of the journal.

There were differences of opinion in the *Argonaut* office as to whether the fiction department paid for itself or "pulled its own weight." Various tests seemed to show that it did not. When S. S. McClure began syndicating fiction he persuaded us to sign up with him for a time, although we were reluctant. Syndicate rates were then much lower than they are now. Our fiction department, when syndicated, cost us less than the amount we had been paying to local writers for original work. Still, the disappearance of the local writers' fiction from our columns did not cause the sales to drop off. On the other hand, the sales increased, although that probably had nothing to do with the change, but was due to normal growth. However, when our contract expired, we went back to the local writers.

During the thirty years the *Argonaut* published original short-stories, the labor involved was great; where hundreds of stories were published, thousands of manuscripts were received. All of these had to be filed, docketed, conscientiously read, and passed

upon. A few were accepted ; many were returned with printed slips ; some with written letters of regret ; some with suggestions for recasting. These latter suggestions were not always amiably received ; writers have been a *genus irritabile* since the days of Horace, Martial, and Ovid. But publishers to-day make no bones about telling an author to cut down a novel one-half for magazine publication.

Stewart Edward White wrote a number of short-stories for the old *Argonaut*. About 1900 he took up novel-writing, and achieved an immediate success, which turned out to be permanent. In 1928, his published titles numbered over thirty ; among the novels were many best sellers. He also has written some historical works, and books on big-game hunting in Africa.

William C. Morrow wrote some striking short-stories for the *Argonaut* in the early days. His stories were unlike those of any other writer with whose work I am familiar. Some were akin to Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" ; some now recall Maupassant's "Le Horla," not then published. Morrow had the peculiar synthetic cast of mind so strongly marked in Poe. He had a tendency toward the horrible rather than the terrible. For this, some critics would condemn him. The terrible is legitimate literary material ; the horrible is not. Death is terrible ; mutilation is horrible. One of his stories, "The Rajah's Nemesis," is a strange tale of mutilation. Morrow inclined toward themes which horrified his readers while fascinating them. Still, no one can deny the great power of his work. Several volumes of Morrow's stories were collected and published in book form. Morrow abandoned the short-story field after some years, and began making analyses of curious crimes—unsolved mysteries of the underworld, of which there were many in San Francisco. His work in this line was not unlike that of Conan Doyle in his "Sherlock Holmes" stories. Morrow was not an imitator, however, for his work preceded that of Doyle.

Charles Dwight Willard wrote a number of short-stories for the *Argonaut*, one of which, "The Fall of Ulysses," was based on the phenomenal intelligence of the Indian elephant. It was widely copied, and was issued in booklet form by Doubleday-Page. Another, "The Jack Pot," is a pearl among short-stories. Like some of Maupassant's minute masterpieces, it is very short, the reader is kept in suspense, the climax is looked for breathlessly, and when it comes it is entirely unsuspected. Altogether, Willard wrote for the *Argonaut* thirty-four short-stories, all excellent. He laid aside short-story writing, to help found a

high-class daily in Los Angeles. This task he left to undertake uplift work, inculcating the civic spirit, and that sort of thing. Finally, he devoted the end of his life to reform—in Los Angeles. A profound philosopher once remarked that Grover Cleveland tried to reform the Democratic party; that Theodore Roosevelt tried to reform the United States; that Woodrow Wilson tried to reform the world; that all three failed. In the face of the failure of these three great men, it is perhaps not surprising that Willard failed to reform Los Angeles.

Arthur McEwen wrote half a dozen short-stories for the old *Argonaut* in the eighties. This may surprise some of his later admirers, who were familiar only with his editorial work.

Frank Norris wrote a number of short-stories for the *Argonaut* in the nineties. He left for South Africa to act as war correspondent in the Boer War, in which campaign he was unfortunate enough to contract enteric fever, from which he never fully recovered. He wrote for us the story entitled "A Caged Lion." It concerned the experiences of a tamer in a lion cage when the electric lights suddenly went out, and was based on an actual occurrence in 1894 at the San Francisco Midwinter Fair. Norris wrote several novels of striking merit, and his death while still so young was a loss to literature.

Kathleen Thompson Norris contributed a number of short-stories to the old *Argonaut*. She soon turned her attention to full-length novels, in which she has been successful. In 1925, her publishers (Doubleday-Page) printed some interesting statistics concerning the distribution of her books, from which it appeared that her aggregate sales were numbered in the millions. In 1928, her fiction titles numbered over a score, most of them best sellers.

"B. M. Bower" is the name under which Mrs. Bertha M. Bower began writing short-stories for the *Argonaut* in the early nineteen-hundreds. These were narratives of the frontier, the mine, the desert, the rodeo; they were graphic and exciting. Her first full-length novel was published in 1906. Since then she has published, up to 1928, thirty-four novels, all of them successes, and many best sellers. She still uses the pen-name "B. M. Bower," and many of her readers and some of her reviewers speak of her as a man. She is the wife of Robert E. Cowan.

John Bonner contributed several short-stories to the old *Argonaut*. Bonner had filled editorial posts on *Harper's Weekly* and the *New York Tribune*. He left New York for his health. He was an accomplished writer, yet few would have attributed to him the desire to figure as a short-story writer.

Geraldine Bonner, who was our drama critic for a number of

years, wrote several short-stories for the *Argonaut*. Later, Miss Bonner figured as a successful novelist. Her most talked-of books have been mystery stories, like "The Castlecourt Diamond Case." She died in New York June 18, 1930.

In the early eighties we published in our columns a story called "The Randolphs of Redwood," by Gertrude Atherton. It attracted much attention. In 1928, she had to her credit over thirty published works.

R. L. Ketchum wrote many stories set in the great cattle-ranches of Wyoming, Utah, and other "cow countries." This was before the days of the cowboy novel.

William S. O'Neill—who used the pen-name "Buckey O'Neill" in the *Argonaut*—gave us a number of unusual stories of frontier life at army posts and among the Indians. He was a college graduate, lawyer, sheriff, judge, editor, politician, frontiersman, and soldier. As sheriff of Yavapai County, Arizona, he successfully trailed many bandits, and calmly arrested gun-fighting "bad men." He was one of the first to enlist as a private in the Rough Riders—April 29, 1898; later, he won a commission. He was killed in battle in Cuba.

Charles H. Shinn in his later lifetime was rated as an authority on the law evolved in the old mining camps, and on national forestry. In his salad days, however, he contributed several short-stories and many poems to the old *Argonaut*.

As elsewhere noted, Charles Warren Stoddard wrote a number of short-stories for the *Argonaut*.

Robert Duncan Milne, elsewhere discussed at length, wrote many notable stories for us.

Robert Howe Fletcher, a retired army officer, utilized his knowledge of army posts and frontier life to write a number of sketches and stories for us. They were subsequently collected and published in book form by the Appletons.

Nathan Kouns, who had served in the Confederate army, wrote for the *Argonaut* some striking stories of the Civil War. His vein was in mystical stories with a tinge of supernaturalism. Some of his *Argonaut* work he extended and elaborated into an historical work, "Arius the Libyan," published by the Appletons.

Edward W. Townsend in the eighties wrote about a score of clever short-stories for the *Argonaut*. He left San Francisco to become secretary to Senator George Hearst. Later he filled various posts on the Hearst papers. He then settled down near New York City to write books. He made quite a success with a character he called "Chimmie-Fadden," a tough New York boy. He was elected to Congress from New Jersey. After he retired from Congress he was appointed Postmaster of Montclair, New

Jersey. This post he filled until a change of administration replaced him with a Republican.

Gwendolen Overton was the author of some three score stories of military posts, of the frontier, and of Spanish America.

A writer who specialized in short-stories of Mexico was Gibert Cunyngham Terry. She published her *Argonaut* stories in book form under the title, "The Land of Mañana."

Yda Addis contributed some fifty striking stories set in Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California.

Some excellent tales of the cattle ranges were contributed by Bertrand W. Sinclair, himself for years a range rider. The long war between the cattle men and the sheep men—now ended—was graphically depicted in his stories. In the volume entitled "Argonaut Stories" there is one by Bertrand Sinclair entitled "Under Flying Hoofs," which is unique among frontier stories.

Ella Sterling Cummins wrote for us a number of notable short-stories, the scenes laid mainly in the placer-mining country. She published several books, one of which, "The Story of the Files," is a valuable reference book in every large library.

Annie Lake Townsend was a frequent contributor of short-stories to the old *Argonaut*. Although a Far Western girl, she did not incline to tales of the frontier; her stories were in drawing-room settings, and were polished and epigrammatic.

In the early issues of the *Argonaut* appeared a number of stories by E. H. Clough—pictures of life in mines, on cattle-ranches, and in frontier towns. Another writer in the same vein was Dr. J. W. Gally.

A little later, Bailey Millard wrote some excellent stories relating to life on the railroads, in the railroad towns, and with the Indians.

Sam Davis wrote a number of good stories with the scenes set in the Comstock region. In a story by him printed in the *Argonaut* of February 25, 1879, occurs the placard in a frontier dive: "Please do not shoot the piano-player; he is doing his level best." This has been copied with variants many times since; but Sam Davis was the first to write it and the *Argonaut* the first to print it.

The name of Paul Shoup is signed to a certain number of short-stories in the old *Argonaut*. In the nineteen-twenties he had risen to be president of a great railway system, the Southern Pacific. Mr. Shoup may now look upon the writing of these stories as a youthful offense, and its resurrection as barred by the Statute of Limitations. However, the damning record is there. To make the matter worse, the stories were very good.

Here follows a list of those who wrote for the old *Argonaut*. In order to make it approximately complete the names of some writers referred to above are here reprinted :

F. M. Pixley	E. H. Clough
Ambrose G. Bierce	C. H. Shinn
F. M. Somers	H. N. Clement
Jerome A. Hart	J. W. Gally
Clay M. Greene	John S. Hittell
Ralph S. Smith	George H. Jessop
H. D. Bigelow	Arthur McEwen
R. D. Milne	J. F. Watkins
W. C. Morrow	Sam. Davis
Mary Therese Austin	José F. Godoy
Gertrude Atherton	Julian Hawthorne
Yda Addis	T. A. Harcourt
Anne Reeve Aldrich	Ella Higginson
Flora Haines Apponyi	Kate Heath
Bertha M. Bower	Blakely Hall
Poultney Bigelow	William Hinton
John Bonner	May N. Hawley
Geraldine Bonner	Margaret A. Hamilton
H. C. Bunner	H. R. Haxton
James F. Bowman	Nellie Hopps Howard
R. J. Burdette	Adelaide Holmes
Adèle Brooks	Edith Hecht
Elizabeth S. Bates	Will Irwin
E. S. Belknap	Covington Johnson
Julia H. S. Bugeia	Julia Clinton Jones
Kate Bishop	David Starr Jordan
John Vance Cheney	Kate Kellogg
Ina D. Coolbrith	Leonard Kip
Ella Sterling Cummins	R. L. Ketchum
Edward F. Cahill	Nathan C. Kouns
George Chismore	Barbour Lathrop
Thomas S. Collier	Mary Lake
Emma F. Dawson	Fred Lyster
Harry J. W. Dam	Helen Lake
C. W. Doyle	Charles F. Lummis
Fanny Driscoll	Jack London
Edgar Fawcett	Dorothea Lummis
Horace Fletcher	Julian Magnus
Robert Howe Fletcher	Henry B. McDowell
Joseph T. Goodman	Raoul Martinez
Margaret Collier Graham	Frank Norris
E. M. Greenway	William J. Neidig

Daniel O'Connell	Cora Caduc
W. S. (" Buckey ") O'Neill	Frances Charles
Gwendolen Overton	Ann Clark
Percival Pollard	John C. Chalmers
Bertrand W. Sinclair	N. A. Cox
Paul Shoup	Katherine Chandler
Mark S. Severance	Mabel Chamberlain
Isobel Strong	Mabel Clare Craft
Marguerite Stabler	Winfield Chester
Idah M. Strobridge	Mary I. Cowlan
Annie Lake Townsend	W. B. Cameron
Edward W. Townsend	W. P. Coulter
Gibert Cunyngham Terry	Eleanor B. Caldwell
Dr. J. C. Tucker	G. B. Dunham
Minnie B. Unger	B. de Luna
Clarence Urmy	G. R. de Vare
Thomas J. Vivian	K. V. Darling
Will L. Visscher	Hugo Ericksen
Stewart Edward White	Laura Ensor
Charles Dwight Willard	Charles F. Embree
Oscar Weil	George S. Evans
Ella Wheeler Wilcox	L. H. Eddy
Marcus P. Wiggin	Kate Filonneau
Alfred Wheeler	C. J. French
Alfred A. Wheeler	Helen L. Fitzsimmons
Corinnah Wilson	Neil Gillespie
Alice Ziska	A. Grenville
F. H. Austin	M. W. Glascock
John P. Albro	Etta R. Goodwin
M. N. Anderson	C. A. Gunnison
E. J. Appleton	Sarah H. Graves
Sheldon Borden	Harriet M. Guernesey
C. Barreda	Nathalie Hammond
Helen Bouchier	W. A. Holcomb
F. X. Bentz	H. M. Hoke
Will C. Barnes	Maude Heath
John Preston Beecher	Helen Hyde
Mabel Houghton Brown	John H. Hamlin
Mary W. Botsford	Sallie R. Heath
Wm. McKendree Bangs	Ruth Hall
H. M. Bosworth	Roscoe Howard
Alice D. Bankhage	Jane Hyde
Francis L. Bosqui	Helen Ashe Hays
William Bissell	W. N. Harben
Stella W. Belcher	Ada Inchbold
E. R. Campbell	Tudor Jenks

Julia Clinton Jones	James D. Phelan
Lionel Josaphare	E. W. Peattie
Kathryn Jarboe	E. H. Parker
Norman Jeffries	J. H. Porter
Julie C. Kenly	E. S. Parsons
Kate Kellogg	Herbert Peters
H. A. Lafler	Ross Raymond
R. H. Lindsay	Frank Robbins
James A. Leroy	P. C. Remondino
Alice Lynch	Isabel S. Robinson
Batterman Lindsay	Edith Robinson
Evelyn Ludlum	Thomas F. Robertson
H. J. Lyncombe	Leander Richardson
W. J. Lampton	Maria Roberts
W. A. Lawson	V. Z. Reed
Edwin Lefevre	Lowell Otis Reese
Gerrit L. Lansing	F. J. Sheltema
Harriet L. Levy	W. Van Tassel Sutphen
Austin Lewis	Allen Smith
Charles F. Martin	Adriana Spadoni
Alice B. McDonald	Rufus M. Steele
C. L. Mosher	Margaret Cameron Smith
T. J. Mosier	E. S. Spring
S. E. Moffitt	Clinton Scollard
Madge Morris	A. E. P. Searing
Edward Morrison	Helen Stanley
Edward Tuckerman Mason	G. W. Stealey
W. O. McGeehan	Wm. M. Tisdale
Clara Megandel	Grace Thorne
G. C. MacKenzie	H. Twitchell
Robert M. Mappes	Alfred Trumble
D. E. Melliss	Wm. A. Taaffe
J. W. Mitchell	Frank Turk
Sadie B. Metcalfe	Max Taubles
Gertrude B. Millard	Melville Upton
Ada Martin	L. D. Ventura
Mary Meyrick	Bourdon Wilson
E. Munson	E. A. Walcott
Julian Magnus	A. E. Watrous
C. H. Mitzlar	Sherrod Williams
Leavenworth Macnab	Helen Wilmans
Clough Overton	Isabel Winthrop
George E. Otis	E. H. Warner
Charles Palache	James C. Ward
Fannie Pugh	George R. Wells
Josephine H. Phelps	John Fleming Wilson

Thomas H. Wilson
E. J. Wheelock
F. L. Wheeler
Harvey Wickham
Edith Wagner

L. H. Wall
Alice Wolf
Phrona E. Waite
E. C. Waggener

It may be of interest to note that there are 276 names in the foregoing list—184 men, 92 women. In it are included only writers of articles and stories. Names of writers of the thousands of letters, usually called by editors “communications,” are not included.

XII

INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS

WHILE 1927 seemed a startling epoch to its generation, 1877 was not without its marvels—among them the telephone. Bell exhibited his invention (patented March 7, 1876), in Boston, May 10, 1877, and the first commercial telephone, between Boston and Salem, soon followed. In San Francisco the first switchboard on the Pacific Coast was installed in June, 1877.

Edison started building his laboratories at Menlo Park, New Jersey, in 1876. There he began his half century of work creating electric marvels. He filed various telephone patents; he devised a workable storage battery; he invented the phonograph; he devoted intensive labor to the incandescent electric light. On the incandescent light he was still engaged in 1929, combing the world for fibre.

The Jablochhoff electric light, the Brush, and other arc lights, were features of 1877. Although not the equal of the incandescent, the arc light was also a marvel. The first arc light in San Francisco was constructed and operated by one of the Jesuit priests at St. Ignatius College, then on Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth.

The motion picture dates from the same period. The first photographs of objects in motion were made by Edward Muybridge on Senator Stanford's ranch at Palo Alto, now Stanford University. A series of cameras registered the movements of some of Stanford's trotters on the race track. At first Muybridge had the camera shutters operated mechanically; later, electrically. He attempted to project pictures, but found it impracticable with the clumsy glass plates of the period, since supplanted by films. From his invention descended the gigantic motion-picture industry of to-day.

The first half-tone printing block in relief was made in 1878 at Cornell University by Frederick E. Ives; he began turning out blocks commercially with cross-line screens in 1881; his patents were not perfected until 1886. A half-tone picture by William Leggo was printed in the New York *Daily Graphic* in

December, 1873; it was not exposed through the cross-line screen, but through parallel lines; it was not in relief, but was printed on a lithographic press. The plates devised by Ives were in relief, and therefore capable of being printed on ordinary printing presses. With their use, illustration increased enormously. These process plates had no rival for over forty years, when rotogravure printing was perfected.

The microphone was patented by Emile Berliner April 14, 1877. He was then a young German immigrant, speaking English with difficulty. His first instrument was made of a toy drum, a steel dress-button, and a needle. The telephone companies at once purchased the microphone rights for their transmitters, and made Berliner rich. Later, his invention was applied to radio broadcasting.

The typewriting machine first became practical at that period. Although invented earlier, the primitive machines were clumsy and unworkable. The first to be used commercially was the Caligraph, soon superseded by superior machines.

The urban cable railway, first operated in San Francisco, dates from 1873 in the form of A. S. Hallidie's Clay Street road, eight blocks long. In 1877, much improved, many miles of cable were operated in San Francisco, soon followed by cable roads in other cities.

Belonging to that period, although not all of the same date naturally, are the duplex telegraph, the automatic air brake, the point switch, the steel car wheel, the automatic coupler, and the cash register.

It was in the seventies that the electric railway trolley system was made practicable. The dynamo-electric machine was used as a motor at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873. At the Berlin Exhibition, in 1879, Siemens and Halske installed a short track on which a light locomotive hauled three cars by electric motor-power; this line ran for several months, and carried over 80,000 passengers. At Lichtenfelde, near Berlin, in 1881, a small electric railway began operating, the first to carry passengers for fare.

To this epoch belongs the most notable invention since James Watt harnessed steam—the internal-combustion engine. To its perfection is due the later invention of the automobile, the motor boat, the airplane, and other members of the automotive family. This type of engine was first tried in 1823 with boats and land vehicles; it was not found practical, and was laid aside. It was first made capable for practical use in 1876, when Dr Otto made an internal-combustion engine that would work. Gas engines still use the Otto cycle.

In 1884 George Eastman devised the photograph film and roll holder. In 1889 he followed it with the transparent films.

In 1888 Burroughs invented the recording adding machine.

In 1895 W. K. Roentgen discovered the X-ray.

An invention that brought about a revolution in printing and publishing dates from 1876. It was then that Ottmar Mergenthaler began to develop the Linotype. He labored with the machine until 1885 before it was made practical. It was first put into actual use on the New York *Tribune* in 1886.

Mergenthaler was a watchmaker, born in Germany in 1854. Coming to this country, he began making models for the Patent Office. Printers had for years vainly endeavored to devise a workable type-setting machine. Their traditions worked against their success, for they thought only in terms of *setting* types—pieces of metal about an inch high, with grooves or nicks in the sides and feet of the bodies, and printing characters on the heads. Such types could be machine-composed, but the wearing of the guiding nicks or grooves soon made it impossible to distribute them accurately into their respective compartments.

Mergenthaler approached the problem with an open mind. He saw no reason for the types having bodies; the letter or character moulds or matrices he thought should be assembled instead of the types; these matrices, being made of hard metal, would not wear out easily like the soft-metal types, and therefore could be distributed accurately into their respective compartments. The letters or characters he moulded into a solid line or "slug" instead of into two score separate type-letters. And there he had the Linotype slug-casting machine.

For centuries type-founders had cast moveable types, and printers had by hand composed these types into lines and pages. Yet neither of these two crafts had ever dreamed of fusing the two processes into one as did Mergenthaler the watchmaker.

There were many difficulties encountered before the machine was absolutely practical. The most perplexing was that of "justification," or dividing up the spaces between the words so as to make the lines end evenly. The ragged right-hand edge of typists' manuscript is because the words are not "justified." The lines in this page now under the reader's eye end evenly because the spaces between the words are "justified."

To accomplish this process on the new machine gave a great deal of trouble and caused years of delay. At last it was mastered by the device of automatically inserting differential wedges—called "space-bands"—between the matrices composing the words—from the thin end to the thick end made a wide or a narrow space. Very simple, but it required profound study to discover it.

The Linotype was first put at work practically in the composing-room of the New York *Tribune*. It was not used at first on the regular "run of the paper"—on local news, telegraph, commercial

departments, etc. It was employed on the Sunday supplement and the weekly, copy for which could be handled more deliberately. The regular union printers refused to operate the machines, and the work was done by young women. So bitter were the printers against it that the Typographical Union finally ordered a strike, and declared the *Tribune* an "unfair paper." Whitelaw Reid, then the proprietor, refused to yield, and a long struggle began. It was still in progress in 1892 when Reid was nominated for Vice President on the ticket with Benjamin Harrison. The Republican campaign managers became alarmed at this quarrel with a labor union, and prevailed on Reid to surrender. Peace was formally signed, and union printers again controlled the *Tribune* office. In the interim the Typographical Union had accepted the Linotype in other newspaper offices.

It was hoped by the Republican campaign managers that the printers would carry out their agreement, and not oppose the ticket. But it was said at the time that they secretly determined to defeat Reid, and enlisted other sympathetic unions to join them. The Republican ticket was defeated.

The Typographical Union is—considered as a mass—a highly intelligent body of men. They and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers rank at the head of all the trade unions in intelligence. Yet the opposition of the Typographical Union to the Linotype now seems not only extraordinary but even ludicrous. The machine has vastly increased the output of printed matter; it has increased the size of newspapers; it has increased their circulation; it has consequently enormously increased their advertising; and it has lightened the labor, shortened the hours, and largely increased the pay of printers. It has also made their union more powerful; the increased size of daily newspapers, the millions invested in costly plant and machinery, the large revenue from the great volume of advertising—all these and other factors make modern daily proprietors timid when confronted with a strike. As a result, strikes are rare in the daily newspaper business, and it may not be too much to say that the printers control the proprietors.

The Linotype has been followed by a number of other slug-casting machines, some of which specialize in title, head-letter, and display types. The Linotype people say and believe that these are imitators and infringers of their basic patents. But they do not seem to have succeeded in stopping them by legal means.

It is only fair to say that Charles T. Moore of Virginia, before 1876, invented the first crude machine which later became the Linotype.

The Monotype machine, which followed the Linotype, sets and

casts single types instead of whole lines, or slugs. It is a marvelous machine, too intricate to describe in detail in a brief space. The Monotype machine has a keyboard like that of a type-writer; the keys perforate a paper band, which is then fed to another machine which casts, trims, composes, justifies, and assembles the lines. The "justification" which so troubled the Linotype projectors is vastly more complex on the Monotype than the simple Linotype mechanism. The types and spaces are all cast in thicknesses measured by fractions of an inch—say hundredths. The machine calculates how many of these fractions the words in a line will total, and then divides the remaining space into the spaces between the number of words. Assume that the column is two inches wide, equaling two hundred inch hundredths. Assume that the first line will hold eight words, with surplus space at the end, but not enough space for a ninth word. The machine calculates that these eight words total one hundred and forty-four hundredths of an inch; therefore there remain fifty-six hundredths; the machine divides this by seven, the number of spaces between eight words; seven into fifty-six equals eight; the machine then casts and inserts between the eight words seven spaces each eight-hundredths of an inch in thickness. These fill out the line exactly, and the machine passed to the next line.

In 1877 to speak of a machine "calculating" and solving such intricate problems as these would have been considered delirium. Forty years later calculating machines were part of the furniture in every business office. The young people who manipulate them doubtless wonder how the elder generation calculated without calculating machines. Well, they did it, somehow.

In both the Linotype and Monotype machines the size of the type-face perpendicularly as well as laterally is measured in fractions of an inch. For this the point system is used, a "point" being one seventy-second of an inch. The century-old names and sizes of type-faces have given way to numbers of "points." Thus the type once called "brevier," which name came from *breviary*, the religious book in which that type was used, is now called "eight point."

The composing machines made another marked change in printing and publishing. For centuries it had been the custom to distribute the types from printed pages into their compartments, then to assemble them again into other printed pages. This economical method was continued until the types were worn out. Under the modern system it has been found cheaper to melt down the type pages after they have been printed, or stereotyped, or electrotyped. Thus there is presented to the reader a clean and sharp impression from newly cast types. If the youths of the present generation were to run their eyes over the newspapers—

and even books—of forty years ago, they would often be surprised at the worn appearance of the types.

Some writer of the elder time—was it Browning?—spoke of pornographic French novels as being usually printed “on scrofulous paper with blunt type.” This does not signify that prim and pudic printers selected worn type as a punishment for pornographic publishers and authors; it merely means that the pornographic novels were best sellers, had enormous editions, and thus wore out the types.

In the old days if a newspaper proprietor had melted down his used pages and set up the new matter from new types, his printers would have testified before a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* that they believed him to be insane.

When the last quarter of the century began, there was perfected an art-printing process known as “heliogravure.” A photograph was taken on a sheet of glass; this was laid over a copper plate covered with sensitized gelatine; the sun’s rays transferred the picture to the gelatine; etching acid prepared it for printing; from it a limited number of impressions were taken. Necessarily this is a brief summary of the process. The resultant proof-sheets were generally soft and beautiful, far superior to other photo-process work. The life of the plate was short; the process was expensive; the prices were high; gradually the heliogravure was superseded by other processes, more practical, more commercial, but not so beautiful. The most common of these is the “half-tone” plate, which translates tone into line by photographing through fine lines on a glass screen.

For forty years book publishers and commercial printers have been content with the “half-tone” and kindred process work. The art almost stood still. This was largely due to the half-tone block-makers. They are mechanics rather than artists. Like most mechanics, they did not encourage new ideas—they preferred the old ones. They did not want to learn new methods; they had “learned their trade.” Furthermore, they secured a stranglehold on the publishing and printing trades by forming a nationwide union; this body laid down numerous rules which could not be contravened, and which fixed arbitrary prices per inch that were enforced all over the United States. So tyrannical were they that in 1928 the Federal Trades Commission ordered them to desist from certain practices as being in restraint of trade.

Individual publishers and printers did not care to struggle with this union. Some of the daily papers dared to defy them, as the typographers were not allied with the photo-engravers. Some of the daily papers, vexed at their exactions, stopped printing pictures, and closed down their process rooms. Others determined to work out new process methods. Thus it came to be

reserved for the daily papers to perfect a process based on the old heliogravure. Leaders among them were the *New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, soon followed by scores of other dailies.

This process has come to be called "rotogravure." The copper plate of the old method is replaced by a cylinder, copper or copper-plated. On this is fastened gelatine tissue, to which has been transferred the desired picture, photographed through a ruled glass screen. The cylinder is then rotated in etching fluid, which attacks the plate; where there are "high lights" the gelatine is more resistant; in the middle tones, less so; where there are shadows it is more soluble. The result is a rotogravure which is marvelous in its perfection considering the speed of the process and the speed of the presses, some 30,000 per hour. Special presses were devised, and to one who knows the technical difficulties involved, the perfection of their work is amazing.

Not content with plain black and white, the great dailies soon attacked and solved the problem of printing "colorgravure," a combination of color and rotogravure. Colored "copy," with color-separating screens between it and the camera, is reproduced; an orange screen allows only certain colors to pass; so with a green screen; so with a purple screen. Four negatives result, each to be etched on a copper cylinder. The various colors must "register," or fall exactly in their proper places; they register within 1-1000 of an inch. It used to be necessary, in the old days, for the red sheets to require some hours of drying, before the blue could be printed; so with the blue; so with the yellow. In the modern colorgravure press the sheets pass on cylinders through heated compartments where they are dried as they pass through to receive the next color impression. The perfection of register is extraordinary. These modern presses are operated and controlled by electricity: they start slowly, then are accelerated, until they reach their normal speed. They can be at once retarded or stopped, all of these controls being operated by push-buttons, and the enormous machines run as smoothly as a watch.

Color work from etched zinc blocks, rotogravure in monochrome, and rotogravure in polychrome are now sold with the great dailies in their Sunday and special editions for a few cents. This work is far superior to much of the illustrative work of the last century. For that matter, it is superior to much of the work in publishers' stock books of this century. Of course, this does not apply to the book publishers' *éditions de luxe*.

It is difficult to conceive what may be the possibilities of the newspaper of the future. The multiplex telegraph; forwarding

several messages simultaneously over the same wire in different directions ; telegraphing or telephoning news from distant points to editorial rooms, where dictaphones or typewriters receive and transcribe it ; sending pictures thousands of miles by electricity —these are some of the marvels utilized by the newspapers of the twentieth century. It is possible that in not many years the newspapers may be printed by photo-process, thus eliminating much of the type-setting and stereotyping machinery intervening between the writers and the readers. And it is quite possible that in a few years all newspapers except highly specialized organs will be wiped out by the radio.

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XIII

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE WANING CENTURY

TO a generation still quivering from the struggle of the World War, the last quarter of the nineteenth century seems like a peaceful and idyllic period. Yet the world had its troubles then. Already in these pages have been summarized the strikes, riots, reconstruction anarchy, and Indian wars in our own country at that time. Europe, too, was confronted with disturbances in the Balkans in 1876, which finally led to one of the most momentous events in history, the Russo-Turkish War.

The last quarter of the century began with this struggle, elsewhere discussed. After it, in June, 1878, came the Congress of Berlin, at which the boundaries of the Balkan regions were settled—it was hoped definitively and in perpetuity. Britain, Russia, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Turkey were represented at the Congress. Its decisions did not hold good as long as those of the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

All Christendom was greatly stirred in the late seventies and early eighties over agnosticism. The men whom it mainly assailed as agnostics were Charles Darwin, John Tyndall, and Thomas H. Huxley, eminent scientific men. Tyndall and Huxley fought back with great vigor. Darwin paid no attention to the attacks upon him and his theory of evolution; when the war was at its height he was engaged, among other scientific pursuits, in demonstrating his theory of earthworms. He believed that the earth's arable soil was formed by earthworms ingesting, macerating, and excreting rocky material. On a sterile field of considerable acreage he spread a thick stratum of the mineral salts and other materials usually found in fertile soils, and waited twenty years. Then he ploughed it up, and found the mineral salts thoroughly disseminated to a depth of several feet. The previously sterile soil was converted into a rich loam. He then wrote his book proving that it was the work of earthworms. His "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" had already been before the world for a number of years. These were the volumes that caused the charge to be made against him that he said "man was descended from a monkey." This statement, by the way, does

not appear in his writings. Although Darwin did not defend himself from his assailants, Huxley took up the cudgels for him. In lectures and writings Huxley supported Darwin's theory of evolution. Tyndall also fought against the embattled forces of evangelical dogma.

So bitter became the war that Tyndall finally issued a challenge. He proposed that two public hospitals should be selected; in the first the patients should receive careful treatment from skilled physicians and surgeons; in the second, no medical or surgical treatment was to be given; instead, all Christendom should agree to pray for the patients' recovery. This came to be called, by a cynical press, "The Tyndall Prayer-Gauge." For a time this proposal baffled the Christian world, and it looked as if Tyndall had won. But a shrewd clergyman suddenly cast a dialectic bomb into the arena; he urged all Christians to pray for both hospitals. Christendom accepted the proposal with eagerness, and thus tided over an extremely awkward situation. The agnostics denounced the praying side as lacking in sportsmanship. This would seem to be true. However, the impossibility of a square decision was patent to all, and the Tyndall Prayer-Gauge was never prayed.

The Anglo-Irish Home Rule troubles reached an acute stage in 1879 with the forming of the Land League, under Charles Stewart Parnell. Numerous outrages began; Lord Mountmorres was murdered on the roadside; the corpse was refused shelter at the nearest house; no hearse could be obtained; no men to dig the grave; the family were forced to flee to England. The persecution at that time of Captain Boycott brought into use a new word. There followed many murders; dwellings were fired; horses were hamstrung. When the Land League issued a "No Rent" manifesto, signed by Parnell and four others, these leaders were flung into Kilmainham Jail. Gladstone ordered their release. Thereupon the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Cowper, and Chief Secretary Forster resigned.

Lord Spencer was appointed lord lieutenant, and Lord Frederick Cavendish chief secretary; Burke was under-secretary. Lord Frederick Cavendish was a son of the Duke of Devonshire. The new lord lieutenant, accompanied by Lord Frederick Cavendish, made his state entry into Dublin. After the pageant Lord Spencer invited Lord Frederick Cavendish to drive with him to the Vice-Regal Lodge; Cavendish preferred to walk to the Lodge through Phoenix Park with Under-Secretary Burke. On their way a band of assassins fell upon them, stabbed them, and left them dying in pools of blood.

Lord Spencer had arrived at the Lodge some minutes before, when suddenly he heard "a shriek that is always in my ears."

Looking out of the window he saw the dead bodies of the two friends he had left a few minutes before.

All Britain—perhaps all the world—was horrified at the murders. The police at once set to work. As has been so frequently the case in Irish crimes, they soon had an informer—one James Carey—at their disposal. He was a member of an oath-bound band called "The Invincibles," pledged to assassination. He betrayed all of the assassins. Within a short time they were arrested and tried; five were hanged, and nine sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The police spirited the informer Carey aboard of a Cape Town liner. Under an assumed name, he voyaged in safety until nearly at Cape Town, when his identity was discovered, and he was murdered by one O'Donnell, an "Invincible." O'Donnell was arrested, shipped back to England, and hanged.

Following the Phoenix Park murders, there occurred numerous dynamite outrages. Attempts were made to blow up London Bridge and various public buildings. Four great railway stations in London were marked for destruction. When some of the dynamitards were tried they admitted that they were ordered to throw a bomb into the House of Commons. This "direct action" policy of dynamiting was openly advocated by the *Irish World*, published in New York. This paper was not a follower of Parnell.

The excitement caused by the Phoenix Park murders and subsequent outrages was intensified when the *London Times* published a series of articles called "Parnellism and Crime." Among them was what purported to be the facsimile of a letter signed "Charles S. Parnell." In this letter Parnell was made to say that he "regretted Lord Cavendish's death," but that "Burke got no more than his deserts." Parnell immediately denounced this letter as a forgery, and demanded a trial. Parliament appointed three judges as a special tribunal. Eminent counsel appeared for Parnell—Sir Charles Russell and Herbert H. Asquith at their head. Attorney General Sir Richard Webster and others appeared for the *Times*.

It developed that one Richard Pigott, a not very reputable person, had sold the letter and other documents to John C. Macdonald, manager of the *Times*. Buckle, the famous editor, refused to have anything to do with them, but Macdonald printed them. Pigott broke down under Sir Charles Russell's examination, and was proved to be a forger and blackmailer. He left a written confession, and fled to Spain, where he was arrested; he was said to have committed suicide, "almost under the eyes of the police." The *London Times* apologized for the letters, and withdrew its accusations.

The *Times* had paid Pigott £2500 for his forged documents and other material. It had eventually to expend £4,000,000 for legal fees and for various charges connected with the "Parnellism and Crime" articles. This statement is on the authority of Sir Valentine Chirol, (long head of the *Times* foreign department), writing in 1928 in the preface to the "Life of Moberly Bell."

But this was only a tithe of what it was to cost that journal. For over a century the *Times* had been conducted by three generations of the Walter family. It had come to be called "The Englishman's Bible." Therefore the shock of finding it publishing forgeries was great. The British public threw down the *Times* from its pedestal. It has never since been replaced.

The *Times* owners retired Macdonald, and substituted for him as manager Moberly Bell. The new manager was a clever man, and attempted in various ways to rebuild the shattered fortunes of the *Times*. Book clubs, special encyclopedia editions—all sorts of schemes were tried and failed. The *Times* continued to droop and dwindle. At last Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe), who had acquired a large fortune in newspaper publishing, purchased control of the *Times*. This checked its financial decline, but did not restore its prestige. Evidently the British public believed that great editors like Delane and Buckle could not be replaced by a man like Northcliffe.

Parnell's political fortunes were greatly helped by the collapse of the attack made on him by the *Times*. Fair-minded men—even political opponents—were inclined to a tolerant feeling for a man who had gone through such a fiery trial and had come out unscathed.

But his enjoyment of popular favor did not last long. Captain O'Shea, an intimate political and personal friend of Parnell, disclosed to the world that a liaison had for some years existed between his friend and his wife. O'Shea sent a message to Parnell challenging him to a duel on French soil. Parnell did not decline the duel, but it was prevented. O'Shea then brought suit for divorce against Mrs. O'Shea, alleging adultery with his former friend. With the revelation of this scandal, Parnell fell from his high place as leader of the Irish Home Rule party. He was a Protestant, and the Irish Catholic priesthood, which had never liked him, now denounced him in unmeasured terms. But no religious prejudice was needed to intensify the feeling against him. The British Isles rung with his treason to his friend. He was discredited, disgraced, ruined. He was driven from public life.

Captain O'Shea was granted a divorce in November, 1890. Parnell married Mrs. O'Shea in June, 1891. His health was

broken, and she nursed him devotedly through his decline, until his death in October, 1891. T. P. O'Connor ("Tay Pay") wrote in his parliamentary memoirs (1928) that O'Shea had long condoned the liaison between his wife and Parnell, and had utilized it to force Parnell to support him in various political activities, including holding his Galway seat in parliament.

The American people had been fond of lotteries ever since colonial times. In the seventies this fondness became a craze. The Louisiana Lottery Company was chartered (as a monopoly) in 1868 for twenty-five years. It dominated the State, and extended its tentacles toward the Federal power. All over the United States the people bought its tickets; it received one-third of the mail matter coming to New Orleans, mostly postal notes and money orders. In 1890, Congress passed a law restricting its activities through the mails. But Congress could not coerce Louisiana; that State was offered a million and a half a year by the lottery company to extend its charter for twenty-five years by an amendment to the State Constitution. A fierce fight followed, involving the governorship; in the attendant litigation the State Supreme Court sided with the lottery company. However, in the end the lottery opponents won, and lottery drawings and ticket sales were prohibited in Louisiana, after December 31, 1893. Thereupon, in January, 1894, the lottery company moved to Honduras, where it attempted to defy the United States government by doing business through the express companies. The United States Congress then passed a law prohibiting the circulation of lottery matter either through the express companies or the post-office. After a prolonged struggle in House and Senate the bill was passed; it received the President's signature barely five minutes before the close of the Fifty-Third Congress. That was the dying struggle of the lottery octopus.

A notable mark in English literature was the beginning of the great Oxford Dictionary. Scholars had voluntarily been reading for it many years; editorial assembling of their reading slips began in 1879. All books in English up to the year 1600 were read and card-indexed; as many of later centuries as possible. One reader alone, Thomas Austin, contributed 165,000 quotations. A total of 2,000,000 quotations illustrates the 414,825 words. The first part of Vol. I. appeared in 1884; the last part of Vol. X. in April, 1928. The work cost \$1,500,000. Had the readers been paid, it would have cost thrice that sum. Not a single individual among the many editors who began the work lived to see the last part appear. The first editor-in-chief was the late Sir James Murray; he has had three successors. The work is in ten volumes, aggregating 15,000 pages, 5,000,000

lines of type, and 200,000,000 letters and figures. Already the editors are preparing supplemental material, owing to the changes in the half century since the work began.

Without a declaration of war, in 1880, Serbia attacked Bulgaria, which was then ruled by Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Russia had at first approved of his accession to the Bulgarian throne, but when he ceased to be a docile slave, she turned against him. Austria was hostile to Alexander, and instigated Serbia to attack him. The war was short but bloody. Alexander defeated the Serbians, drove them out of Bulgaria, and entered Serbia. There he was stopped by a threat from Austria that she would side with Serbia. The Powers endeavored to bring about peace, and a treaty was finally signed. But Russia was bent on Alexander's fall; a party of army officers in her pay kidnapped him, and took him to Russia, where an abdication was extorted from him.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg had become engaged to Princess Victoria, of Prussia, daughter of Crown Prince and Princess Frederick, with their approval, and that of Queen Victoria. But the match was bitterly opposed by her brother, Prince William of Prussia (later Kaiser) and by Prince Bismarck, and was broken off. After some years Prince Alexander married a Viennese actress, and disappeared from the "Court Circular." His whilom lady-love, Princess Victoria, became the wife of Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe; after the World War, when she was widowed and old, she married Alexander Zoubkoff, a young Russian chauffeur, to the disgust of her brother, William Hohenzollern, who strove vainly to prevent the match. The young chauffeur was subsequently deported as undesirable from Germany, from Belgium, and from Luxembourg, finally taking refuge in Paris, whither many undesirables go. As the old German song, "Du bist verrückt, mein Kind," says: "Son, you're crazy, so go to Berlin—there it doesn't matter."

Queen Victoria was very kind to the Battenberg brothers, who were morganatic sons of Prince Alexander von Hesse. In addition to her efforts to marry Prince Alexander into the German imperial family, she gave her daughter Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg; they became the parents of Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain. Queen Victoria also favored the marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg to Princess Victoria, her granddaughter, and daughter of Princess Alice of England, later of Hesse. Prince Louis became an admiral in the British navy. He was forced to resign during the World War, owing to the English people's distrust of his German antecedents. He anglicized the German name "Battenberg" into "Mountbatten." In this he followed King George V., who by royal decree

changed his two German family names ("Guelph" and "Wettin") to "Windsor."

In the late seventies Great Britain was still anxious about Russia's designs in the Near East, so Disraeli bought shares in the Suez Canal from the Khedive for four million pounds. As it was doubtful whether Parliament would furnish the money, Disraeli borrowed it from the Rothschilds. By international agreement in 1887-88 the canal was neutralized and blockade prohibited.

The long Carlist war in Spain was ended, and Alfonso XII. came to the throne.

Porfirio Diaz in 1877 made himself President of Mexico, to control that country for thirty-five years.

A revolution broke out in Japan in 1877, in which the feudal system was overthrown; the forming of a constitution was begun; a parliament was created; trial by jury, freedom of speech and of the press, and freedom of religious belief were inaugurated.

Marshal MacMahon, a monarchist, was elected President of France. A long struggle took place between him and the republican chamber. For a time it looked as if the monarchist pretender would be seated on the throne of France. But at last in 1879 MacMahon was forced to resign, and the republic was saved.

Pius IX. died in 1878, after a pontificate of a third of a century. Under his reign the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility were decreed. Leo XIII. was elected Pope.

In South Africa the Zulu war broke out in January, 1879. The British were defeated with great slaughter at Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift. The French Prince Imperial, a volunteer, was slain by the Zulus. Finally at Ulundi the Zulu power was crushed.

War broke out in 1879 between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. In it occurred some of the most spirited naval battles of the century. Peru and Chile remained enemies for fifty years thereafter. In 1927, the United States sent General J. J. Pershing to attempt to reconcile them, but he failed. In 1929, President Hoover succeeded.

In Afghanistan in 1880 men took up arms against the English in their country. General (later Lord) Roberts's army met with various reverses, losing many men. A British garrison was penned up in Kandahar. Roberts with 20,000 men made forced marches to relieve them. This successful march made Roberts the idol of the army, and eventually he became a peer.

The building of the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, was begun in 1880. Many notable astronomical discoveries were made there.

Hostilities broke out in South Africa in 1881. The Boers fought against British annexation of the Transvaal, and declared a republic. The British met with several defeats, culminating in the storming of Majuba Hill. Gladstone thereupon entered into a treaty of peace, giving the Boers their independence.

Czar Alexander II. was assassinated at St. Petersburg, March 18, 1881, by bombs thrown at his carriage. He had been the liberator of 25,000,000 serfs.

President Garfield was shot by Charles Guiteau, July 2, 1881, dying after eight weeks of suffering. The assassin, who was soon executed, had belonged to the Roscoe Conkling faction, which had quarreled bitterly with Garfield over political jobs.

France surprised the world by attacking Tunis in 1881. Ports were bombarded and seized. The Bey of Tunis submitted. But the natives remained in revolt, and were not subdued for months. Italy, which had many thousands of citizens in Tunis, looked on uneasily; she had hoped to annex Tunis herself. In after years the relations between France and Italy have never been any too friendly.

In Egypt an outcry arose against European domination. Under Arabi Pasha the natives rose, and in Alexandria murdered some two hundred and fifty Europeans, mostly Maltese and Greeks. On July 11, 1882, a British fleet bombarded Alexandria, and landed marines. Arabi retired to Tel-el-Kebir, where he fortified himself, with an army of 20,000 Egyptians. Sir Garnet Wolseley attacked and routed Arabi, who fled, and was captured in Cairo, where the Egyptian garrison laid down their arms.

In the spring of 1883 the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn was opened, with the President of the United States and many other high officials present. It cost \$15,500,000, and measured 5,989 feet, being then the longest bridge in the world. Such crowds attempted to cross at the opening that many were killed in the crush; the approaches were therefore changed.

In the Soudan a war against the Khedive in 1884 was headed by the Mahdi, a fanatical dervish. General ("Chinese") Gordon was sent to Khartoum, with orders from the British government to evacuate the Soudan. He disregarded his orders—some say, defied them. The Mahdi's troops shut him up in Khartoum. A relief column of Anglo-Egyptian troops under Baker Pasha was routed; other columns dispatched to reinforce or relieve Gordon failed. The garrison at Khartoum suffered from famine and desertion, and finally the city was opened by treachery to the Mahdi's troops. In January, 1885, Gordon was killed. The death of Gordon made a profound and painful impression in England. No doubt the Gladstone government had been tardy

in attempting to rescue him, and it was bitterly denounced. Gladstone's enemies did not hesitate to stigmatize him as "Gordon's murderer."

General U. S. Grant had been induced to enter the stock brokerage business under the firm name of Grant & Ward. His partner, Ferdinand Ward, ran the business, which in 1884 failed, owing \$16,000,000. Grant's modest fortune was swallowed up in the bankruptcy. He determined to accumulate a competence for his family by writing his memoirs. This he succeeded in doing, while slowly dying from cancer of the throat. He was buried on August 8, 1885, in New York City, on the banks of the Hudson. His book was published by C. L. Webster & Co., of which firm Mark Twain was the controlling owner. It made a great deal of money for General Grant's family and for the publishers. Later, Mark Twain was ruined by the failure of his firm, and, like Grant, he had to rebuild his fortune, which he did by a lecturing tour around the world.

A scandal over the sale of Legion of Honor decorations broke out in France, under President Jules Grévy. It was proved that his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson (a Frenchman with an English name) had been guilty for a long period of conducting this traffic. Grévy was guiltless, but such was the public indignation that in 1887 he was forced to resign.

On the night of May 4, 1886, a meeting of protest was held on Haymarket Square, Chicago, attended by about a thousand men, mostly laborers. There had been collisions over the attempt to introduce an eight-hour day, in which several laborers were killed. The mayor of Chicago was present; after his departure the police approached to disperse the meeting. A bomb thrown by an unknown person killed several policemen. Many arrests were made. Eight of those arrested were indicted for murder—Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Schwab, Fielden, Engle, Fischer, Niebe. All were said to be anarchists. Some were not at the Haymarket meeting. The prosecution did not discover who threw the bomb. Roger A. Pryor defended the accused. After a long trial all were found guilty. Niebe was sentenced to fifteen years; all of the others were condemned to be hanged. On appeal, the United States Supreme Court, on November 2, 1887, held that no Federal question was involved, so the lower court's decision stood. Thereupon Lingg committed suicide. Governor Oglesby commuted the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to imprisonment for life. Parsons, Fischer, Engle, and Spies were hanged. There thus remained in life three men—Niebe, Fielden, and Schwab. The newly elected governor of Illinois, John P. Altgeld, pardoned these three. For this act he was bitterly denounced throughout the nation. William Dean Howells, noted writer, upheld

Governor Altgeld; he also was attacked by the press. Brand Whitlock, Minister to Belgium during the World War, was an assistant secretary in the office of the Secretary of State of Illinois at the time of the Haymarket trial. He wrote of it in his memoirs: "Most of the thoughtful men in Illinois would tell you that the 'anarchists' had been improperly convicted; that they were not only entirely innocent of the murder, but were not even anarchists. The mob had convicted them in one of the strangest frenzies of fear that ever distracted a whole community." Howells suffered for years under the odium of defending these men. Altgeld carried the odium of pardoning them till his dying day.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophes recorded in history was the bursting of the Johnstown dam in Pennsylvania, May 31, 1889. When the break was seen to be coming, Engineer Park galloped ahead of a wall of water fifty feet high, shouting to the people to flee for their lives. It was mid-afternoon, or the death list would have been greater. The city of Johnstown was wiped out. It was never known how many lives were lost there. The torrent widened as it swept down the valley, bearing bridges, boulders, trees, houses, factories, railroad tracks, locomotives, barbed wire, pig iron, machinery, and bodies. By actual count, one hundred and nineteen, some living, some dead, whirled by Sang Hollow in an hour. Corpses reached Pittsburg, seventy-eight miles distant. All sorts of tragedies were witnessed from the high ground. A young man with an elderly woman and a young one clung to the disintegrating floor of a house; as it approached a still standing bridge arch a rope was dangled to them; the man seized it, but the women could not be persuaded to leave their frail raft, so he loosed his hold on the rope and stayed with them. Further down, the raft lodged against a stout tree that still defied the torrent; the man with great difficulty helped his two charges to climb into it, and it seemed to the crowd on the high ground that they were safe. But part of a large factory thundered down upon them, and when it had passed the tree and the three human beings had disappeared. Far down the valley vast quantities of *débris* lodged in a solid mass against a broken bridge; this mass included buildings in which were many human beings, some living, some dead; this *débris* took fire, and burned for twelve hours. Some fifty people were rescued from the mass, but it was estimated that over five hundred perished. It was never known how many lives were lost along the line of the torrent, but it was in the thousands.

After a respite of years, influenza stalked again around the world. A terrible epidemic broke out in 1889. As usual it came from the east, and its path was westward. Its breeding ground seemed to be in Asia, among whose unclean peoples it never dies

out; thence it invaded Russia, filthiest of the European populations. Then it attacked impartially all the Occidental peoples. Following the great lines of travel, it circled the globe, returning to Asia. There it found a people so non-resistant by reason of the first wave of the pestilence that they yielded readily to one of its sequelæ, pneumonic plague. From this disease in the following winter the dead in Eastern Siberia were stacked in frozen piles awaiting the springtime softening of the earth and the melting of the river ice. On its passage around the world influenza was impartial; Esquimaux in the Arctic Circle, remote Alaskan Indians, natives in the tropical isles of the South Pacific, died like flies. At intervals of two or three years the disease reappeared, at last subsiding until the great epidemic at the close of the World War. In that outbreak many millions died.

Italy, seeking African empire, became involved in war with Abyssinia in 1887, and in the first fighting was overwhelmed, and her troops slaughtered. The war continued for years. In 1896, the Italians were again defeated by King Menelek, with losses of five thousand men. Mobs in Italy demanded the withdrawal of the troops from Africa. The cabinet fell. A new cabinet began negotiations for peace with King Menelek. The Italian reverses in Africa led to grave doubts (in Italy) of the morale of Italian troops. Outside of Italy, particularly in France, sneering references to these reverses led to duels between French and Italian swordsmen. Italy, determined to restore self-confidence, invaded Tripoli some years later. Although Tripoli was under Turkey, Italy's fighting was mostly with the Arabs. Turkey at last ceded to Tripoli her autonomy, but did not cede to Italy.

With the invention of the pneumatic tire came the "safety bicycle," and bicycle riding became a mania. In time the acuteness of the craze subsided, but the bicycle still remained popular. Its riders were finally driven from the highways of the United States by fear of the motor car.

A revolution broke out in 1889 in Brazil. The Emperor, Dom Pedro, was banished, and a federal republic proclaimed. Thus from this enormous country—larger than the United States—was driven the last non-colonial monarchical government in the western hemisphere.

General George Boulanger headed a movement in France in 1889 to overthrow the government. Some said he designed to make himself dictator; others that he intended to restore the monarchy by a *coup d'état*. There was serious rioting in Paris, and conflicts between his followers and the anti-Boulangists. But "Le brav' général" lacked the stern stuff of a Cromwell or Napoleon; his heart failed him, and he fled to Brussels. There

he fell into obscurity, and committed suicide on the grave of his mistress, Mlle. de Bonnemains.

In June, 1892, the employees of the Carnegie Steel and Iron Works at Homestead, Pennsylvania, were notified of reductions in wages; if these were not accepted by July 1, non-union workmen would be employed. The Amalgamated Association of Steel and Iron Workers refused to accept, and threatened resistance. The Carnegie Company brought on barges thirty Pinkerton detectives, armed with rifles, to defend the works; the strikers broke into the works before the Pinkerton men, and prevented the detectives from landing. A battle followed; nine detectives and eleven workmen were killed. The strikers kept up a steady fire on the barges, and were preparing to blow them up with dynamite, when the Pinkerton men surrendered. Most of them were wounded; on their way to the hospital they were brutally beaten by the mob. Much damage was done to the Carnegie works, which the strikers repaired. On July 23, 1892, one of the head officials of the Carnegie Company, Henry C. Frick, was shot and stabbed in his Pittsburg office by a Russian Jew, Alexander Berkman, who had come for that purpose from New York, where he was compositor on a newspaper.

Shortly before President Harrison's term expired, in 1893, a revolution broke out in Hawaii, led by Americans. Queen Liliuokalani was dethroned. The American minister at Honolulu proclaimed an American protectorate. When Grover Cleveland was inaugurated as President the protectorate ceased and the American flag was hauled down. The Spanish-American War impelled Congress on July 7, 1898, to annex Hawaii.

A World's Fair was opened at Chicago May 1, 1893. Its architectural effect surprised the world. The beauty of the group of buildings around the lagoon, called "The White City," is still remembered with admiration. The great fair surpassed all preceding expositions, and none since has equalled it.

The "Panama Scandal" convulsed France in 1893. The public had been led to invest a billion and a half of francs in the scheme; of this more than half had disappeared; of what could be traced several hundred millions had been spent in bribing public men. The courts intervened. Ferdinand and Charles de Lesseps were each fined and condemned to five years' imprisonment. Directors Eiffel, Cottu, and Fontaine were fined and condemned to two years' imprisonment. The scandal threatened for a time the stability of the republic.

A strike against the Pullman Car Company was begun in 1894 in Chicago. A sympathetic strike of railway employees followed in the Western States, involving over forty thousand men. President Cleveland ordered Federal troops to protect interstate

commerce and the transmission of the mails ; it was practically a declaration of martial law. The strike soon ceased.

Sadi-Carnot, President of the French Republic, was fatally stabbed in June, 1894, at Lyons by an Italian, Cesario Santo, who was speedily executed. Riots and demonstrations against Italy followed in Paris and other large cities of France. Casimir-Périer was elected President.

War broke out in 1894 between Japan and China. There was much naval fighting. The Chinese ships were aided by European advisers. The Japanese fought their own ships. The Chinese navy made a good fight, but was defeated, owing to the superior handling and better gunnery of the Japanese. The land fighting was stubborn, but the Japanese prevailed. After ten months' hostilities, peace was finally negotiated, China paying a heavy indemnity, and consenting to the cession of much territory, including Port Arthur, Wei-hai-wei, and the whole Liao-Tung Peninsula. Here Russia, Germany, and France intervened, and took from Japan these fruits of her victory, dividing the spoils among themselves.

On New Year's Day, 1896, a filibustering raid into the Transvaal Republic took place, led by Dr. Jameson, lieutenant to Cecil Rhodes. His forces numbered about seven hundred men, nearly all British. On their way to Johannesburg they were checked by a strong force of Boers under Commandant Joubert. After a day and a half of brisk fighting, Jameson raised the white flag. He and his forces were imprisoned at Pretoria. Great Britain disavowed the raid, but urged President Krueger to show clemency. The German Emperor sent a cablegram to Krueger, congratulating him ; this caused violent indignation in England. Krueger surrendered Jameson and his lieutenants to the British authorities, under promise that they should be tried. Cecil Rhodes resigned as Prime Minister of Cape Colony. When tried in England, Jameson and five of his men were found guilty ; he was sentenced to fifteen months, the others to five months ; none served the full term. The Transvaal Republic requested England to try Cecil Rhodes ; the Republic itself began his trial (*in absentiam*) in Pretoria ; with him were associated seventy-one others who were members of the " Pretoria Reform Committee," and had conspired with Jameson. The four leaders were sentenced to death ; the rest to fines. Various governments, among them that of the United States, interceded, and the four death sentences were commuted to £25,000 fine. These occurrences led to the Boer War three years later, to the bitter feeling between England and Germany, and helped to involve them in war in 1914.

In the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, once stood the large island of Krakatoa. Earthquakes began there-

about in May, 1883, lasting until August, when a cataclysm came ; a submarine volcano broke out, blowing most of the island into the air. Enormous tidal waves swept the adjacent coasts, destroying several hundred villages, and ending thousands of lives. A river had its course changed, its mouth being removed several miles. The eruptions and earthquakes lasted for a month. During this period vast masses of rock and soil were blown for many miles into the upper air. The earth in its revolution wrapped around itself, like a ribbon, masses of cosmic dust. Through this for many months were observed, all over the world, "false dawns" and "red sunsets." Around our satellite "moon-dogs" were common, and "mock moons" were often seen. Other strange phenomena followed the great cataclysm. Water-waves and air-waves ran around the globe. During the prolonged eruption the tidal-gauges in San Francisco Bay registered distinct and diminishing tidal-waves at intervals of many hours. When they were registered, it was not known to what cause they were due. News was long in coming from the disaster, as nearly all human life in the vicinity was destroyed. Ships sailing the seven seas came into port for many weeks with extraordinary atmospheric phenomena noted in their logbooks, their masters ignorant of the causes. Hundreds of miles from the scene showers of pumice-stone rained down upon the decks of ships. The "red sunsets" greatly pleased the people of the world. Lovers, hand in hand, gazed on sea and sky, the reddened haze mirrored on the waters below, and thought—if lovers think—how good was the Creator to prepare this beautiful background for their tale. Over them whirled in the skies the dust of other lovers, tinged by the sun into a rosy red.

While a violent anti-semitic wave was raging in France, in 1894, Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish army captain, was accused of offering to sell secret army papers to Germany. The prosecution depended on one document—the *bordereau*—a list of these secret papers ; it was undated and unsigned ; it was claimed to be in Dreyfus's handwriting. A court-martial found him guilty, and sentenced him to be degraded and imprisoned for life on Devil's Island, French Guiana. His sentence was read to him in the centre of a hollow square of troops ; the marks of his rank were cut from his uniform ; his sword was broken in pieces ; he was drummed out of the square. Protesting his innocence, he went overseas to his living death.

During the violent controversy that followed, President Casimir-Périer suddenly resigned, giving no reason. He was fairly young—fifty-four—in good health, and had been only six months in office. The friends of Dreyfus said that the President had resigned on account of the shameful misprision of justice.

But if that were true Casmir-Périer was not a brave man, for he remained silent.

Some months later, Colonel Picquart was appointed head of the Army Intelligence Department; he found there secret papers that convinced him of the innocence of Dreyfus; he suspected Major Esterhazy, and accused him; Esterhazy was tried and acquitted. Picquart was imprisoned on various trumped-up charges, which failed of proof. However, the army heads retired him, and he was banished to Africa.

Much excitement was now aroused by Emile Zola, novelist, who printed an appeal to the people in *L'Aurore*, Perreux, publisher; in this journal Zola protested against the court-martial, declaring Dreyfus to be innocent. Zola and Perreux were tried and found guilty of libel. When the jury foreman read the verdict cries rang through the court-room: "Long live the army!" "Long live France!" "Death to Zola!" "Down with the Jews!"

The court conferred a few minutes, and sentenced Zola to one year's imprisonment with fine, Perreux to four months' imprisonment with fine. The court record makes 328 pages.

While the case was in progress Zola's house had to be guarded with troops; his attorney, Labori, while on his way to court, was shot in the back. Zola fled from France.

Some months elapsed. Suddenly Colonel Henry, of the Intelligence Department, Picquart's successor, made a confession that he had forged the *bordereau* and other documents. He was imprisoned, and after a day or two was found dead in his cell, his throat cut.

One Lemer cier-Picard, who had assisted Henry in his forgeries, was arrested; he was found in his cell, strangled to death. Concerning both these "suicides," there were sinister rumors. Picquart, still in prison *au secret*, got word to the outside that if he was found dead in his cell it would not be suicide but murder.

After these events, War Minister Cavaignac, who had at first supported Henry's charges, resigned. He was followed by General Zurlinden, who when he heard the case was to be appealed to a civil court, resigned. His successor, General Chanoine, attempted to defend the army in its crusade against Dreyfus, but finding some secret records in the war office, resigned.

The case of Dreyfus was then appealed to the Cour de Cassation, the highest court in France; the proceedings make 1168 pages. This high tribunal made ten points showing that there was no case against Dreyfus. But it yielded to army pressure, and turned him back to army courts. It ordered a new trial at Rennes, where there was a military prison. The Rennes court-martial

again found Dreyfus guilty, and sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment.

By this time these outrages against justice had shocked the world. The blasts of criticism from all quarters alarmed President Loubet, and ten days after the Rennes court-martial he pardoned Dreyfus. The unfortunate man, however, remained merely a freed convict. Jean Jaurès, the Socialist leader, took up his case, and after seven years' agitation the Cour de Cassation was prevailed on to give a rehearing of the case; this high court finally set aside the former proceedings, and declared Dreyfus innocent of all accusations. He was reinstated in the army with the rank of major; he served with credit during the World War.

Those who tried to help him suffered. An assassin fired through a window and killed Jaurès the night before the German armies crossed the frontier.

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XIV

THE EUROPEAN BEAR-PIT

THE Russo-Turkish War was prefaced in 1876 by troubles in Herzegovina, which then was a Turkish province. Christians and Turks were murdering each other. A revolt against the Sublime Porte followed, with Serbia and Montenegro helping Herzegovina. The Great Powers demanded that the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, make terms with the rebels. He assented, but was soon deposed, and murdered; he was succeeded by his son Murad V.; he also was deposed as insane, and was succeeded by his brother, Abdul Hamid II.

The revolt grew; Bulgaria joined Herzegovina, Bosnia, Serbia, and Montenegro in fighting the Turk. But the Crescent prevailed over the Cross; the Christians were defeated, and forced to sue for peace. The Powers called a conference, but its recommendations were rejected by Turkey.

Russia, which considered herself the protector of the Balkan provinces, took up the gauntlet. On April 24, 1877, she declared war on Turkey. Rumania joined her, and the Christian forces on the same day crossed the Turkish frontiers in Europe and Asia. The Russo-Rumanian army which crossed the Danube consisted of 400,000 men, 57,000 horses, and 980 guns. The Turkish armies on the south side of the Danube amounted to 250,000 men. The Russian Army of the Caucasus numbered 150,000 men. Confronting them was a Turkish army of 124,000 men.

The fighting that followed on both the European and Asiatic fronts was historic. It has been the opinion of Europe that the Russian advance would be a military parade; it was believed that the Turkish armies would speedily be vanquished. At first, victory seemed to perch on the Russian banners. But there came a series of checks, then defeats for Russia on the Caucasus front; also, the Russian campaign in Armenia, confronted by Mukhtar Pasha, came to a standstill.

In the Balkans the Russians at first were successful, but the Turks under Suleiman Pasha soon repulsed them, and then drove them back. The fighting in the Shipka Pass and at Plevna was of the bloodiest description.

But in the end the Russian armies prevailed. Kars, a great fortress in Asia under Mukhtar Pasha, fell ; Plevna, a fortress in Europe under Osman Pasha, had been besieged for five months, and was out of food and ammunition. Osman made a sortie with some 70,000 men, and carried the Russian first and second lines. But the half-starved Turks were short of ammunition, and were forced at last to capitulate. Plevna with Osman's army surrendered December 10, 1877. The end of the war was in sight. And Turkey appealed to the Great Powers, asking for mediation.

Without waiting for the Powers, Russia continued her advance until she was at San Stefano, within thirty miles of Constantinople. Here the two enemies agreed on an armistice, and began negotiations. A war indemnity was fixed ; Bulgaria was made a principality ; Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro were given independence ; Bosnia and Herzegovina were granted governmental reforms ; and Russia forced Turkey to yield to her demands concerning the evacuation of the Turkish Danubian fortresses and the passage of the Dardanelles. These terms were then incorporated, March 3, 1878, in the Treaty of San Stefano.

The Russian success had been watched by the other Powers with jealous eyes. Austria was particularly aggrieved ; the predominance in the Balkans that she had hoped for was now threatened by Russia. Great Britain, too, looked with alarm on Russia's coming control of the Dardanelles, of the open passage to the Black Sea, and of the eastern Mediterranean ; likewise she feared Russia's proximity to the Suez Canal, England's waterway to India. So Disraeli accomplished a master-stroke by ordering a great British fleet into the Sea of Marmora, near to San Stefano ; also an army of East Indian troops was shipped to Eastern Mediterranean waters, with headquarters at Malta.

Naturally these ominous movements gave Russia pause. When, therefore, England and Austria urged Germany to call a conference of the Great Powers at Berlin on June 13, 1878, Russia sulkily yielded. The congress was presided over by Prince Bismarck. Disraeli, England's prime minister, largely controlled the congress ; his lieutenants were the Marquess of Salisbury and Lord Odo Russell. Prince Gortschakoff represented Russia ; M. Waddington, France ; Count Andrassy, Austro-Hungary ; Count Corti, Italy ; and Karatheodori Pasha, Turkey. Disraeli had already been made Earl of Beaconsfield ; but his commoner's name seems greater to us to-day than his lordly title.

This congress was the crest of Disraeli's career. It cut to pieces the Treaty of San Stefano, substituting for it the Treaty of Berlin. It took from Russia many of the strategic advantages

for which she had fought. It prevented the Czar from driving Turkey into Asia; it aided the Sultan to retain much of his territory in Europe. It made many changes in the Balkan countries, among them allowing Austria administrative control over Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The present generation in the United States may ask: Of what interest is all this to us? Much. The Treaty of Berlin left the Balkan peninsula so greatly disturbed that outbreaks, revolts, and wars occurred there. They were often instigated by the two rivals, Austria and Russia. A summary of the dynastic changes and other disturbances in the Balkans following the Russo-Turkish war may be of interest.

When Rumania joined Russia in her war on Turkey, she was rewarded at the peace by Russia's demanding Bessarabia from her. This grab was not prevented by the Great Powers, and in 1880 Rumania was forced to cede Bessarabia to Russia.

In 1881, Rumania was declared a kingdom, with Prince Karl, a Hohenzollern, as King. As his marriage proved to be childless, another Hohenzollern, Prince Ferdinand, was later declared heir to the crown.

Seven years after the Berlin Congress, in 1885, Bulgaria attacked Turkey, and seized Rumelia. While Bulgaria was fighting on the Turkish frontier, she was invaded in the rear by Serbia. Serbia and Bulgaria continued at war till Serbia was defeated. She was saved by the intervention of Austria.

In 1886, Russia kidnapped Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, and forced his abdication, as elsewhere told.

After the fall of Alexander of Battenberg the crown of Bulgaria was given to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. He seemed to incline toward Austria.

In 1889, yielding to some foreign pressure, King Milan of Serbia abdicated.

In 1897, Greece attacked Turkey; Greece was heavily defeated. She paid Turkey an indemnity of \$18,000,000.

In 1903, King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia were assassinated by a group of army officers headed by Colonel Dimitrijevitich. Note the name. This terminated the Obrenovitch dynasty, and placed on the throne King Peter of the Karageorgevitch dynasty. The murder, accompanied by mutilation, was so shocking that King Edward VII. recalled the British minister and broke off all relations with Serbia.

While Russia was exhausted after her war with Japan, Austria took advantage of her weakness, and in 1908 seized Bosnia and

Herzegovina. This was in violation of the Treaty of Berlin, but Russia could not prevent Austria's grab. Serbia had been secretly working to seize these two provinces herself, and threatened war on Austria. She was, of course, too weak to cope with that great empire, but she hoped to bring on a war which would involve the other Powers, as she succeeded in doing in 1914. The Great Powers brought pressure to bear to make Serbia keep the peace, but allowed Austria to retain her loot.

In 1908 Prince Ferdinand proclaimed himself "Czar" of Bulgaria, thereby attempting to revive the legend of a mighty Bulgarian empire in the past. This gave great offense to the Russian government, which adopted a hostile policy toward Ferdinand; this hostility drove Ferdinand into a secret alliance with Austria.

In 1905, 1906, and 1910, Greece and Rumania had three separate quarrels over Macedonian territory. Relations were thrice broken off between them and war threatened. However, war was prevented by pressure from the Powers.

In 1909-10 there was a military revolution in Greece.

After Austria in 1908 seized Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia determined to be revenged on Austria, and kept up an underground propaganda through the "Black Hand" society (Narodna) against her. This she maintained for years, until it culminated in 1914 in the Serajevo murders.

In 1912, Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro attacked Turkey, and took from her much of Macedonia. Austria prevented victorious Serbia from gaining an Adriatic port. Serbia threatened war. In later years, Woodrow Wilson gave Serbia the desired port. Italy took it away from her.

In 1913, the Balkan allies of 1912 quarrelled over the division of their spoils. As a result, Serbia and Greece attacked Bulgaria, who was defeated. Serbia annexed much of Bulgaria's territory—15,000 square miles. Rumania attacked Bulgaria in the rear, and seized her territory south of the Dobrudja—7000 square miles. Turkey regained what Bulgaria took the year before. Greece took from Bulgaria 18,000 square miles.

In 1911, Italy seized the Dodecanese Islands, Greek-inhabited, but nominally belonging to Turkey. Both Greece and Turkey endeavored to reclaim them, but Italy was still holding them in 1929.

After the Balkan War of 1913, the Great Powers guaranteed autonomy to Albania, and agreed on Prince William of Wied as its ruler. He attempted to assume his post, but his loving subjects showed such a strong desire to assassinate him that he did not dare to live ashore—he took up his residence on a friendly war-ship. After a few months he gave up the job and retired.

French being still the language of diplomacy, he was generally spoken of throughout Europe as "Le Prince de Vide"—the "Prince of Nothing"—German *Wied* being pronounced like French *vide*. During the World War Albania was invaded by the neighboring Balkan states.

Franz Ferdinand, Austrian Crown Prince, accompanied by his wife, paid an official visit to Serajevo, capital of Bosnia, in June, 1914. They were blown to pieces by bombs, hurled by Serbian students. The fragments of these bombs bore the marks of the Serbian arsenals. The plot was finally traced to Colonel Dimitrijevitich. Note the name. Then followed the demands of Austria on Serbia for the punishment of the assassins, and guarantees against the anti-Austrian propaganda of the "Black Hand" society. Russia backed up Serbia, and mobilized her armies against Austria, and against Germany, Austria's ally. This was the first outbreak of the colossal war. Following Russia, Austria, and Serbia, into it were plunged Germany, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Arabia, Greece, Japan, China, Egypt, Africa, and finally the United States.

When the World War broke out, Greece declared herself neutral. Her fleet was thereupon seized by the Allies, her ports blockaded, and Athens bombarded. Thereafter some Greek troops participated with the Allies. As a reward, Greece received much Turkish territory, including Cyprus and the Smyrna district.

Bulgaria hesitated when the World War came, but after bargaining joined the Central Powers in 1915. She surrendered unconditionally to the Allies in September, 1918, before the armistice on the western front. Ferdinand became an exile. His son Boris became "Czar."

After much bargaining, Rumania on August 27, 1916, joined the Allies, breaking her treaty of 1883 with the Triple Alliance.

Much Balkan territory was promised to Italy by the Allies in the secret Treaty of London, April 26, 1915, on condition that she would join them. Italy consented, broke her treaty with the Triple Alliance, and declared war May 23, 1915.

Disastrously defeated in 1917 by the Central Powers, Rumania asked for an armistice. She gave back to Bulgaria the territory seized in 1913; she also ceded territory to Germany and Austria-Hungary.

At the 1918 Peace Conference, Italy demanded much of the Balkan coast territory, including Fiume. President Wilson bitterly opposed giving her Fiume, which he insisted should go to Yugo-Slavia. This was nominally done. But Gabriele d'Annunzio seized Fiume, and made it an independent state. Later it was annexed by Italy.

After the peace treaty was signed, in 1919, Hungary proclaimed a republic under Karolji. Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugo-Slavia thereupon attacked Hungary, and seized portions of her territory.

At the Peace Conference, in 1918, under the Allies' victory, Rumania received Transylvania, Bukovina, and Bessarabia.

After the peace treaty, in 1919, Rumania occupied Budapest. Under Allied pressure, she withdrew.

In 1920, Italy attacked Albania, and occupied Vallona. The war lasted three months, when the Powers brought about a truce.

In 1921, a revolt in Bulgaria led to the assassination of War Minister Dimitroff.

In 1921-22, Greece invaded Turkey in Asia Minor. Mustapha Kemal routed the Greeks, driving them out. Much of Smyrna was burned.

In 1922, Yugo-Slavia (Serbia) invaded Albania, but was persuaded to withdraw by the Powers.

In 1923, Italy seized the island of Corfu, after a bombardment, and held it until Greece paid an indemnity for alleged outrages on Italian subjects.

In 1923, a revolution in Bulgaria resulted in the overthrow of Prime Minister Stambuliski and his assassination.

In 1928, the peasants of Rumania uprose against the Bratianu government. They were headed by Juliu Maniu, himself a peasant. They began a march on Bucharest, the capital city, demanding a republic. Their numbers rose to more than two hundred thousand. Premier Bratianu succeeded in intimidating Maniu, who was induced to retire. Left leaderless, and faced by an army of regular troops, the peasants broke up and returned to their homes. In 1928, Maniu succeeded in overthrowing the cabinet, and installing himself as prime minister of a "peasants' " government. In June, 1930, Prince Carol deposed his son, King Michael, and made himself King of Rumania.

At the Paris Peace Conference, in 1918, the people of Croatia sent a vigorous protest against being incorporated into a Serbian kingdom; their desire was to form the Republic of Croatia. On October 29, 1918, the Croatian Parliament voted for complete independence. But the "Big Four"—Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Orlando—refused to listen to them, and incorporated them into the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes."

Continuous trouble followed. Early in 1922 the Croat deputies sent to the Genoa Conference a memorial containing a long list of "atrocities" committed by the Serbians, so they averred, in order to terrify the Croats into remaining under Serbian rule. The conference did not heed them.

In June, 1928, while the Yugo-Slavian Parliament was in

session at Belgrade, a Serbian deputy opened fire on the Croatian deputies, killing two and wounding three. One of the wounded was Stefan Raditch, leader of the Croatian Republican party. He lingered some weeks, and died in August in Zagreb, the capital city of Croatia. The old Croatian flag, draped with black, was hoisted at half mast. Peasants to the number of two hundred thousand poured into Zagreb for the funeral; the procession lasted from early morning until dark. Shouts of hostility to Serbia were heard all along the line. Afterwards the Croatian members of the Yugo-Slavian Parliament set up a Parliament of their own at Zagreb, denouncing the Belgrade body as a rump parliament.

In August, 1928, the widow of Stefan Raditch addressed a letter to the League of Nations, then in session at Geneva; in this she petitioned the League to assist in bringing her husband's assassins to justice. The League did not reply. The widow's letter was published by a number of newspapers in Croatia. All of these were suppressed by the Yugo-Slavian government.

In 1921, Albania elected a national assembly, and inaugurated a sort of republic. Turmoil followed. In 1928, Italy's influence behind a mountain chief, Ahmed Zogu, succeeded in overturning the republic, and on September 1 he was made King with the title of Scanderbeg III. The festivities were quite in the old royal style. Sheep were slaughtered and given to the populace; the state employees had their salaries raised; army colonels were made generals. The "Scanderbeg" (Alexander) kings in Albania claimed to be successors or descendants of Alexander the Great.

In order to solidify the new kingdom, the new king had some two hundred alleged conspirators arrested about a week after the coronation. Of these, eleven were hanged in the bosom of the Albanian populace, in the public square of Durazzo.

On the royal progress through Tirana the streets were lined with Italian guards, and Italian airplanes dropped flowers. Italy recognized the new monarch on the day that he was crowned. The American minister stayed away from the ceremony; probably he felt a little dubious about assisting at turning a republic into a kingdom. However, on September 14, 1928, the United States recognized the monarchy. The new king seemed highly nervous during the ceremony, very likely due to the threats of the Albanian republicans against his life. Probably he is not, from a life-insurance standpoint, a good risk.

The new king—and Italy, his promoter—must have regretted that Albania did not obtain a large loan from the United States in the lavish days of the World War.

Yugo-Slavia then borrowed from generous Uncle Sam \$50,000,000; this came in very handy in establishing the new Yugo-Slavian monarchy, paying for crowns, robes, thrones,

collateral royalties, royal ladies, flunkies, liveries, armies, guns, and the like. Doubtless the American taxpayers who dug down into their jeans to furnish the money gave it gladly.

Rumania relieved Uncle Sam of \$36,000,000; this has mainly been expended on a deserving royal family—with some, of course, for armies.

Greece received only \$15,000,000. It is true that President Wilson, on February 10, 1918, promised her \$50,000,000. Succeeding American administrations, however, did not "come through" with the money pledged by the War President, although Greece in the handsomest manner offered to pay us some of the fifteen millions if we loaned her the unloaned thirty-five millions. Finally, in 1928, President Coolidge's administration yielded to Greece's demands.

Czecho-Slovakia obtained from us \$90,000,000. As she is a republic, this sum has not gone to throne-building. However, in August, 1928, she re-established titles of nobility, so there is perhaps hope for monarchists.

Armenia obtained from us \$10,000,000; Esthonia, \$12,000,000; Latvia, \$5,000,000; Lithuania, \$5,000,000; Poland, \$160,000,000; Russia, \$187,000,000. And so on. These are the small debts.

There is surely no reason why Albania should not have obtained forty or fifty millions when Uncle Sam was running his great international loan-shop. It was so easy to get. No worthy applicant was refused. Besides, it will now be needed to keep up royal state. In addition, Albania became an ally of Italy and will require a large army to defend herself against Yugo-Slavia, which does not love either of them.

At Paris, in 1917, Queen Elena of Italy was hostess at a dinner, at which, among other guests, were Edward Prince of Wales and Prince Alexander of Serbia. Thus the grandson of King Edward sat at table with the son of King Peter, who came to his throne through the murder of King Alexander; which so shocked King Edward. If politics makes strange bedfellows, war makes strange table-mates. The hostess, Queen Elena, is a daughter of King Nicholas of Montenegro, whose crown was taken from him by the Allies, and his country given to Serbia, which approved of the murder of King Alexander.

In this, we also had a hand. President Wilson, in July, 1918, gave a pledge in writing that the independence of Montenegro would be assured, and persuaded King Nicholas, then in Paris, to telegraph this pledge to the Montenegrins in order to suppress an insurrection then breaking out. President Wilson wrote: "I trust that your majesty and the noble and heroic people of Montenegro will not be cast down, but will have confidence in the determination of the United States to see that in the final victory

that will come the integrity and rights of Montenegro shall be secured and recognized."

This pledge was never fulfilled. Montenegro was occupied by a Serbian detachment, aided by French troops. In 1921 the Montenegrin Consul-General at New York asked the Department of State what status his country held, and received a polite reply that his exequatur was "revoked for the present."

It is interesting to note that the present King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia was born in Montenegro in 1888, while his father King Peter (Karageorgevitch) and his mother Queen Zorka were in exile there. They returned to Belgrade after the murder of King Alexander (Obrenovitch) and of Queen Draga made way for them. Thus the asylum given to the Serbian royal exiles by Montenegro was rewarded later by gobbling up that little country with the aid of the Peace Conference. King Alexander, by the way, has an annual allowance of about a million dollars, the largest of any of the lesser sovereigns of Europe. He married Princess Marie of Greece, daughter of King Constantine.

For a number of years A. Savinsky had charge of the secret archives of the Russian Foreign office, as we learn from his memoirs, published in 1928. In 1914, he was appointed Minister to Bulgaria, his special mission being to keep King Ferdinand out of the embraces of Austria and Germany. Although the World War was six months off, Russia and Austria were actively intriguing for power in the Balkans. King Ferdinand's flirtation with Austria was looked on with horror by the Czar and his ministers, as Russia considered herself the liberator of Bulgaria from the Turks.

Savinsky found his job not an easy one. Ferdinand pretended that his Prime Minister Radoslavoff and his cabinet were out of his control; that he, the King, was devoted to Russia, but that his cabinet had Austrian leanings. Savinsky discovered that Austria and Germany were preparing to finance a large loan to Bulgaria; he at once warned the Russian government to head off the German-Austrian loan, and make it a Franco-Russian loan. Preparations were made, and French financiers hastily summoned. But they were too late; they arrived at Sofia the very day the Parliament had passed the German-Austrian bill. Savinsky says that Radoslavoff sat with a revolver in his hand beside the chairman to see that the voting was right. It was.

Savinsky protested to King Ferdinand, but fruitlessly. Seeking some means to control that crafty King, he held conferences with Dr. Vladoff, head of a violent anti-king party. That *comitadji* leader enthusiastically promised assistance; after sketching his plans for checking the cabinet, Vladoff said: "As for the King, we who have often faced death will not hesitate to do away with him." This frank offer of assassination was not accepted by

Minister Savinsky. His refusal was fatal; Ferdinand entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, and Savinsky got his passports.

Savinsky makes many revelations concerning the intrigues of the Powers in the Balkan countries, not only those of Austria and Germany, but of the Western Allies as well. The picture he paints is not a pleasant one.

In his interviews with King Ferdinand, that monarch frequently confided to Savinsky his opinions concerning his Balkan neighbors. He did not speak highly of Rumania, and he said of the Serbians that "they were blackguards and swindlers." He spoke scornfully of the mercenary haggling of the Rumanians between the Allies and the Central Powers. And he told Savinsky he pitied him "from the depths of his heart" to be "forced to live in Bulgaria, this half-savage country." Ferdinand was later relieved of this vexation by being forced to abdicate and flee from Bulgaria.

Savinsky tells of the offer of mediation between Russia and Japan volunteered by President Roosevelt in 1905. He says that in Russia it was considered "unjust that the Americans, who in their own affairs were bound by the Monroe Theory, should interfere in matters outside their own country." This seems to have been the first attempt of the United States, according to Savinsky, to meddle with the political affairs of Russia. President Roosevelt again interjected the United States into European controversies in 1906, with England, Germany, France, and Spain at the Algeiras conference concerning Morocco.

Various philosophers have remarked that no race understands another race, and that to all the Continental nations England is incomprehensible. England shows the same failure to understand the peoples of the Continent. Correspondingly, Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George in the Paris Peace Conference displayed a most extraordinary inability to understand any of the peoples whose fates and whose frontiers they were determining. (Here no reference is made to the enemy countries, but to their own allies.) Clemenceau did not care whether he understood them or not—he was for France first, last, and all the time. That, all of us can understand.

Wilson and Lloyd George not only did not understand the Continental races, but they seemed unfamiliar with the Continental geography. Lloyd George is on record as being ignorant of the location of Memel and Peschen, two places whose fate he was deciding. President Wilson in an official paper spoke of Serajevo as being in Serbia, when in reality it was the capital of Bosnia.

Sir Rennell Rodd was British Ambassador at Rome during the World War; Thomas Nelson Page was American Ambassador.

Sir Rennell in his memoirs says that Page frequently spoke to him of Woodrow Wilson as "almost a superman." After the Peace Conference (says Sir Rennell) Page modified his views. Sir Rennell saw and tells of the delirious reception given to President Wilson by the Italians in January, 1918, when they presented him with a gold reproduction of the famous Wolf of the Capitol.

During the following weeks at Paris President Wilson violently opposed the Balkan boundaries given to Italy by the Pact of London. This changed the attitude of the Italian people, although Wilson did not seem to know it, for when the Italian delegates, Orlando and Sonnino, held out for Italy's "rights" under the London Pact, Wilson opposed them, and issued his famous Note, going over the heads of the Italian government and appealing directly to the Italian people. Thereupon Orlando and Sonnino withdrew from the Peace Conference, and returned to Italy.

Says Sir Rennell Rodd: "The masts for the decorations in honor of President Wilson were still standing in the Via Nazionale down which the returning ministers drove with glowing faces." . . . The shouts of applause for Wilson were replaced by hostile cries demanding the return of the gold wolf they had given him. The Wilson Note to them so irritated the populace that (according to Sir Rennell) "it was considered necessary to place a cordon of troops around the American Embassy for its protection." "The reaction of popular feeling against President Wilson remained intense. He was charged with being willing to waive his principles in favor of France and Great Britain, but rigorously to assert them against Italy."

Thomas Nelson Page understood the Italian and Balkan situation, and went to Paris "with the intention of laying certain conditions before President Wilson." He patiently waited for weeks for that opportunity, but it was not accorded him, "and when his position became humiliating he withdrew. . . . Page was too good a patriot and too great a gentleman to complain." But he asked for leave of absence, and did not return to his post.

Sir Rennell comments on the fact that Ambassador Walter H. Page at London and Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page at Rome were both devoted friends of President Wilson, yet both "left their posts disillusioned by . . . their inability to obtain a hearing." Both died soon afterward.

It was a curious phase of Woodrow Wilson's mentality that he seemed unwilling to listen to facts—much less counsel—when he apprehended that the view to be presented might differ from his own. Thus he coldly broke with Robert Lansing, his Secretary of State; with Walter H. Page, his Ambassador to Britain; with Thomas Nelson Page, his Ambassador to Italy; with Colonel E. M. House, his extra-legal Ambassador to Europe in general; with

Joseph Tumulty, his tried and trusted secretary. Yet all of these men were devoted and loyal followers.

That Wilson should have had these temperamental weaknesses toward those of his followers who had to present unpalatable truths is not important. But that he should have entertained so strong an aversion toward facing facts is vital; it was the cause of his colossal failure. That Italy was by her allies promised certain territories along the Adriatic can not be gainsaid. Wilson evidently believed that Britain and France had no right to give these territories to Italy. But he believed that he had the right to give them to Yugo-Slavia. His obstinacy seemed to prevail, and his colleagues seemingly yielded. But the Italian government received secret assurances that there would be no opposition to her obtaining her "rights" under the secret Pact of London. Italy defied Wilson's judgment on Fiume; the Allies winked at its erection into a "Free State" under D'Annunzio; Italy soon occupied and annexed it. Thus was Wilson again outwitted, as he was so many times during the Peace Conference. Italy continued her assimilation of what she calls "unredeemed Italy," and in 1928 was preparing to gobble up Albania, using Ahmed Zogu as a stalking-horse as she previously had done with D'Annunzio.

When the American Bureau of Information permitted publication of the news of President Wilson's enthusiastic reception in Italy, it caused mild bewilderment in the United States. We on this side knew of no obvious reason for it; Wilson had done nothing specially for Italy. The American Bureau of Information suppressed the later news concerning the frenzied denunciation of Wilson when the Italian people learned of his opposition to their annexation schemes.

President Wilson more than once spoke of the Yugo-Slavian kingdom as "The Republic of Yugo-Slavia." Probably he thought Americans would be averse to paying taxes to create kingdoms.

From the foregoing summary of events in and around the Balkan peninsula, the American reader may see why the Russo-Turkish War of 1876-77 and the Berlin Congress of 1878 profoundly affected the present generation in the United States. Four millions of young Americans were taken from their workshops, their colleges, their farms, their homes, and trained to fight on European battlefields over Europe's ancient quarrels.

It might be said that the United States entered the war because the Central Powers attacked our ships and our nationals on the high seas. But there was no original quarrel between the United States and the Central Powers. The war came from

causes with which we had nothing primarily to do. This was certainly the official view of the United States government as expressed by President Wilson. Before we entered the war he said in an official paper that the conflict originated from "obscure sources with which we have no concern." For this he was roundly abused by the official organs of the Allies, which at that time were endeavoring to get us into the war.

The United States fought beside the Allies because Russia and Austria had for more than half a century been struggling for predominance in the Balkans. Our American soldiers fought to back up the Allies in giving to Serbia possession of the lands of the Croats and Slovenes; in giving to Serbia the pile of mountains called Montenegro, which little country had fought the Turks for five hundred years, and which had never been conquered. Yet in 1929 the Croats were revolting against Serbia, and attempting to set up a government of their own. And Montenegro was still occupied by Serbian troops.

There are many Americans who in 1917 and 1918 contended that we entered the war to "make the world safe for democracy." Well, we have not done it; the war caused dictatorships and oligarchies to replace constitutional monarchies. Other Americans contended that we entered the war "to end war." Well, we have not done it; fresh wars began before the Peace Treaty ink was dry. Others contended that we fought "for the freedom of the world." If the post-war world is any more free than the pre-war world, it is not so conspicuous that you can notice it.

Those Americans who believe that we fought for "the freedom of the world" forget some post-war facts. In Italy, since the Fascist rule began, there is less freedom than there was under King Bomba, of infamous fame. Several American correspondents in Fascist Italy who attempted to cable the news to their journals were deported; some of them took up their stations at towns on the Swiss frontier like Chiasso. So in Spain; under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera the only way to get the news wired to outside countries was for foreign correspondents to work at French frontier towns, like Hendaye.

Even in countries which profess to be free from dictatorships there is much meddling with foreign press cablegrams. In cities like London, Paris, Warsaw, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, and others, the American newspaper correspondents speedily find that if they cable the truth the official sources of news soon dry up. Such correspondents if they desire to stand well with their managing editors must stand well with the officials of the governments where they are working. Naturally their dispatches are affected—one may not say "censored." But it is about the same.

In September, 1928, the Paris correspondent of an American news agency cabled to New York the text of a secret naval agreement between Britain and France. This agreement was construed by the United States government as hostile to its interests, and it thereupon sent a curt note to Britain and France declining to make further naval agreements with them. As these two countries had already in 1921 gulled our government into scrapping about a dozen fine war-ships, one would have thought they would rest content. But no—having partially disarmed Uncle Sam, they combined against him. One would imagine also that the disclosure of their clandestine bargain would shame them into silence. But no—the result was that the French government took measures to have the American correspondent deported.

This is only one of the many curious phases worked out by the "war for the freedom of the world."

Those Americans who say we fought because the Central Powers attacked our ships and our nationals are more logical and more sensible. Concerning that contention, it might be said that the Central Powers attacked us because months of pusillanimous vacillation led them to believe that it was safe to attack us, and thus to cut off supplies to the British and French.

If George Washington, or Andrew Jackson, or Abraham Lincoln, or Grover Cleveland, or Theodore Roosevelt had been in the White House, we would not have been involved in the war. Germany would not have dared to attack the ships or citizens of the United States with any one of those men at the head of the great republic.

Kaiser Wilhelm II. in 1902 threatened to override the Monroe Doctrine by a naval demonstration in Venezuelan waters. His design was to force Venezuela to settle certain disputed debts, and incidentally to see whether the United States could be intimidated into tolerating an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine. President Roosevelt promptly ordered an American squadron to La Guayra, and the German naval demonstration did not materialize.

Great Britain in 1895 prepared to enforce with arms a dispute over boundaries between British Guiana and Venezuela. This action President Grover Cleveland construed to be an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, and he demanded that the question be arbitrated, in so sharp a message that the British government construed it as a threat of war. The question was arbitrated.

The present writer may not be accused of bias against any one of the Balkan nations. He does not take the side of one as

against the other in presenting these facts. He admits to entertaining a very poor opinion of all of them. But this feeling would make him impartial rather than partial. His poor opinion is based on his studies of their history. These races have been in Europe for many centuries, and still seem to be only semi-civilized. Some of them, like the Bulgarians, claim to have existed as empires ten or fifteen hundred years ago. The modern Greeks, or Hellenes, profess to be descendants of the ancient Greeks. Some among them more moderately claim to come from the Lower, or Eastern, or Byzantine Empire. If either claim be true, the present Hellenes are very much degenerated even from the Byzantines.

It may be said that the present writer has no first-hand knowledge of the Balkan peoples. It is true that a journey in the Orient Express with a stay in Constantinople does not fit one for matured judgments. His views admittedly have been formed from study of books and events. However, even more severe opinions of the Balkan peoples have been expressed by a European observer who sojourned among them. Count Herman Keyserling is a European; a native of a small country, Esthonia; therefore a nominal subject of Old Russia; a profound observer; a keen analyst of racial differences. Count Keyserling in his book "A Spectrum Analysis of Europe" declares that the Balkan peoples are still "primitive warrior and robber races"; that they are "brigands like the African Berbers"; that they are motivated by "personal hatreds and blood-lusts"; that "the pistol and stiletto" figure there in the feuds of politics; that the Bulgars hate the Rumanians, the Serbs hate the Albanians, the Albanians hate the Montenegrins, and all of them hate the Greeks; that the Greeks loftily sneer at the other Balkan races as "barbarians"; that (says Keyserling) the Athenian Greeks are mostly lazy and worthless; that the best, and most hard-working Greeks are those peasants recently brought back from Anatolia, where they had been governed by the Turks for centuries; that the educated class of Greeks includes hordes of swindlers. To this sweeping denunciation of Keyserling it may be connoted that the French use the term *un grec*—"a Greek"—for a crooked gambler.

It might be added that the Balkan dwellers have been at war for many centuries; that in ancient times they were kept in order only by the stern rule of Rome; that when that empire decayed and fell they returned to their congenial anarchy. The Turks conquered them, and kept them in order for some centuries. This enforced peace ended with their release from Turkish rule by the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. In the two score years following they were engaged in almost

continual war. At last, in 1914, they set all Europe in a blaze, and finally the world.

A fantastic legend cherished by the Rumanians is that they are descended from one of the Emperor Trajan's legions, which was ordered to the region watered by the Danubian delta, on the shores of the Euxine. This legion, according to the legend, was forgotten, remained there, and became progenitors of the modern Rumanians.

If this be true, the modern Rumanians have sadly deteriorated. Under the Roman Cæsars the Jews were very mildly governed. They were largely permitted to run their own affairs, as was shown by Pontius Pilate's attempted attitude toward the charges against Jesus of Nazareth. In modern Rumania, the Jews have been treated with shocking barbarity. Even since the World War this infamous treatment continues. When William H. Taft was President the United States broke off relations with Russia on the ground of her treatment of the Jews. Yet no attempt at severing relations has ever been made by the United States concerning their treatment in Rumania.

The Jews in the United States played a loyal and a liberal part in the World War. The young men gave their bodies, and the old men gave of their gold. When American Jews reflect that many of their young men died to build up a new and greater Rumania; that the whole Jewish community gave freely of funds of which much went to Rumania, their reflections are probably not pleasant.

The Balkan region is only a part of the European bear-pit. Our American soldiers fought also to take Alsace from Germany and restore it to France. Yet ten years later, in 1928, Alsace was struggling for independence, protesting that she desired to be free from France as well as from Germany. In proof of this, she elected a number of "Autonomist" deputies to the French Parliament, all of them pledged to advocate Alsatian freedom. The French government immediately placed these deputies in prison. Alsace still protests that she has as much right to independence as Luxemburg, or Albania, or Armenia, or any other of the small countries whose independence was given or guaranteed them by the Allies. She quotes President Wilson's principle of "self-determination" to back up her standpoint. But Alsatians bold enough to support this principle are jailed.

Correspondingly, in the Balkans the Wilson principle of "self-determination" is discarded. When Stefan Raditch, the Croatian leader in the Yugo-Slavian parliament, was murdered in June, 1928—elsewhere referred to—the resultant disturbances alarmed the royal government. The Minister of Justice at Belgrade began criminal proceedings against the leaders who

were advocating the separation of Croatia from Yugo-Slavia. Finally, to secure absolute control of the situation, the King dismissed the Parliament in 1929, and made himself dictator, with one of the 1902 assassins as his right-hand man.

President Wilson also struggled valiantly to create a new Poland, and succeeded. A few years after the armistice Poland invaded her little neighbor Lithuania, seized her capital, Vilna, and the territories circumjacent. Lithuania fruitlessly appealed for a hearing, to the League of Nations. Poland in 1929 was still holding the disputed territory.

This may be included in the changes in Europe brought about by American intervention. President Wilson was deeply and personally interested in Poland, and practically defined her boundaries. His war "to make the world safe for democracy" resulted in Poland in the erection of the dictatorship of Marshal Pilsudski, whose soldiers drove the legislators out of the Parliament House when they hesitated to carry out his decrees.

Had the American people known in 1917 what they knew in 1927 about the underground intrigues of Europe, they would not have entered the war. After the Imperial Russian government fell, and the Russian Soviet government came into power, it began broadcasting through the air some of the secret treaties made by the Czar. They must have remained unknown to the masses of the American people, for President Wilson told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (stenographically reported) that he had never heard of them. When William Hohenzollern fled, the government of the German Republic threw open his government's secret papers to the world. They have now been published in nearly two score volumes. The Austrian Republic has also published a mass of the imperial secret documents. Great Britain in 1928, confronted with these disclosures, shamefacedly promised to open her secret records to historians. A preliminary volume was announced in 1928. France is still silent. So is Serbia.

But one-half of a correspondence reveals much about the other half. Enough has been brought to light by the Russian, German, and Austrian disclosures to force France sooner or later to turn on the light.

As much may not be said for Serbia—now Yugo-Slavia. It is doubtful whether that country will voluntarily reveal the truth about her actions on the eve of the great war. Historians now have proof that the Serbian government had foreknowledge of the Serajevo murders. Whether that government had guilty knowledge is not yet proved. It is known, however, that various officials of the Serbian government aided the Serajevo assassins in their plans, and assisted some of the conspirators to escape

after the murders. One of the high officials implicated was Colonel Dimitrijevitich. Note the name. He was chief of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff. As document after document came to light, pointing to him and to other Serbian officials, Prime Minister Paschitch of Serbia became alarmed. Already the world was putting awkward questions to him and to his cabinet. There was danger that Dimitrijevitich might weaken; he might talk too much; he might be bribed to tell the truth. So Premier Paschitch hatched up a charge against Dimitrijevitich of conspiring against the Prince Regent. He was tried by a court-martial, hurriedly convened, and shot against a barrack wall.

But Europe still pressed Premier Paschitch for more light. He remained obstinately silent. And in the spring months of 1928 he died. Now Yugo-Slavia insists that if any secret crimes were perpetrated, she knew nothing of them.

Yugo-Slavia in August, 1928, completed a marble memorial to the two Serbian assassins whose act started the World War. It marks the spot where Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Archduchess were assassinated in 1914. The inscription on the monument glorifies the assassins "because their act has resulted in the independence of all Southern Slavs." Probably American money helped to pay for it.

These political murders in the small Balkan countries would seem unimportant to us in the United States. Yet the assassins succeeded in utilizing them in such a manner as eventually to involve us in the World War—and on the side of the assassins.

A long train of foreign and domestic intrigues, political plots, struggling "dynasties," revolutionary *comitadjis*, border brigandage, political assassinations, political kidnappings, general out-lawry, riot, murder, arson, and rape—this is the history of the Balkan countries for the past fifty years.

Thus the outbreak of the World War in 1914 may be traced back, step by step, to the Russo-Turkish War of fifty years before.

XV

NOTABLES OF YESTERDAY

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century there were many notable persons in the limelight. Perhaps the best way to gauge their notability is by the news space given them by the press. In looking over the *Argonaut* files I was struck by the continual recurrence of certain names. Finally I compiled a list of them, which is appended, with occasional comments. The reader may think that sometimes I have given more space to the near-great than to the great. Well, they need it more. Everybody knows about the great.

It has been a little difficult to fit the ages of all my lime-lighters to the arbitrary period I have selected. Some were too young; some too old. So I have not adhered to hard-and-fast lines. Emma Eames, Nellie Melba, Rudyard Kipling, William Hohenzollern—all these attained prominence early; in the eighties they were in the public eye; I have included them. Many of the World War generals were boys about the beginning of this period, therefore I have omitted them. Hindenberg was a young officer in the wars of 1866 and 1870; he is in the list. Foch and Joffre were in the war of 1870; they are in the list. Our Civil War ended only ten years before the beginning of the last quarter; many of its generals are in the list. Stonewall Jackson was killed early in the war; he is not in the list.

This is to explain what might be considered purposeful omissions. However, this is not a bead-roll of fame—it is merely a chronicle of publicity.

At the other end of the years, the list at times projects into the present. It has seemed advisable to bring down to date dynasties that were ended by assassination, abdication, deposition, or revolution. So with the imperial and royal houses of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Serbia, Greece; to stop at 1900 with their tales untold would be unsatisfactory. The Popes have also been brought down to date. The Presidents of the two great republics that were in existence when the last quarter of the century began are given here.

There are many interesting things to be said about the names

in this list which stand with no comment. No one knows that better than the writer, and he would like to say them. But if he did, the chapter would extend into a volume.

QUEEN VICTORIA. Born in 1819; queen, 1837; married Albert, 1840; empress, 1876; jubilee, 1887; diamond jubilee, 1897; died, 1901. Her earlier published letters accentuated her domestic side. Those published in 1926 and 1928 reveal her mania for meddling in foreign politics. Also, they disclose that she was against stopping the fighting in the Crimean War, in the Egyptian campaigns, in the South African wars, and in other wars. It was she who was keen for the Indian Empress title, and Disraeli did not resist her. She forbade the foreign office dispatches to be accessible to the Prince of Wales, and kept him still in tutelage when he was past fifty. Yet she discussed the state secrets of her country with Baron Stockmar, a German subject, intimate friend of her husband, and with Leopold, King of the Belgians. These Germanophiles influenced her to a benevolent neutrality toward Prussia when that power grabbed Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, crushed Austria in 1866, and invaded France in 1871. Thus she helped to build up the German oligarchy which threatened her own country and her children's throne in 1914. Queen Victoria once wrote to her prime minister: "The queen has long seen with deep regret the persistent efforts made by the London *Times* which leads the rest of our press in attacking, vilifying, and abusing everything German. This can not fail to produce the deepest indignation in Germany. National hatred between these two peoples is a real political calamity for both." The queen asks the prime minister to check the *Times*; he succeeds.

ALBERT. Prince Consort. Goldwin Smith wrote of him: "Highly cultured and all that sort of thing, but his importation of German ideas into the English Court made him unpopular." A martinet. The Prince Consort wrote to his daughter in Berlin, the Crown Princess Frederick: "What abominable articles the London *Times* has against Prussia. A total estrangement may ensue if a newspaper war be kept up between the two nations. An embitterment of feeling between England and Prussia would be a great misfortune." Such a newspaper war took place again years afterward, this time encouraged by the prince consort's son, King Edward VII.

ALBERT EDWARD. Prince of Wales. Later King Edward VII. Born, 1841; married Alexandra, 1863; became King, January 22, 1901; his dangerous illness postponed his coronation until

August 9, 1902; he died May 6, 1910. His sixty years as heir apparent were mainly devoted to social duties and amusement. He travelled extensively. There were no wars initiated during his nine years' reign; the South African war was ended in 1902. He personally worked for the "Entente Cordiale" with France and Russia, which became an alliance with the World War. He did not share his mother's bias for Germany. Sir Sidney Lee, his official biographer, writes that Queen Victoria in the Franco-Prussian War was "firm in the belief that France was the aggressor and Germany the injured party. The queen saw the finger of God in French humiliation." On the other hand, the prince, according to Sir Sidney, found his mother's opinions "highly uncongenial," and his "private feelings inclined ardently toward France." So throughout the Franco-Prussian War. For this he was denounced by other members of his family, and particularly by his sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia. When the fallen Empress Eugénie took refuge in England, the prince wrote and offered her Chiswick House as an asylum. For this the queen rebuked him. "A powerful Germany," she wrote, "can never be dangerous to England; our great object should be to have her friendly and cordial towards us."

ALEXANDRA. Princess of Wales. Born 1844. Daughter of Christian IX. of Denmark.

CZARINA MARIE FEODOROVNA. Wife of Czar Alexander III.; mother of Nicholas, slain by the Bolsheviks, last of the Czars; sister of Queen Alexandra of England. Born in 1847, Princess Dagmar of Denmark, she became betrothed to the Czarevitch Nicholas; he died of tuberculosis, and she was then in 1866 married to his younger brother, who became Czar in 1881, after his father Alexander II. had been assassinated by a Nihilist bomb. She was unfriendly to her son's wife, Czarina Alexandra Alix of Hesse, and hostile to Rasputin. In 1919, her sister Queen Alexandra had her taken from her Crimean home to England in a British war-ship. She spent the rest of her life in a very modest residence near Copenhagen, and died in October, 1928, aged eighty-one.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH. Later reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Father of Queen Marie of Rumania. When the King of Prussia conferred the Black Eagle on Queen Victoria's son, Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh), *Punch* wrote:

"Take back, and in thy dastard's face,
As hard as England's might can fling,
Thy badge that would a dog disgrace,
Thou caitiff that art named a King!"

And so on for a number of bitter stanzas.

WILLIAM I. German Emperor. Crowned at Versailles. A religious monarch who after bloody battles sent pious telegrams to his royal spouse. Coventry Patmore thus paraphrased them :

“ The Lord be praised, my dear Augusta,
We’ve won a battle—such a buster !
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
‘ Praise God from whom all blessings flow ! ’ ”

AUGUSTA. German Empress. Wife of the above.

FREDERICK III. German Emperor. Acceded March 9, 1888. Died June 15, 1888.

VICTORIA. German Empress. Wife of Frederick. Daughter of Queen Victoria.

SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE. Throat and spotlight specialist. Summoned from London to Berlin May 20, 1887, by the Crown Princess Frederick, he forbade the German doctors to operate on her husband’s larynx, declaring the growth non-cancerous. He took the patient, “ for change of air,” to the Isle of Wight, to Scotland, to the Tyrol, to Venice, to Lago Maggiore, finally to San Remo. There on November 9, 1887, tissue tests proved that the growth was cancerous ; all the doctors signed this declaration, including the reluctant MacKenzie. February 9, 1888, tracheotomy was performed. March 9, 1888, the old Emperor died, and Frederick III. left for Berlin to begin his reign of ninety-nine days. On June 15, the flag on his palace at Potsdam dropped to half mast ; William II. was now emperor. By his previous orders a squadron of hussars dashed out from cover, and formed a cordon around the palace precincts. This was to ensure the confiscation of the diary and private papers of the late emperor. Dr. MacKenzie was thus bottled up, but was finally permitted to go without any papers. He hastened to London, giving out interviews freely, and speedily got out a book intitled “ The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble.” His disputes with the German doctors were followed by controversies with his British confrères, which led to his resignation from the Royal College of Physicians. He held the spotlight for a while longer by a libel suit against the *London Times*. Altogether, a general impression that he was persecuted because he had “ attempted to save Frederick ” was left on the mind of a muddled public.

WILLIAM II. German Emperor. Born 1859. Acceded in 1888. Dismissed Bismarck 1890. Built up a great navy to rival England. Backed up Kruger in the Boer War. Later in his memoirs denied this, and repudiated his own telegrams. Entered the World War with Austria against the Allies in 1914. Abdicated November 9, 1918, and fled to Holland. His Empress Augusta Victoria died in 1921. He married Princess Hermine in 1922.

At the opening of the Kiel Canal he officially decreed to his grandfather the title "Great," and thereafter always spoke of him as "Wilhelm der Grosse." But no one else ever used this title.

NAPOLEON III. Emperor of the French. In his prime he was called "The Sphinx of Europe." Diplomats and editors waited with awe for his pronouncements. Even Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort sought his friendship and alliance. After his fall, all made haste to establish an alibi. After his fall, it was the universal opinion of European leaders that he never had amounted to much anyway. Born, 1808; president, 1849; emperor, 1852; married Eugénie, 1853; deposed, 1870; died in England, 1873. The morning after Sedan the Emperor Napoleon III., in conversation with King William of Prussia in the Bellevue Chateau, said he "had not desired war, but declared it in obedience to public opinion in France." This is on the authority of Dr. W. H. Russell, London *Times* correspondent, who got it from Crown Prince Frederick.

EUGÉNIE. Empress of the French. Eugénie, while still Mademoiselle de Montijo, and her mother, were guests of the bachelor Emperor Napoleon III., at the Palace of Compiègne. After mass, one morning, Eugénie from her balcony was gazing at the beautiful view. The Emperor suddenly appeared. Looking up, he exclaimed: "*Mademoiselle, comment pourrais-je entrer chez vous?*" Which might be translated, "How can I get up there, Mademoiselle?" or it might be construed otherwise. The beautiful Eugénie rather pointedly indicated the church door, replying: "By the church door"—"*Par la porte de l'église, sire.*" The Emperor took the hint, and proposed marriage. She survived him half a century. Born, 1826; married, 1853; died, 1920.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL. Son of Napoleon and Eugénie. He pleaded to join the British army in the Zulu War. Disraeli opposed it. But Queen Victoria and Eugénie insisted. Disraeli was forced to yield to "two obstinate women," as his private correspondence says. While with a scouting party, suddenly attacked by Zulus, the Prince's stirrup-leather broke in attempting to mount; the rest of the party escaped; he was killed. The British officer in command was retired in disgrace.

To show the bitterness of French politics: A Paris boulevard journal printed a front-page cartoon in colors representing the Prince being roasted on a spit; his ears, removed, were used as basting ladles by two Zulus. The legend: "*Il a claqué! Louis, le pauvre oreillard!*" which might be Englished: "Big-eared Louis has kicked the bucket!"

FRANCIS JOSEPH. Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Began to reign in 1848, when eighteen years old. All his life

he was opposed to liberty. His reign was arbitrary. He opposed the franchise for fifty-nine years, yielding in 1907. He was hated by many of his polyglot subjects. In the wars of 1859 and 1866 he was defeated. His family tragedies were many. His brother Maximilian was shot by the Mexican government in 1867; his son Rudolph killed his mistress Marie Vetsera and shot himself in 1889; his Empress Elizabeth was assassinated at Geneva in 1898; his heir Francis Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated at Serajevo in 1914; his own life was attempted a number of times; once he was wounded by an assassin, yet he lived long—eighty-six years, reigned sixty-eight years, and died in his bed November 16, 1916, having gone through the troubles of the World War, but escaping the horrors of the peace. Born 1830.

ELIZABETH. Empress of Austria. A Princess of the Wittelsbach family, which has for centuries had madness in its blood. She was erratic. She had for an intimate friend a beautiful equestrienne of the circus. Elizabeth spent much time away from Austria, resenting Francis Joseph's infidelities. She was an accomplished horsewoman, and followed the hounds ardently, mainly at meets in Ireland. She was stabbed to death by an assassin near the "Protestant Cathedral" at Geneva. 1837–1898.

RUDOLPH. Archduke and Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary. 1858–1889.

VICTOR EMMANUEL II. King of Sardinia, Piedmont, and Savoy. Used Garibaldi in his conquest of Naples, and then threw Garibaldi aside. Annexed all of the peninsula, and was proclaimed King of Italy.

HUMBERT I. King of Italy. Born 1844. Acceded in 1878. Married Margherita of Savoy, probably the most popular royal lady of her time. He was assassinated by the anarchist Bresci in 1900.

VICTOR EMMANUEL III. King of Italy. Born 1869. Acceded in 1900. Married Helena, Princess of Montenegro, 1896. After some bargaining, entered the World War with the Allies in 1915. Overslaughed by Mussolini and his Fascists in 1924.

ALEXANDER II. Czar of Russia. Born 1818. Crowned in 1855. Freed 23,000,000 serfs, 1861. Waged war on Turkey, defeating her, 1877–1878. Relentlessly pursued by nihilists. Blown to pieces by bombs, 1881.

ALEXANDER III. Czar of Russia. Born 1845. Married Princess Dagmar of Denmark, 1866. Father of Nicholas. Died 1894.

NICHOLAS II. Czar of Russia. Born 1868. Married Princess Alexandra Alix of Hesse, 1894. A weak and degenerate sovereign. Unwisely warred with Japan, and met with a humiliating defeat. Shot down hundreds of innocent people who had come to greet

him in front of his palace. By mobilizing his troops against Germany and Austria, precipitated the World War, whatever its deeper cause. Attempted to command his own troops, and failed abjectly. Such was the hideous slaughter of his unarmed and half-clad soldiers that the people rose in indignation. He abdicated in March, 1917. The Bolsheviks seized the reins. Nicholas was arrested, and taken to Siberia. There, in July, 1918, he, his Czarina, and his children were murdered in a cellar at Ekaterinburg.

LEOPOLD I. King of the Belgians. Very fond of the ladies.

LUDWIG II. King of Bavaria. Devoted to art, music, drama. Built many castles and the Bayreuth Theatre. Friend of Richard Wagner. Became insane. Deposed 1886. Drowned himself in Lake Starnberg. 1845-1886.

OTTO. King of Bavaria. Insane when seated. Successor in 1886 to Ludwig. A regency ruled.

LUDWIG III. King of Bavaria. Succeeded Otto in 1913. Deposed in 1918. Republic established.

ABDUL HAMID II. Born 1842. Murdered his uncle, Abdul Aziz. Deposed and imprisoned his elder brother, Murad V. Thus made himself Sultan of Turkey in 1876. Emphatically a self-made man. Died in 1918 of poisoning, ptomaine or other. Known to his loving subjects as "Abdul the Damned."

DOM PEDRO. Emperor of Brazil. As a boy the present writer saw Dom Pedro at the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco. When the "Star Spangled Banner" was played by the band we all rose. When the Brazilian National anthem was played, Dom Pedro alone sprang to his feet.

KING ALEXANDER OF SERBIA. Of the Obrenovitch dynasty.

QUEEN DRAGA OF SERBIA. Both hacked to pieces in 1903 by army officers.

KING PETER OF SERBIA. Of the Karageorgevitch dynasty. Acceded to the throne in 1903 on the assassination of King Alexander.

KING ALEXANDER OF YUGO-SLAVIA. Son of King Peter of Serbia.

QUEEN SOPHIA OF GREECE. Wife of King Constantine. Sister of William Hohenzollern.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE. Assassinated at Salonika just before the World War.

KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE. Forced to flee.

KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE. Died of a monkey bite.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE. Forced to flee.

KHEDIVE ISMAIL PASHA. Sold Suez Canal shares to England.

KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA. Abdicated in favor of his son Boris. Forced to flee.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG. Ruler of Bulgaria. Forced to flee.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG. Married Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria. Their daughter Ena Victoria became Queen of Spain on her marriage with Alfonso XIII. in 1906.

CHARLES, DUC DE MORNAY. Natural son of Queen Hortense and Count Charles Flahaut. Illegitimate half-brother of Napoleon III. One of the leaders of the bloody *coup d'état* of 1851. Asked by a lady what would be done to the insurgents, he replied that they would be swept away. ("*On va les balayer.*") "Where will you be, Monseigneur?" "*Moi, Madame—au côté du manche.*" That is, at the handle-end of the broom. They were swept away—into eternity—with grape-shot. Daudet draws a careful picture of De Mornay as "the Duke de Mora."

INFANTA EULALIA.

PHILIPPE, COMTE DE PARIS. Legitimist Pretender to the throne of France.

JOHN, PRINCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN. Born 1840. The richest ruler; the oldest ruler; the ruler of the world's smallest state. It lies on the eastern frontier of Switzerland; area, 65 square miles; population, 10,716; no taxes; no military service; universal suffrage; the Diet comprises fifteen statesmen. The princely line is the oldest in Europe; it runs back to the eleventh century. Prince John succeeded in steering his little state safely through all the European wars since his accession in 1858. When Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George divided up Austria, they overlooked little Liechtenstein, which was affiliated with Austria's customs union. Prince John died in 1929, aged eighty-nine years. After his death Czecho-Slovakia "annexed" 400,000 of his acres there.

KALAKAUA. King of Hawaii. Died in San Francisco in 1891.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI. Last of the Hawaiian dynasty. Deposed by Uncle Sam.

POPE PIUS IX. 1792–1878. Name, Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti.

POPE LEO XIII. 1810–1903. Name, Gioacchino Pecci.

POPE PIUS X. 1835–1914. Name, Giuseppe Sarto. Son of a peasant. When elected Pope, he was Patriarch of Venice, and his brother was a rural postman. Under him the Roman Catholic Church in the United States was made self-governing; prior to his reign it was governed as a foreign mission, "*in partibus infidelium.*" On his death-bed Pius X. was attended by his sisters, two peasant women.

POPE BENEDICT XV. 1854–1922. Name, Giacomo della Chiesa.

POPE PIUS XI. Born 1857. Crowned 1922. Name, Achille Ratti.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. 1822-1893. President of the United States 1877-1881.

JAMES A. GARFIELD. 1831-1881. Shot by Charles Jules Guiteau July 2, 1881. Died September 19.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR. 1830-1886. Vetoed bill restricting Chinese immigration.

GROVER CLEVELAND. 1837-1908. Son of a clergyman. President of the United States 1885-1889 ; and 1893-1897.

BENJAMIN HARRISON. 1833-1901.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY. Born in Ohio, 1843. Served in the Civil War. In 1896, 1900, elected President of the United States. On September 6, 1901, shot twice by an anarchist, Leon Czolgosz ; died September 14.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 1858-1919. Elected Vice President 1900. McKinley's murder made him President September 14, 1901. Elected President 1904. Bolted the Republican ticket, and ran against Taft in 1912, thereby electing Woodrow Wilson.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. Born September 15, 1857. Governor of the Philippines, July 4, 1901. Secretary of War under President Roosevelt, February 1, 1904. Inaugurated President of the United States, March 4, 1909. Theodore Roosevelt quarrelled with him, and ran on a third-party ticket, thus splitting the Republican party, defeating Taft, and electing Woodrow Wilson on November 4, 1912. Taft was appointed Chief Justice of the United States by President Harding on June 30, 1921. Taft died March 8, 1930.

WOODROW WILSON. 1856-1924. Son of a clergyman. President for two terms.

WARREN G. HARDING. Died in San Francisco August, 1923. Vice President Calvin Coolidge succeeded him as President of the United States.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Elected President in 1924.

HERBERT HOOVER. Mining engineer. Inaugurated President, March 4, 1929.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS. 1797-1877. President of the French Republic, 1871-1873.

MARSHALL MACMAHON. President of the French Republic, 1873-1879. Died in 1893.

JULES GRÉVY. President of the French Republic, 1879. Re-elected 1885. Forced to resign on account of scandals in his administration. Died 1891, aged eighty-four years.

M. F. SADI-CARNOT. Born 1837. Elected President of the French Republic, 1887. Assassinated in 1894.

JEAN PAUL CASIMIR-PÉRIER. 1849-1907. Elected President of the French Republic in 1894 ; resigned in six months.

FÉLIX FAURE. Born 1841, in Paris, son of a furniture maker.

President of the French Republic, 1895. Died very suddenly in 1899.

EMILE LOUBET. President of the French Republic, 1899-1906. During his incumbency the Catholic Church was disestablished.

CLEMENT A. FALLIÈRES. Born 1841. President of the French Republic, 1906-1913.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ. French statesman and academician. Born 1860. President of the French Republic, 1913-1920.

PAUL DESCHANEL. Born 1856. Elected President of the French Republic January, 1920. Fell from a train; brain disease followed; resigned September, 1920. Died April 28, 1922.

ALEXANDRE MILLERAND. Succeeded Deschanel; resigned in 1924.

GASTON DOUMERGUE. Born 1863. Elected President of the French Republic June 13, 1924, for a term of seven years.

PORFIRIO DIAZ. Ruled Mexico for thirty years. Overthrown in 1912 by the Madero revolutionaries.

BRIGHAM YOUNG. 1801-1877. Under his leadership the Mormons settled in Utah.

W. E. GLADSTONE. Prime Minister of Great Britain. Began as a Conservative, became a Liberal, and ended as a Home Ruler. During the darkest days of our Civil War, Gladstone said in a speech: "The President of the Southern Confederation, Mr. Jefferson Davis, has made an army, has made a navy, and more than that, has made a nation."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield. 1804-1881.

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY. Prime Minister. Ascribed to him was the saying that the *Daily Mail* was "written by office-boys for office-boys." 1830-1903. It was Lord Salisbury who in 1890 ceded the island of Heligoland, off the mouth of the Elbe, to Bismarck in exchange for Germany's African island of Zanzibar. Neither of these great statesmen attached much importance to the transaction. Bismarck (after the cession) said sneeringly that Heligoland "was only a trouser button."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. His career wrecked by his liaison with Mrs. O'Shea, wife of his friend.

SIR CHARLES DILKE. Member of House of Commons. Able politician. Wealthy. Lady Dilke brought suit for divorce on account of "a little French maid." Queen Victoria actively sympathized. Dilke practically forced to resign his offices; he became an exile from England.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. British statesman. 1836-1914. Father of J. Austin Chamberlain.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. Born 1848. Was secretary to his

uncle, the Marquess of Salisbury, at the Berlin Conference in 1879. Was created Earl Balfour in 1922. Belonged to the circle "The Souls" in London in his youth. Died March 19, 1930.

JAMES BRYCE. Born 1838. Filled many high offices in British cabinets. In 1907-1913 Ambassador to the United States. Author of various historical and political works, among others "The American Commonwealth," which gave to him high rank as an authority on American constitutional questions. Writing about Lord Bryce in his posthumous (1928) "Memories and Reflections" Prime Minister Asquith said: "I once heard Bryce" (at a small lunch-party at Sir Edward Grey's) "severely correct ex-President Roosevelt, who in conversation had lapsed into a mistake over the intricacies of the American Constitution." He was made a viscount in 1914. Lord Bryce died in 1922, aged eighty-four.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH. Born 1852. Liberal Prime Minister. Married Margot Tennant. His cabinet fell during the World War. Made Earl of Oxford. Died 1928. Left £9168.

GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON. Born 1859. Created Earl 1911; later Marquess. Viceroy of India 1899. Married Mary Leiter, millionheress, of Chicago. Died 1928. A bard in "The Souls" wrote a piece about him beginning:

"My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,
I am a most superior person."

HENRY LABOUCHÈRE. Member of Parliament for many years. Editor of *Truth*, London. He wrote: "I reproach Gladstone not so much for hiding the ace of trumps up his sleeve as for pretending God put it there." 1831-1912.

THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON. Son of the Duke of Devonshire.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH. Elected to House of Commons. As he was an atheist, refused to take the oath. Expelled. All England convulsed.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL. Later Lord Russell of Killowen. Head of the English bar. 1832-1900. Pleaded in defense of Parnell in 1889.

LORD RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL. 1849-1895. Secretary of State for India, 1885. Leader in the House of Commons.

JOHN SHERMAN. 1828-1900. United States Senator from Ohio. Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes. Brought about specie resumption. Secretary of State under President McKinley, who allowed the Sherman anti-Trust law to lapse. Resigned under pressure, to be succeeded by William R. Day.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN. 1820-1891. Resigned from the army after the Mexican War to become a banker in San Francisco. Rejoined the army when the Civil War came on. Published his *Memoirs*. Author of the saying "War is hell."

E. B. WASHBURNE. Appointed Minister to France by President Grant. Served with great ability during the Franco-Prussian War.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. United States Senator, orator, after-dinner speaker. 1834-1927.

ELIHU ROOT. Born 1845. Secretary of War, 1899-1904. United States Senator from New York, 1909-1915. Received Nobel Peace Prize, 1913.

AARON A. SARGENT. United States Senator from California. Born 1827; died August 14, 1887.

CARL SCHURZ. A prominent opponent to President Grant's re-election in 1876. Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes.

GEORGE F. HOAR. United States Senator from Massachusetts.

CHARLES SUMNER. United States Senator from Massachusetts. A bitter opponent of President Grant. Died March 11, 1874.

ALLEN G. THURMAN. United States Senator from Ohio.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. United States Senator from Indiana. 1862-1927.

JOHN C. SPOONER. United States Senator from Wisconsin.

JOSEPH B. FORAKER. 1846-1917. United States Senator from Ohio.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL. 1828-1890. Speaker of the House. Presided over House proceedings relating to the Hayes-Tilden presidential dispute in 1876.

WADE HAMPTON. United States Senator from South Carolina.

HENRY M. TELLER. United States Senator from Colorado.

JOHN T. MORGAN. United States Senator from Alabama.

ZACH CHANDLER. United States Senator from Michigan.

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN. United States Senator from South Carolina.

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE. United States Senator from Wisconsin. 1855-1925.

JAMES D. PHELAN. Born April 20, 1861. Mayor of San Francisco, 1897-1902. United States Senator from California, 1915-1921.

MARK HANNA. McKinley's right-hand man. 1837-1904.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD. 1801-1872. Remained in the cabinet under President Johnson. In 1867, he concluded the purchase of Alaska from Russia.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN. 1814-1886.

ANDREW D. WHITE. First President of Cornell University, to which he gave \$300,000 and his library. Minister to Russia. Minister and Ambassador to Germany. Dr. White once compared legislative bodies to "a swarm of monkeys in a cage, chattering, squealing, and tweaking one another's tails." 1832-1918.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY. Born April 23, 1856. Died in Kobe, Japan, March 5, 1930. President of Yale from 1899 to 1921. One of the faculty once remarked to Hadley: "You can always tell a Harvard man." "But you can't tell him much," replied Hadley.

CHARLES W. ELIOT. 1834-1926. President of Harvard.

RICHARD OLNEY. His bold attitude as Secretary of State on the Venezuela boundary dispute with Great Britain led to President Cleveland's message, which almost brought on war.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. Abolitionist and orator. 1811-1884.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY. 1820-1906.

THOMAS B. REED. As Speaker of the House he ordered that silent members be registered as "present" when in sight of the Speaker, and thus endeavoring to break a quorum. For this and other rulings he was dubbed "Czar Reed." He was not friendly to Roosevelt, who, he declared, was "the discoverer of the Ten Commandments."

OAKES AMES. Credit Mobilier money disburser.

JAMES G. BLAINE. 1830-1898.

NEWTON BOOTH. Elected United States Senator from California by the "Dolly Varden" Bolters.

ROSIE CONKLING. Strong supporter of President Grant, opponent of President Hayes, bitter hater of Blaine, supporter of Candidate Garfield, frenzied opponent of President Garfield.

EUGENE V. DEBS. 1855-1926.

SCHUYLER COLFAX. Vice President under Grant. Disgraced.

SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS. Twice a presidential candidate. Father of the bill stopping polygamy in Utah. 1828-1919.

HORACE GREELEY. 1811-1872.

JUSTICE STEPHEN J. FIELD. 1816-1899.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS. Secretary of State. Chief Counsel for Henry Ward Beecher in the Tilton trial.

S. S. ("SUNSET") COX. Famous for his florid oratory.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE. 1832-1917.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. 1822-1899. Famous agnostic lecturer. He once said: "If I were God I would make health catching instead of disease."

HENRY WARD BEECHER. 1813-1887. Beecher and Ingersoll, one day at the Centennial, were inspecting a planetarium. Ingersoll asked Beecher, "Who made it?" Beecher replied, "Nobody."

SECRETARY JOHN HAY. 1838-1905.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN. 1860-1925. Nominated by the Democrats because he said in his speech, "You shall not crucify labor on a cross of gold." Three times defeated for president of the United States.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY. A "silver-tongued" orator of the eighties.

DENIS KEARNEY. Born 1847, in Ireland. Labor agitator and Sand Lot orator, who lost his influence and died in obscurity, 1907.

OTTO VON BISMARCK. The popular idea about him is that he was a soldier, as he was always pictured in uniform, wore a helmet, a cavalry sabre, and usually a uniform looking like a cavalry officer's; that he was gigantic, a superman, a fire-eater, a heavy drinker, a gross feeder. His latest (1925-8) biographer, Emil Ludwig, says that Bismarck never was a soldier; that he was distinctively a civilian; that he was not entitled to wear the uniform of the cuirassiers, or of any corps, cavalry or other; that although big and tall, his voice was so shrill as to amaze strangers; that in public speaking he was nervous, stammered and stuttered; that he was not a "man of blood and iron," but a neurastheniac; that three times in public speaking he broke down and wept; that toward the end of his life he was for many years an invalid. 1815-1898.

MARSHAL VON MOLTKE. Directed the Prussian Army in its overwhelming defeat of Austria in 1866; directed the German Army in its defeat of France in 1870-71. Insisted on annexing Alsace-Lorraine, which was opposed by Bismarck. Von Moltke does not mention Bismarck in his book on the war with France. Died 1891.

PRINCE BERNHARD VON BUELOW. Born 1849. Former German chancellor. Died in Italy October 28, 1929.

ALFRED P. FRIEDRICH VON TIRPITZ. Born March 11, 1849; died March 6, 1930. Grand High Admiral of the German Fleet. In 1884, when a commander in a formal memorial to the government, he urged the building of 150 submarines. In 1897, as minister of marine, he began the creation of a great navy. It was he who forced the Kaiser into the "unrestricted" submarine crusade against the Allies. The Kaiser and he quarrelled in 1916, and Tirpitz retired. His submarines were unanimously condemned by England, France, and the United States as "barbarous and inhuman." In 1930 the United States possessed 69,908 tons of submarines; England, 69,201 tons; Japan 78,497 tons; all three were building more.

LÉON GAMBETTA. 1838-1882.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. French statesman. Born 1841. Premier in 1906 and in 1917. Died in Paris November 24, 1929.

ARISTIDE BRIAND. Eleven times premier.

COUNT SERGE WITTE. Born 1849. Manager of transportation in Russo-Turkish War, 1877-1878. Chief of imperial railways, 1888. Minister of finance, 1892. Prime minister, 1905-6. Conducted with great skill peace negotiations with Japan in 1905 at Portsmouth, U.S.A. His dull master, Nicolas II., snubbed him because he married a Jewess. He died in 1915, spared the sight of his country's humiliation.

COUNT CAMILLO CAVOUR. Born 1810. A great statesman. Succeeded in making a united Italy, seconded by his brave but not clever king.

LI HUNG CHANG. Statesman. 1823-1901. In 1896 represented the Chinese Emperor at the coronation of the Czar.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. Once a prime minister at whose frown Europe trembled. 1798-1883.

THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ. French statesman. 1852-1923. Ambassador at Petrograd, 1913-1914.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC. 1843-1904. Son of Bernard Adolphe Granier (de Cassagnac).

GENERAL GEORGES BOULANGER. "Le brav' Général." 1837-1891.

VALENTINE BAKER. English officer. Accused by a young woman of attacking her in a railway compartment. Queen Victoria sympathized. Baker forced to resign and leave England. Given a command in the Turkish navy. Generally known as "Baker Pasha."

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT. 1822-1885.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE. 1807-1870.

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN. Originator of the well-known saying: "If I owned Hell and Texas, I'd sell Texas and live in Hell." A Texas editor's retort is not so well known: "Let every man stand up for his own country."

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK. 1824-1886.

GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY. Born 1817. Killed near Alturas, California, April 11, 1873, by Modoc Indians while acting as peace commissioner.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER. 1837-1921. Raised funds by private subscription to build Grant's Tomb. At his own expense had remains of John Paul Jones removed from Paris and interred at Annapolis, in 1905.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON. 1809-1891. Confederate soldier. Surrendered to Sherman in 1865.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK. 1828-1890. Famous Indian fighter. Suppressed many Indian insurrections.

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER. 1818-1893. Soldier and lawyer.

GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS. 1819-1898.

GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD. Secretary of War under President Grant.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE. 1835-1905.

COLONEL JOHN MOSBY. 1833-1916.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES. 1839-1925.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE. 1827-1905.

GENERAL A. W. GREELY. Enlisted in Civil War at seventeen as a private; came out lieutenant. Later, head of the Signal Corps; head of the Weather Bureau; head of Arctic Expedition. Retired as major-general.

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD. 1860-1927.

GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN. 1822-1894. Governor of California 1886-1887.

GENERAL WILLIAM C. GORGAS. Great sanitarian. Cleaned up the Panama Canal Zone. 1854-1920.

GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS. Great civil engineer. Builder of the Panama Canal. Died January 21, 1928. Buried at West Point.

MARSHAL JOSEPH JOFFRE. Born 1852. In the Franco-Prussian War. Served in French Colonial wars from 1871. Commander-in-chief of the French armies, 1914-1916. Made marshal of France in 1916.

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH. Born 1851. In the Franco-Prussian War. In 1918 appointed Generalissimo of the allied armies. Made marshal of France in 1918. Died in Paris, March 20, 1929.

MARSHAL J. S. GALLIENI. Born 1849. Fought in Franco-German War, 1870-1871. Fought in French Colonial wars in Asia and Africa, 1877, 1881, 1896; Governor of Paris, 1914. Rushed a "taxicab" army against German advance. Now considered a main factor in defeating the Germans at the first battle of the Marne. Died 1916. Five years after his death made a marshal of France.

MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG. Born 1847. Served in Prussian War with Austria, 1866; in war with France, 1870-1871; retired, 1911. Recalled in 1914, and defeated the Russians; made field-marshal; August, 1916, given chief command. After the Kaiser fled in 1918 he brought the army home. Elected President of the German Republic.

ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY. 1839-1911. At the Battle of Santiago in 1898 he acted as deputy commander of the United States Navy.

ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON. 1840-1902. His squadron destroyed the Spanish ships off Santiago, July 3, 1898.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY. 1837-1917. Destroyed the

Spanish squadron in Manila Bay without the loss of a man. For his victory he was awarded a sword. The people by subscription gave him a house ; when he deeded it to his wife the people sulked.

ADMIRAL C. D. SIGSBEE. 1842-1923. Commander of the *Maine*, which was blown up in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898.

LORD KITCHENER. Sailed for Russia June 5, 1916, on a military mission. His ship destroyed by a mine.

LORD ROBERTS. 1832-1914. Buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

GENERAL ("CHINESE") GORDON. 1833-1885.

SLATIN PASHA. Sir Rudolf Carl von Slatin. Served in the Soudan under Gordon. Imprisoned in a dark dungeon for eleven years by the Mahdi. Released by the British, who knighted him, and placed him on the staff of Sir Reginald Wingate, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. We saw him frequently in Egypt, in his brilliant uniform, covered with orders, acting as official escort to the ex-Empress Eugénie. When the World War came, he resigned from the British Army, relinquished his knighthood, gave up his orders, and hastened to Austria, his native country, to fight the Allies. The call of the blood. 1857-1922.

THOMAS HARDY. Noted novelist. Victorian epoch. Most talked of novels "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure." Born June, 1840. Died January, 1928. His ashes in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. Left £91,000.

CHARLES READE. 1814-1884. English novelist. "Put yourself in His Place" deals with trade unionism.

"OUIDA." LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE. 1840-1908. In General Sir Douglas Dawson's memoirs he relates that once when Ouida was in London a dinner was given in her honor by Lady Charles Beresford. Colonel Olver Montague, commanding his regiment, the Royal Horse Guards, was the *beau sabreur* of his time ; he was a friend of the Prince of Wales, an idol in society, and a member of the swell clubs. Sir Douglas Dawson was a captain in the Coldstream Guards, an intimate of Colonel Montague, and also a heavy swell. Lady Beresford detailed the two gentlemen to "play up" to the type of Life Guardsman sketched by Ouida in "Under Two Flags." They did it *con amore*, and to the intense interest of the other guests. Ouida was also deeply interested, and expressed to Lady Beresford her gratification that she had written so true to type.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 1815-1882.

J. SHERIDAN LE FANU. Victorian novelist. Master of the mystery story.

RHODA BROUGHTON. "Cometh up as a Flower." "Red as a Rose is She."

ANDREW LANG. 1844-1912.

EDWARD BULWER. Later Lord Lytton. 1803-1873.

"OWEN MEREDITH." Second Lord Lytton. 1831-1891. Viceroy of India.

GEORGE ELIOT. (Mary Ann Evans.) High-brow best seller of the seventies. Lived with George Henry Lewes. After his death married J. W. Cross. Author of many books, her most notable being "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede." "I'm not denying the women are foolish : God Almighty made them to match the men." She died in 1880.

H. RIDER HAGGARD. Born in England in 1856. Wrote some startling romances in the eighties—"King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," etc. As commissioner, hoisted the British flag over Pretoria in 1877. A *Punch* poet wrote at the height of Sir Rider's vogue a piece ending thus :

"We shall reach that farther shore
Where the rudyards cease from kipling,
And the haggards ride no more."

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS. Born 1863. Wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda."

HALL CAINE. Born 1853. Knighted 1918.

OSCAR WILDE. 1856-1900.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Born 1859. Doctor, novelist, spiritualist. Created Sherlock Holmes. Died July 7, 1930.

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON. 1850-1894.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Born 1865, Bombay. Educated in England. His "Plain Tales from the Hills" began his successes, which continued steadily. In 1907, awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. He caused many literary riots by some of his pieces, attacking Russia, Germany, the United States; even Canada resented "Our Lady of the Snows." Kipling lived in Vermont for a time, where he wrote a book in collaboration with Walcott Balestier, and married Miss Balestier, an American girl. Later, he left the United States, and never returned; he dislikes this country, and makes no bones about saying so. At one time it was rumored that he was being considered for the Laureateship, but Queen Victoria squelched that when he wrote :

"Walk wide o' the Widow of Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns :
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars !—it's blue with our bones !)"

W. E. HENLEY. Poet. Wrote "I am the Captain of My Soul." Scarified Robert Louis Stevenson in a poem. Died July 14, 1903.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Born in Dublin, 1856. Drama

critic in London. Socialist, journalist, vegetarian. Mr Shaw has frequently asserted that he himself is greater than Shakespeare.

MISS BRADDON. (Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Maxwell.) Novelist. 1837-1915. Author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and many other successes. Mother of W. B. Maxwell, present-day novelist.

J. M. BARRIE. Born 1860.

WALTER BESANT. 1836-1901.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN. English historical novelist. 1855-1928. Wrote "A Gentleman of France," "Under the Red Robe," and other best sellers. He left £99,408—the largest fortune ever left by an English novelist. Charles Dickens left £80,000; Charles Garvice £71,000; Anthony Trollope £70,000.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. 1846-1886. English artist and illustrator. Fairly famous in his time.

KATE GREENAWAY. 1846-1901. English artist and illustrator. Distinguished for her charming children in rococo costumes. One book, "Under the Window," sold 150,000 copies.

STEPHAN DE BLOWITZ. Sometimes dubbed "The London Times Ambassador," as he was its Paris correspondent for many years. He secretly secured an advance copy of the Peace Treaty at the Berlin Congress in 1878; the *Times* published it, French and English text, under a small heading, with ostentatious modesty. Envious contemporaries charged De Blowitz with stealing it. He scored many other "beats." The German papers, which did not like him, said that his name was not Blowitz, and that he was not a *von*, but a "Herr Oppert aus Blowitz," which was a village in Bohemia. They also said he was a Jew, but in his memoirs he says he was baptized a Catholic. Died 1908.

WILLIAM S. GILBERT. 1836-1911. Dramatist. Most successful in collaboration with Arthur Sullivan. Extremely quick-witted. Asked "What is Bach composing now, Sir William?" he replied: "He's not composing now, he's decomposing." Asked "Do you know a man in this club with one eye, named Jones?" he replied: "What was the name of his other eye?" Asked "Is Lady Blank entertaining now?" he replied: "Not very." He lost his life when he plunged in to rescue a drowning woman.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. 1842-1900. Charles Lowe, for many years Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, writes in his memoirs that Sullivan was of part Jewish blood. Lowe says that Sullivan, in a letter he wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "by implication owned up to his racial origin." Sullivan's portraits, from boyhood to age, show features that were certainly

Hebraic. The many caricatures of him in the London press bring out these features still more clearly. His father and grandfather seem to have been Irish; his mother was of an Italian family named Righi; probably from the distaff side came the Jewish strain. Bret Harte, another genius, was half Jewish, on his father's side. On the Sullivan Memorial in the Embankment Gardens, London, is the inscription, by Gilbert:

"Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon."

It is from "The Yeomen of the Guard."

R. D'OYLY CARTE. Noted London manager. Producer of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. Built for them the Savoy Theatre. A new stair-carpet in its lobby began the quarrel between the two collaborators, although the real cause was deeper. The manager died in 1882. Carte's estate totalled £240,000; Gilbert's, £120,000; Sullivan's, £60,000. Sir Arthur, however, was an inveterate gamester at Monte Carlo, and left much of his fortune there.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES. 1851-1929. English dramatic author. Among his greatest successes were "The Silver King" and "The Liars," played by John Drew in America.

F. C. BURNAND. Playwright. Editor of *Punch*. Knighted 1902.

H. J. BYRON. 1834-1883. Playwright. First editor of *Fun*.

WILLIAM ARCHER. Born 1856 in Perth, Scotland. Author and drama critic. Died December 27, 1924.

HENRY M. STANLEY. 1840-1904. He found Livingstone in Africa. Born in Wales. Adopted by an American merchant whose name he assumed. He failed to get the dull British cabinet to annex the great Congo empire. In 1879 his plan was accepted by King Leopold of Belgium, to which country it now belongs.

RICHARD BURTON. 1821-1890. Translated the "Arabian Nights."

WILLIAM MORRIS. 1834-1890. English poet, artist, socialist.

TOM TAYLOR. Playwright. Poet. Wrote *Punch's* apology to the murdered Abraham Lincoln. 1817-1880.

TOM ROBERTSON. Author of "Caste" and other successful plays. Now called "the cup-and-saucer playwright."

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON. Pseudonym "Lewis Carroll." Oxford Professor of Mathematics. Author of "Alice in Wonderland."

MARGOT TENNANT ASQUITH. One of the London circle called "The Souls."

JEROME K. JEROME. 1859-1927.

GEORGE R. SIMS. Poet. Playwright. Critic. Author of "O Lights of London Town."

ALFRED HARMSWORTH. Later Lord Northcliffe. Became a millionaire, owner of many publications. Began with *Answers*, a penny paper giving money prizes and life annuities. Worked strenuously to bring on the Boer War. Elated, did the same for the World War. Was made Propaganda Commissioner to bring the United States into the World War. His erratic conduct toward the end of his life was explained when his sudden death disclosed that he was suffering from brain disease. How long he was insane is not known; his insanity did not seem to interfere with his task as a leader of public opinion.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS ("Mark Twain"). 1835-1910.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. 1887-1920.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD. 1854-1909.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE. August 25, 1836-May 5, 1902.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. 1829-1900.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809-1894. Poet, essayist, physician.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803-1882. American philosopher and poet.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. United States Minister to England. Poet, essayist, professor.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. 1822-1909.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. Historian. Minister to Great Britain. Removed by President Grant.

* JAMES FORD RHODES. 1848-1927.

BAYARD TAYLOR. 1825-1878. Like Sir Walter Scott, he established a country estate which was far beyond his means. He wrote much; but his "Bedouin Song" will probably be all the literary baggage he carries with him to posterity. By the way, in it his "*stallion* shod with fire" is changed in current drawing-room sheet-music to *Arab*. Very properly too. But why not make it *gelding*?

HENRY JAMES. His early works were relished, such as "Daisy Miller," "A Passionate Pilgrim," etc. But his later style was so involved as to be practically cryptic. He lived in England most of his life, and became a British subject during the World War. 1843-1916.

GEORGE W. CABLE. 1844-1925.

WILLIAM WINTER. 1836-1917.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Author of the "Ballads of Hans Breitman."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Esmeralda," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "A Lady of Quality," etc.

EDITH WHARTON. Novelist. Born in New York City, 1862.

CHARLES A. DANA. 1819-1897.

FRANK STOCKTON. 1834-1902.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 1859-1919.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. 1864-1916.

FRANK A. MUNSEY. Born in Maine, 1854. Son of a poor farmer. Became a telegrapher. Saved \$500, and started in New York City the *Golden Argosy*. It succeeded, and he followed it with other fiction magazines. At forty he was a millionaire. He started chain stores, which succeeded; he made lucrative investments in securities and in real estate; finally he turned his attention to buying dailies. He bought the *Washington Times*; the *New York Daily News*; the *Boston Journal*; sold the *Journal*; bought the *Baltimore News*; started the *Philadelphia Times*; bought the *New York Press*; sold the *Washington Times*; bought three *Baltimore* dailies and merged two; soon sold them; bought the *New York Sun* and merged it with the *New York Press*; bought the *New York Herald* and the *New York Telegram*; merged the *Sun* and the *Herald*; later, separated them, and made the *Sun* an evening paper; sold the *Herald* to Ogden M. Reid, who merged it with the *Tribune*; Munsey then bought the *New York Mail* and merged it with the *Telegram*; he bought the *New York Globe* and merged it with the *Sun*; thus he reduced the number of both morning and evening papers in New York City, from seven to four and from seven to five. He claimed that the diminution made for efficiency. Probably readers and advertisers thought that Munsey's action mitigated the daily problem. On the other hand, it might be said that when there were more dailies they divided the curse. Munsey vigorously opposed in his papers the United States entering the League of Nations and the World Court. He died in December, 1925, leaving some thirty millions. He was unmarried, and presumably childless. He left about two millions in bequests to friends, to employees, and to charities; the residue of his large estate went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

HENRY GUY CARLETON. He wrote "The Thompson Street Poker Club" in *Life*. He also wrote plays. Born 1856.

EDWIN L. GODKIN. 1831-1901.

A. C. WHEELER. ("Nym Crynkle.")

HENRY GEORGE. 1839-1897.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. For years editor of *Harper's Weekly* in its palmy days.

GEORGE KENNAN. 1845-1923.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. 1862-1922.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT. Editor of the old *New York World*.

WILLIAM R. HEARST. Born 1863, San Francisco. Took over the *Examiner* March 4, 1887. Founded the New York *American* in 1895. In 1928 owned twenty-six dailies and a number of magazines. In Congress from New York for two terms. Twice defeated for Mayor of New York City. Defeated for Governor of New York in 1906 by Charles E. Hughes.

ARTHUR BRISBANE. Editor. Born in Buffalo, 1864. On the *Sun*, *World*, and later on the Hearst papers.

JOSEPH PULITZER. 1847-1911.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. 1843-1909.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN HARVEY. Born in Vermont, a Democrat, as his front name indicates. Reporter on various journals. In 1891 managing editor New York *World*. Made a fortune promoting electric railroads. When Harper & Brothers became bankrupt, Harvey was selected to reorganize the firm by J. P. Morgan & Co., who held their obligations. As editor of *Harper's Weekly*, Harvey began booming for the White House Woodrow Wilson, who had just quarreled with the faculty, alumni, and students of Princeton, of which he was President. As a step to the White House, Harvey used his influence in New Jersey politics to have Wilson nominated for governor. He continued to boom Wilson for the Presidency until Wilson repudiated Harvey on account of his capitalistic connections. Harvey thereupon became a Republican, dropped his Democratic middle name, and launched *Harvey's Weekly*, devoted almost entirely to attacking Wilson. Harvey is generally admitted to be the power that brought about the nomination for the Presidency of Warren G. Harding in a "smoke-filled hotel room" at two o'clock in the morning. In gratitude, President Harding appointed him Ambassador to Great Britain. Harvey was a many-sided man of great ability. Probably he will be best known to history as the man who gave to the American people two Presidents, Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding. Harvey died in August, 1928.

EDWARD P. DUTTON. 1831-1923. Book publisher.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM. Born in London April 2, 1844. Died February 27, 1930. Book publisher.

CHARLES SCRIBNER. Born October 18, 1854. Died April 19, 1930. Book publisher.

EDWARD W. BOK. Born Helder, Netherlands, October 9, 1868; died 1930. Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for thirty years. One of his rules forbade the mention in his magazine of drinking intoxicants. He made even Kipling submit to this rule. When Alphonso Daudet, at his apogee, wrote "Sappho," Editor Bok cabled a generous offer. Advance sheets came from Daudet at once. When the editor read it, his hair rose. Liquor?

Yes. Drinking? Yes. Worse—*toute la lyre*. Bok cabled: "Sappho will not do." Daudet and his advisers could not understand rejection—they were mystified. At last they solved the mystery. The French spell "Sapho" thus, with one p; we with two. Daudet cabled back: "Spell it with two p's."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. 1844-1890.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN MOODY. Poet. Dramatist. His successful play, "The Great Divide," was produced in Chicago early in the century by Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller. There was a battle-royal behind the scenes on the first night between the playwright and the players.

FRANK HARRIS. Born 1854 in Ireland. Came to the United States in 1870. Admitted to the Kansas bar in 1875. Editor of various newspapers and magazines in the United States and England. Author of many books, some biographical, and of a startling frankness. Frank Harris in "Latest Contemporary Portraits," 1927, says that he told Beerbohm Tree, in answer to his persistent request for an opinion of his wife's appearance as the boy Lucius in "Julius Cæsar": "She looks like a bad photograph." "Why?" "Because she's over-exposed and under-developed." "That's real wit!" cried Tree. It is indeed, but it is not Harris's wit. The *mot* was uttered by Mrs. Lily Hitchcock Coit at a ball at Del Monte in 1891. It was said of a young lady who had quarreled with her fiancé and broken their engagement because he objected to her costume.

JAMES G. HUNEKER. Pianist, music critic of New York *Sun*. Among his books are "Melomaniacs," "Iconoclasts," "Egoists," "The Steeplejack," the latter is a sort of autobiography. His "Letters," published posthumously, are amazingly frank; in certain salacious passages they eclipse Rousseau's "Confessions." 1860-1921.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. 1852-1924.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT. *Herald* editor. Sent H. M. Stanley to Africa, to rescue Livingstone, who refused to be rescued. 1841-1918.

ARTHUR MEYER. Editor of *Le Gaulois*, the organ of the French Monarchical and Catholic party. Odd, because Meyer was a Jew. When the Jew-baiting and anti-Dreyfus craze was raging in France, Meyer fell out with Edouard Drumont ("La France Juive"). They fought a duel, in which Meyer seized Drumont's sword with his left hand, and wounded Drumont. A long controversy raged in Paris as to whether Meyer's act was according to the code duello; it was never settled. Meyer married his daughter to a French nobleman, Catholic and monarchical. To his future son-in-law he said: "*Tu as de la veine, toi.*" ("Lucky fellow!") "*Ma fille est belle comme Vénus,*

riche comme Croesus, et innocente comme Dreyfus." Note the *tutoyage*.

HENRY WATTERSON. 1840-1921. Served in the Confederate Army. Founded the *Republican Banner*. Later, was editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

GEORGE H. JESSOP. Dramatist and verse-writer. Author of "On Probation," played by W. H. Crane.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE. "Mr. Dooley" of Chicago. Born in 1867.

CLAY M. GREENE. Born in San Francisco, 1850. Prominent member of the Bohemian Club and Lambs Club.

ARCHIBALD C. GUNTER. 1847-1907. Born in Liverpool. Became a stockbroker in San Francisco. In 1887 published "Mr. Barnes of New York."

CHARLES F. LUMMIS. Author. Editor. 1860-1928.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY. For many years London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

KATE FIELD. Writer, lecturer, actress. 1840-1896.

POULTNEY BIGELOW. Born 1855. Educated in Germany.

EUGENE FIELD. 1850-1895.

"BILL" NYE. Edgar Wilson Nye. 1850-1896.

MELVILLE E. STONE. 1848-1929.

S. S. McCLURE. Born in County Antrim, Ireland, 1857.

JEANETTE L. GILDER. 1849-1916.

VICTOR HUGO. 1802-1885.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. 1840-1897.

ANATOLE FRANCE. 1844-1927.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS. 1824-1895. Natural son of the great Dumas. The son wrote many novels and plays, of which the most notable was "La Dame aux Camélias."

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. 1821-1880.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT. 1850-1893.

ALPHONSE KARR. Boulevardier, chroniqueur, brilliant wit. Author of the famous leading article under the heading: "Shall we Abolish the Penalty of Death?" Karr's article consisted of one line: "Certainly; but let the murderers begin." Died 1890.

EDMOND ROSTAND. French poet and dramatist. Academician. Best known in America by "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon," and "Chantecler." Highly gifted; probably posterity will rate him as a genius. 1868-1918.

VICTORIEN SARDOU. The most successful playwright of his time. Even thirty years later some of his plays hold the boards. "Dora" (English title "Diplomacy") is regularly revived; in 1928, when fifty years old, it drew crowded houses in New York City. It toured the country the same year for four months,

playing St. Paul, Minneapolis, Madison, Milwaukee, Toledo, Lincoln, Detroit, Louisville, Columbus, Indianapolis, to large audiences. "Divorçons" is also frequently revived. The stories of "La Tosca" and "Fédora" have been made into successful operas. A number of his dramas have been filmed for the screen. 1831-1908.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Author, jurist, politician, academician. Died 1883.

JULES VERNE. 1828-1905.

EDMOND ABOUT. 1828-1885.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY. 1834-1908.

HENRI MEILHAC. Academician. 1831-1891.

JULES LEMAITRE. Poet, critic, dramatist. 1853-1914.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. Critic. Editor *Revue des Deux Mondes*. 1849-1906.

"PIERRE LOTI." Pen name of Captain Louis Marie Julien Viaud. 1850-1923.

EMILE ZOLA. Born 1840; died 1902. His first success was in 1877 with "L'Assommoir." Later best-sellers made him rich; his annual income reached 200,000 (gold) francs. He lived with a mistress, Alexandrine, for a number of years; finally in 1870 he married her. As she remained childless, he installed a young girl, Jeanne Rozerot, in another establishment in 1888; she bore him a boy, Jacques, and a girl, Denise. Until his death he divided his time between Jeanne and his wife Alexandrine. His salacious books and his private life seem to show there could be little good in the man. But he bravely took up the cause of poor Alfred Dreyfus, whom he did not know. As a result, Zola's book sales ceased; he was sentenced to prison for libel; his life was threatened by mobs; he fled from France. When Dreyfus was cleared, Zola returned. In 1902, fumes from a defective flue in the sleeping room of himself and Alexandrine asphyxiated him; she was revived after two days' effort. At Zola's funeral mobs rioted; an assassin wounded Alfred Dreyfus with a pistol ball. Zola's remains were placed in the Pantheon, where lie France's greatest dead. Jeanne Rozerot died in 1914. Madame Alexandrine Zola adopted Jeanne's two children, and had them legally given the family name "Emile-Zola." She died herself in 1925 aged eighty-six, leaving Zola's fortune to his two children by her rival. No more peculiar triangle can be found in any of Zola's romances.

EDMOND DE GONCOURT. Born, Nancy, France, May 26, 1822.

JULES DE GONCOURT. 1830-1870.

CATULLE MENDÈS. 1841-1909.

PAUL BOURGET. Born 1852.

ALBERT WOOLF. 1835-1892.

JULES CLARETIE. Author. 1840-1913. His widow married

Joseph Caillaux, and assassinated Gaston Calmette, *Figaro* editor, in 1914.

PAUL HERVIEU. 1857-1915.

LEO TOLSTOI. 1828-1910.

HENRIK IBSEN. 1828-1906.

ALFRED TENNYSON. 1809-1892.

ALFRED AUSTIN. 1835-1913.

ROBERT BRIDGES. 1844-1930. A scholar's poet; he succeeded Alfred Austin as poet laureate. When he died it was supposed the laureateship would be given to Rudyard Kipling or to Alfred Noyes. But, as the decision lay with the prime minister, Ramsay Macdonald, a pacifist, the choice fell upon John Masefield.

JOHN MASEFIELD. Born 1874. Became poet laureate May 9, 1930. He is the people's poet; one whose wide sympathy with the humbler folk has struck a kindred chord all over the world.

JOAQUIN MILLER. 1841-1913. Wrote "Songs of the Sierras."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. 1858-1916.

GEORGE T. LANIGAN. Newspaper star on the pre-Pulitzer *World*. Author of "The Ahkoond of Swat" and other notable humorous poems.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE. 1837-1909.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 1828-1882.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI. 1830-1894.

ROBERT BROWNING. 1812-1889.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1806-1861.

EDWIN ARNOLD. 1832-1904.

AUSTIN DOBSON. 1840-1921.

COVENTRY PATMORE. 1823-1896.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. 1802-1839.

ANDREW LANG. 1814-1912.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 1807-1882.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 1807-1892.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 1836-1907.

JULIA WARD HOWE. 1819-1910.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. 1833-1908.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Editor of the old *Scribner's* and the old *Century*. Author of "What is a Sonnet?" One of the great sonnets of English literature.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. Editor of the old *Century*. Director Hall of Fame (New York University) since 1919.

ADELINA PATTI. Born in Madrid, 1843, of Italian parents. Married the Marquis de Caux in 1868; married M. Nicolini in 1886; married Baron Cedarstrom, 1899. Died 1919.

PASQUALE BRIGNOLI. 1823-1884.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH. Born in Poland, 1858.

CELESTINE GALLI-MARIÉ. 1840-1905.

" **ILMA DI MURSKA.** Famous for her singing of the brilliant Polacca in "Mignon."

PAUL PLANÇON. Singer. Born in France, 1854.

SOFIA SCALCHI. Born in Turin, Italy, 1850.

MINNIE HAUKE. Born in New York, 1852. In 1878 made Bizet's "Carmen" a great success in Brussels and London, after the opera had failed in Paris. In 1871 married Count Von Hesse Wartegg. Died 1929.

LILLIAN NORDICA. 1859-1914.

EMMA EAMES. Grand opera prima donna. Born in China, 1867. Married Julian Story, painter, 1891; divorced. Married Emilio de Gogorza, singer, 1911.

NELLIE MELBA. Grand opera prima donna. Born in Australia, 1865.

ERNESTO NICOLINI. Tenor. One of Adelina Patti's husbands.

LILLI LEHMANN. Born 1848. Died May 17, 1929.

JEAN DE RESZKÉ. 1853-1925.

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ. 1856-1917.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG. 1842-1916. In 1913, wrote "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna."

ANNIE LOUISE CARY. (Mrs. Charles Raymond.) 1842-1921.

ENRICO CARUSO. 1873-1921.

EMMA CALVÉ. Born 1864.

MARIE AIMÉE. Light opera prima donna. Not a favorite in Paris, but successful elsewhere in France, in Belgium, in other parts of Europe, in North and South America.

FRANCISCO TAMAGNO. Born in Turin, 1851. Died 1905.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK. On her sixty-sixth birthday, December 10, 1927, in New York City, the famous contralto celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her début on the stage. Five thousand auditors bade her farewell. She had five sons in the World War, four fighting for the Allies; one, in the German army, was killed in action.

COSIMA WAGNER. Widow of Richard. Celebrated her ninetieth birthday December 24, 1927. Illegitimate daughter of Franz Liszt by the Countess d'Agoult. At nineteen Cosima married Hans von Bülow, by whom she had three daughters. She left him to become the wife of Wagner, by whom she had Siegfried. Richard left Matilda Wesendonck, last of a long line of his ladies, to marry Cosima. After his death in 1883 she ran the Bayreuth Wagnerian Festivals for years, and accumulated, through the Wagner copyrights, a fortune of 24,000,000 marks, which was annihilated by the World War. In 1929, she indignantly began to refute the charges that Wagner was a Don Juan. Well meant, but late. She died in Germany, April 1, 1930.

CHRISTINE NILSSON. 1848-1922.

MADAME MARCHESI. Born Mathilde Graumann, of Frankfort ; married to a titled Italian opera-singer ; voice trainer of many great opera artists. Emma Eames writes that when Madame Marchesi discovered that she was coming to her lessons by tramway because of her poverty, the Madame cried : " Well ! beautiful as you are, you should be able to have your private carriage."

AMALIE MATERNA. Born St. Georgen, Styria, 1847. Created " Brunnhilde " at Bayreuth, 1876.

ITALO CAMPANINI. 1845-1896.

EMMA ALBANI. Born near Montreal, 1852. Operatic soprano. Died in London, April 3, 1930.

SYBIL SANDERSON. Daughter of Judge Silas Sanderson of San Francisco.

EMMA NEVADA. Born Austin, Nevada, 1862. Coloratura soprano.

EMMA ABBOTT. 1850-1888.

EMMA THURSBY. Born Brooklyn, New York, 1857. Concert soprano.

MARIE STONE. Soprano in the original Boston Ideals.

JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS. Died 1905. Lines from " Oh, Promise Me " on her tombstone.

EUGENE COWLES. Born in Quebec. With the Bostonians. Basso.

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE. 1833-1917. Comedian. Played Sir Joseph in " Pinafore," 1878. With the Bostonians played the Sheriff in " Robin Hood " for many years.

GERALDINE ULMAR. Successful prima donna in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

" SIGNOR PERUGINI." (John Chatterton.) Light opera tenor. One of Lillian Russell's husbands.

MRS. JAMES A. OATES. Died 1887.

TOM KARL. Born Dublin, 1846. Went to America with Parepa-Rosa, then with " The Bostonians."

JOHANNA GADSKI. Born in Prussia, 1871.

RICHARD WAGNER. 1813-1883.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. 1813-1901.

CHARLES GOUNOD. 1819-1893.

LEO DELIBES. 1836-1891.

GEORGES BIZET. His greatest success, " Carmen," was condemned by the Paris critics at its première, and has been running since for fifty-three years. 1838-1875.

PIETRO MASCAGNI. Born 1863. " Cavalleria Rusticana."

GIACOMO PUCCINI. 1858-1924.

RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO. 1858-1919.

JACQUES OFFENBACH. Son of a Jewish cantor ; composer of

"La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Hélène," "Madame Favart," and over eighty other pieces, in twenty-five years. 1819-1890.

CHARLES LECOCQ. Composer of "Madame Angot," "Giroflé-Girofla," and many other successes. Lecocq made fortunes for himself, his librettists, and his managers. Yet he could get no Paris manager to produce his first success, "Madame Angot," and was forced to arrange its première at Brussels. Afterwards, it ran at Paris for a year and a half.

One day Zulma Bouffar, prima donna in his operas, was leaving Paris for a tour. She could not take her pet parrot, so left it to Lecocq's care. He considered its education had been neglected, and immediately put it in charge of the company of firemen who guarded the Paris theatres. It was a bright bird—it learned much. When she returned, Mademoiselle Zulma was so shocked at its language that she was forced to part with her beloved bird.

Lecocq was an *abonné* for life at the Paris Opera, and occupied the same seat for many years. When the World War came the great building was given up to the wounded. At last a performance was given there again, and to the delighted surprise of Paris old Lecocq was in his seat—age eighty-five. Born 1832. Died 1918.

EDMOND AUDRAN. Composer of "La Mascotte," etc.

JEAN ROBERT PLANQUETTE. Composer of "Chimes of Normandy," etc. 1848-1903.

JOHANN STRAUSS. 1825-1899. Son of Johann. Austrian composer; conducted orchestra; "Fledermaus," 1874, and waltzes.

THEODORE THOMAS. Musical pioneer in darkest America.

WALTER DAMROSCH. Founded the New York Symphony Orchestra, 1892.

EDWARD E. RICE. Composer of "Evangeline" and other musical plays.

REGINALD DE KOVEN. 1861-1920. After his success with "Robin Hood" and other light operas De Koven wrote an ambitious work called "The Canterbury Pilgrims," to which he had devoted years of his life. It was produced in New York with great care. The performance was interrupted by a dispatch stating that the United States had declared war against Germany. This threw players and audience into such confusion that the rest of the performance was a complete fiasco. Hard luck.

ALFRED CELLIER. Composer of "Dorothy" and other light operas. Classmate and friend of Arthur Sullivan.

EDWARD SOLOMON. Author of "Billee Taylor" and other comic operas. One of the husbands of Lillian Russell.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. Born Washington, D.C., 1856.

AUGUST WILHELMJ. Born 1845. Played the violin in public at eight years of age.

EUGÈNE YSAYE. Violinist. Belgian. Born 1858.

OVIDE MUSIN. Violinist. Born in Belgium, 1854. Died in Brooklyn, November 24, 1929.

PABLO DE SARASATE. Violinist. Born in Spain, 1844.

CAMILLA URSO. Violinist. Born in France, 1842. Daughter of an organist and flutist.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS. 1835-1921.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI. Pianist and composer. Born in Poland, 1860. Prime Minister of the reconstituted Polish state in 1919. Owns country estates in Switzerland and at Paso Robles, California. His fingers are insured for \$10,000 apiece.

JULES MASSENET. 1842-1912.

LUIGI ARDITI. 1822-1903. Composed "Il Bacio."

TERESA CARREÑO. 1853-1917.

F. PAOLO TOSTI. Successful song-writer of the Victorian period.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN. 1830-1894.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. 1833-1897. Called by Schumann the true successor to Beethoven.

PETER ILYITCH TSCHAIKOWSKI. 1840-1893.

ANTONIN DVORAK. 1841-1904.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. 1843-1907. Composer and pianist.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK. Famous pianist. Died mysteriously near Rio Janeiro. A great ladies' man. 1829-1869.

RAPHAEL JOSEFFY. Pianist. Born in Hungary, 1853.

EDWIN BOOTH. Distinguished tragedian. 1833-1893. Played a number of years with Lawrence Barrett until the latter's death. Booth presented to The Players the club-house now owned by them on Gramercy Square, New York. He occupied an apartment there until his death. J. Henry Harper visited him there with L. Hutton one day. An æolian harp hanging on the door suddenly sounded. Harper and Hutton looked up—nobody there. "What is it?" asked Booth. "The harp," replied Hutton, "I suppose street vibrations caused it to sound." Booth replied: "Oh, that's Lawrence—he comes around frequently." Lawrence Barrett had been dead two years.

LAWRENCE BARRETT. 1838-1891.

JOHN McCULLOUGH. Born in Ireland, 1837. Supported Edwin Forrest; later, Edwin Booth. In 1869, with Lawrence Barrett, managed the old California Theatre. Became insane, and died in 1885.

"LOTTA" (CHARLOTTE) CRABTREE. Born 1847. Sang and danced to the California miners in the fifties. Later became a

minor (star) actress. Very successful financially. Outlived her parents and brothers. For years lived alone; became miserly; died in 1924, aged seventy-seven. She left about four millions. Over one hundred unsuccessful claimants contested her will, by which she left two millions to a fund for World War veterans; the rest was devoted to relief funds for actors, for students, for discharged prisoners, against vivisection, and for old horses and dogs.

MARY ANDERSON. Born in Sacramento, California.

DION BOUCICAULT. 1822-1890. His plays include "London Assurance," "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun."

MRS. DORA P. BOWERS. Made her professional début at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1845. Died 1895.

JOHN BROUGHAM. 1810-1880. Educated Trinity College, Dublin.

LUCILLE WESTERN. Played Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist."

HELEN WESTERN. Successful in "The French Spy."

CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER. 1824-1879.

EDWARD L. DAVENPORT. 1814-1877.

LILY LANGTRY. Born 1852. Daughter of the Dean of Jersey, hence "the Jersey Lily." Professional beauty in the late seventies. Went on the stage in 1881. Married and became Lady de Bathe in 1907. Died at Monte Carlo, February 12, 1929.

About 1879 the San Francisco *Post* colyumist, "Derrick Dodd," printed a joke to the effect that Mrs. Langtry at a supper party had dropped a piece of ice down the Prince of Wales's back. This story continued to circulate for forty years. In 1926, in her memoirs, Mrs. Langtry formally denied that she had dropped the ice as aforesaid.

Lady Augusta Fane in her memoirs says: "Had Mrs. L. possessed more worldly wisdom and less heart she would not have quarreled with her most Illustrious Friend for the sake of a handsome young *peer of the realm!*" (Italics are Lady Gussie's.) "For a short time she was very happy, as her youthful lover was devoted to her. Then he suddenly left her, and eloped with the beautiful wife of an elderly man."

This will surprise many who had thought that the Illustrious Friend threw over Mrs. L. Instead of which it appears that Mrs. L. threw over the Illustrious Friend.

ROSE COGHLAN. Born in England, 1850.

MRS. JAMES BROWN-POTTER. In touring company with Kyrle Bellew, 1881-1898.

ADA REHAN. 1860-1916.

ROBERT MANTELL. Born in Scotland, 1854. Came to the United States in 1878; supported Modjeska and Fanny Daven-

port. Thereafter he toured this country with his own company for fifty years, playing Shakespeare. Died June 27, 1928.

RICHARD MANSFELD. Born on Heligoland, 1857. Son of Madame Rudersdorf, a noted singer. He went on the stage in 1876 in "Pinafore." His first success was as "Baron Chevrial" in 1883; another was as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He played "Cyrano de Bergerac" in 1898 with Margaret Anglin—a fine production. He was a good actor, with many mannerisms and an unfortunate temper. Died 1907.

CONSTANT COQUELIN. A famous French actor. Best known to the United States in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon." 1841–1909.

SARAH BERNHARDT. 1845–1923.

GABRIELLE RÉJANE. (Charlotte Réju.) 1857–1920.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS. A beautiful woman and a talented reader.

TOMMASO SALVINI. 1829–1916.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD. Died 1897.

MOUNET-SULLY. (Jean Sully Mounet.) Born 1841. Visited United States in 1894.

LILLIAN RUSSELL. 1861–1922. Born in Iowa. First stage appearance in Rice's Pinafore Company, 1879.

JOHN DREW. Made his professional début in Philadelphia, 1873, under his mother's management. Died July 9, 1927.

MAURICE BARRYMORE. Made his first appearance in this country in January, 1875, in "Under the Gaslight."

GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE. Sister of John Drew. Wife of Maurice Barrymore; mother of Ethel, Lionel, and John Barrymore.

WILLIAM H. CRANE. 1845–1928.

ADELAIDE RISTORI. 1822–1906.

MADGE ROBERTSON KENDAL. Sister of Tom Robertson, playwright. Dame of the Realm. Her eighty-first birthday was celebrated in London March 15, 1930.

WILLIAM HUNTER KENDAL. Husband of Madge Robertson.

HELENA MODJESKA. 1840–1909.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON. 1829–1905.

HENRY IRVING. 1838–1905. Asked what he thought of Sir Herbert Tree's "Hamlet," Sir Henry replied: "Funny, but not vulgar."

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. 1853–1917.

NAT. GOODWIN. 1857–1919. Married five times.

ELLEN TERRY. 1848–1928. Dame of the Realm.

KATE TERRY. 1844–1923.

CLARA MORRIS. Born in Toronto, Canada, 1849.

ADELAIDE NEILSON. 1848–1880.

EDWARD A. SOTHERN. 1826-1881. English actor.

EDWARD H. SOTHERN. American actor, born at New Orleans, 1859.

JULIA MARLOWE. Born in 1870. Her first husband was Robert Taber. In 1911, she married E. H. Sothern.

FRANK MAYO. Died 1896, fifty-six years of age.

MARIE BURROUGHS. Born in California. Real name Lily Arrington.

MAXINE ELLIOTT. Born 1873. Second wife of Nat. Goodwin.

LOUIS JAMES. Died 1910.

MARIE WAINWRIGHT. Born in Philadelphia, 1853.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY. First wife of Nat. Goodwin. Member of Lydia Thompson's British Blondes troupe.

LYDIA THOMPSON. Head of the British Blondes of the seventies.

EMILY SOLDENE. Gave "Mme. Angot" with an English company in 1874.

LISA WEBER. One of the British Blondes troupe.

WILLIAM E. SHEERIDAN. A captain in the Signal Corps; wounded at the Battle of Resaca, but continued acting after the war.

PAULINE MARKHAM. One of the British Blondes troupe.

FRIEDRICH HAASE. 1827-1911. Eminent German actor. Toured the United States.

JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON. Born 1853. Knighted. Married Gertrude Elliott.

ELEANORA DUSE. 1861-1926.

OSMOND TEARLE. 1852-1901.

MINNIE CONWAY. (Mrs. Osmond Tearle.) Died in 1896.

KYRLE BELLEW. 1855-1911. Leading man to Mrs. James Brown Potter.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. Born in London, 1865. In 1914, married George Cornwallis-West.

MINNIE PALMER. Born in Philadelphia, 1860.

EBEN PLYMPTON. Died in 1915, at sixty-two years of age.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL. In the seventies he began with the Berger variety troupe; later as a star he amassed a fortune.

JOHN T. RAYMOND. Of the Old California Theatre Company. Great success in "The Gilded Age."

STUART ROBSON. Partner of Wm. H. Crane in "The Two Dromios," "The Henrietta," etc.

BARRY SULLIVAN. Died 1891, aged sixty-nine years.

DENMAN THOMPSON. Died 1911, aged seventy-seven years.

J. C. WILLIAMSON. Of the Old California Theatre Company. Later wealthy head of an Australian theatre chain.

MAGGIE MOORE. First wife of J. C. Williamson.

FRANCIS WILSON. Born in Philadelphia, 1854.

LOIE FULLER. "Serpentine Dancer." Friend of Queen Marie of Rumania. Died January 1, 1928.

DE WOLF HOPPER. Born 1853.

MARGARET ANGLIN. Born in Ottawa, 1876.

LADY BANCROFT. (Marie Wilton.) 1839-1921.

SQUIRE BANCROFT. 1841-1926.

ROBERT HILLIARD. Born New York City, 1857.

HENRY DIXEY. Born Boston, 1859.

WILLIAM GILLETTE. Born Hartford, Connecticut, 1855.

RITA SANGALLI. Plain, but a beautiful dancer.

MARIE BONFANTI. A famous première danseuse.

MALVINA CAVALAZZI. A beautiful woman and a beautiful dancer.

MAUD HARRISON. Of Palmer's old Union Square Company.

BARTON HILL. Of the Old California Theatre Company. An excellent Malvolio.

HENRY MILLER. Born London, 1860.

WILLIAM S. CODY. ("Buffalo Bill.") 1846-1917.

BILLY EMERSON. Died February 2, 1902.

WILLIAM MULDOON. Champion wrestler. Physical culturist. Still active at eighty-three.

THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON. 1829-1871.

ARTHUR WING PINERO. Born 1855. Knighted 1909.

HENRI BECQUE. 1837-1899.

BRONSON HOWARD. 1842-1908.

GEORGE H. BOKER. Poet, dramatist, diplomat. Born in Philadelphia. His fine play, "Francesca da Rimini," was produced by Lawrence Barrett, supported by Marie Wainwright, Louis James, Otis Skinner. It held the boards for ten years. He wrote other plays, and many poems; his most notable poem is "Dirge for a Soldier," beginning:

"Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman!
Lay him low; lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low!"

GEORGE ALEXANDER. 1858-1918. Distinguished actor who received the honor of knighthood. In 1883, with Irving in America. Left £90,672.

HERMANN SUDERMANN. German dramatist, novelist, journalist. Born 1857. Wrote many successful plays; of these,

"Heimat" (English version "Magda") has been played throughout the Occidental World. His fine and soul-searching play "Es Lebe das Leben" appeared in English in 1902 in an admirable translation by Edith Wharton; it is a drama that one remembers. He died November 21, 1928.

ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER. 1860-1930. With Marc Klaw, Al Hayman, Charles Frohman, et als., he founded in 1889 the famous Theatre Trust. It soon controlled hundreds of theatres; it crushed those managers and actors who opposed it; it stifled the stage; it commercialized the theatre; it ruled the amusement world with a rod of iron; it finally forced the despairing actors to organize a trade union called Equity. And it made millionaires out of Erlanger, Klaw, Hayman, and others.

CHARLES HOYT. Author of "A Brass Monkey," "A Midnight Bell," "A Milk-white Flag," etc.

AUGUSTIN DALY. Born in North Carolina, 1838; died at Paris, 1899.

DAVID BELASCO. Apostle of stage bric-a-bracquer.

CHARLES FROHMAN. Went down on the *Lusitania*. 1858-1915.

DANIEL FROHMAN. Born in Ohio, 1853.

MARCUS MAYER. Advance agent for Patti and other operatic stars.

HENRY A. SAVAGE. Toured the United States with "The Merry Widow," "Madame Butterfly," etc.

WILLIAM A. BRADY. Born 1865.

MAURICE GRAU. 1851-1907.

HENRY ABBEY. 1848-1896.

P. T. BARNUM. 1810-1891.

JOHN A. MCCAULL. Died 1894.

COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON. 1829-1901.

COLONEL J. H. HAVERLY. With his Mastodon Minstrels originated the slogan "Forty! Count 'em—Forty!"

SIGNOR DE VIVO. Opera impresario. Buried by the Actors' Fund.

ROBERT HOUDIN. 1805-1871.

ROBERT HELLER. Conjurer. Revived Robert Houdin's "Second Sight."

ALEXANDER HERMANN.

ADELAIDE HERMANN. She was Adelaide Scarcy, a bicycle rider, when Alexander Hermann fell in love with and married her.

CARL HERTZ. Conjurer.

HARRY HOUDINI. The handcuff king. Name, Erich Weiss. Born in Wisconsin. Son of a rabbi. Freed himself from every kind of imprisonment. When leg-ironed, manacled, locked in a jail, freed himself, and was outside in sixteen minutes. Exposed

spirit "mediums." Sir A. Conan Doyle, spiritualist, insisted that Houdini was a medium. Houdini and his wife arranged a code to communicate after the death of one, if possible. No message has ever reached the widow.

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER. 1815-1891.

GUSTAVE DORÉ. 1833-1883.

GUSTAVE COURBET. 1819-1877.

CAROLUS-DURAN. 1837-1917. John S. Sargent studied in his *atelier*.

JULES BRETON. 1827-1906.

GUILLAUME ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU. 1825-1905.

LÉON BONNAT. Born at Bayonne, 1833.

CLAUDE MONET. Reputed father of "Impressionism"; he denied it.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. 1860-1884.

MADELEINE LEMAIRE. French painter. Born 1845.

CARAN D'ACHE. (Emmanuel Poiré.) Born at Moscow, 1858.

ALFRED GRÉVIN. 1827-1892. Famous Paris illustrator and designer of theatrical costumes. He founded the Musée Grévin.

ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE. Born in France, 1861. Illustrator on the old *Century* magazine.

JOHN S. SARGENT. 1856-1925.

JAMES M'NEILL WHISTLER. 1834-1903.

EDWIN A. ABBEY. 1852-1911.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON. Born in Massachusetts, 1867.

WINSLOW HOMER. 1836-1910.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH. 1838-1915.

THURE DE THULSTRUP. Illustrator on *Harper's Weekly*. Died in New York, June 9, 1930, eighty-two years of age.

HARRY M'VICKAR.

W. T. SMEDLEY. Cartoonist.

CHARLES S. REINHART. 1844-1896.

A. B. FROST. 1851-1928.

E. H. BLASHFIELD. Born 1848.

HOWARD PYLE. 1853-1911.

MAXFIELD PARRISH. Born in Philadelphia, 1870.

PALMER COX. 1840-1924.

PETER NEWELL. Born 1862.

C. J. TAYLOR. Born 1855.

J. A. MITCHELL. 1845-1918.

VIRGIL NAHL. Illustrator and draftsman; died February 9, 1930. He was born in California, of a family of artists. Many of the paintings of his father and his uncle, Arthur and Charles Nahl, depicted scenes in the mining camps in the early stage-coach days; these his kinsmen excelled in portraiture, as did

Virgil Nahl. He died untimely, "in the midway of this our mortal life"—a loss to art.

FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET. 1846-1912.

JULIAN STORY. First husband of Emma Eames.

EDWARD SIMMONS. Born in Massachusetts, 1852.

J. C. LEYENDECKER. Born in Germany, 1874.

TIMOTHY COLE. Born in London, 1852.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS. 1817-1904. Was the husband of Ellen Terry for a short period.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT. 1827-1910.

MARCUS STONE. Born 1840. Noted for his paintings of beautiful gardens.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA. 1836-1912.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON. 1830-1897.

HUBERT VON HERKOMER. 1849-1914.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES. 1833-1898.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. 1829-1896. Married Ruskin's wife.

LADY MILLAIS.

JOHN RUSKIN. 1819-1900.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS. Concerning his statue of a veiled and mourning woman, over the grave of Mrs Henry Adams, in Rock Creek Cemetery, D.C., Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, himself a painter of merit, says it is one of the great monuments of the world. 1848-1907.

F. A. BARTHOLDI. Sculptor of the New York Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. 1819-1895.

PAUL ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ. Born 1848. Sculptor of the remarkable group "Aux Morts," 1899, now in Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris.

AUGUSTE RODIN. 1840-1917.

JOHN TENNIEL. 1820-1914. Illustrations to "Æsop's Fables," "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass."

GEORGE DU MAURIER. 1834-1896.

CHARLES DOYLE. *Punch*.

JOHN LEECH. *Punch*.

THOMAS NAST. 1840-1902.

JOSEPH KEPPLER. Cartoonist for *Puck*.

WALT MACDOUGALL. Cartoonist.

FREDERICK B. OPPER. Born in Ohio, 1857. Illustrator, cartoonist. On *Frank Leslie's*, *Puck*, and the Hearst papers, where he originated "Happy Hooligan." He retired for a while, but in 1928 Hearst was so dissatisfied with his young men that he set Oppen, at seventy-one, to work on the front page lambasting "the trusts."

HOMER DAVENPORT. Born in Oregon, 1867. In 1895, engaged by the San Francisco *Chronicle* as cartoonist. He later went to

Hearst's New York *American*, where his caricatures of Mark Hanna and William M'Kinley won him newspaper fame. He was fertile in ideas, but he never learned to draw. Died 1912.

JAY N. DARLING. Pseudonym, "Ding."

PETER COOPER. 1791-1883.

JAY COOKE. Successfully floated our war bonds in the darkest days of the Civil War.

HENRY VILLARD. Railroad man. Father of Oswald Garrison Villard, journalist.

JAMES J. HILL. 1838-1916.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT. 1821-1885.

LELAND STANFORD. 1824-1893.

CHARLES CROCKER. 1822-1888.

E. H. HARRIMAN. 1848-1909.

J. D. ROCKEFELLER. Multi-millionaire. Disliked by the American people. When he gave away millions, they forgave him.

D. O. MILLS. Millionaire banker, of California, later of New York. Erected the Mills Building, one of the earliest skyscrapers in New York.

ANDREW CARNEGIE. Dubbed in his day "The Star-Spangled Scotchman."

JAY GOULD. Died December 2, 1892, leaving \$72,000,000 to his sons and daughters, over which they litigated for many years.

JAMES FISK, JR. Speculator. Spendthrift. Manager of theatres. Patron of chorus girls. Colonel of the Ninth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y. "Admiral" of his own Narragansett Steamship Line of Long Island Sound boats. Protector of Josie Mansfield, for love of whom his jealous rival, "Ned" Stokes, shot and killed him.

DANIEL DREW. Probably the most crooked old rascal Wall Street ever knew.

ANDREW W. MELLON. Multi-millionaire. Great financier. Secretary of the Treasury under Harding, Coolidge, Hoover.

JAMES G. FAIR. Bonanza millionaire. United States Senator from Nevada.

GEORGE HEARST. Mining millionaire. United States Senator from California. Father of W. R. Hearst.

JAMES C. FLOOD. Bonanza millionaire. Fought the Bank of California, and founded the Nevada Bank.

JOHN W. MACKAY. Bonanza millionaire. With James Gordon Bennett founded the Mackay-Bennett Cable Company.

COLLIS POTTER HUNTINGTON. 1821-1900.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN. 1837-1913.

WARD MCALLISTER. For many years putative leader of New

York Society. As he once declared that circle was restricted to four hundred, the phrase "The Four Hundred" came into use. Brother of Hall McAllister (1826-1888), leader of the California bar.

JESSE JAMES. Picturesque bandit, assassinated by his own gang. Public wept over him.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY. A "professional beauty" of the eighties.

PRINCESS CLARA HATZFELDT. Born in Sacramento, California. Sister of the first Mrs. Henry E. Huntington. Died December 17, 1928.

THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE. A "professional beauty" of the eighties.

MARIE CURIE. Born in Warsaw. Graduated in 1884; went to Paris; married, in 1891, Pierre Curie. They worked together in physics; in 1898, discovered radium. He died in 1906. She continued her scientific research. In 1903, awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics. In 1911, awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. In 1921, visited the United States; received degrees from eight universities, and other honors. A hundred thousand dollars subscribed there to buy her some radium. In 1929, on a second visit to the United States, she received fifty thousand dollars for the same purpose.

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY. She was notable as a hostess in Paris during the eighties in a fine house near the Arc de Triomphe. In 1891, she removed to London, installing herself in a magnificent establishment in Carlton House Terrace. She continued her hospitable traditions there until 1920, when she decided to return to the United States. There, at her son's home, in September, 1928, she died at the age of eighty-five.

MARY BAKER EDDY. 1821-1910.

MADAME BLAVATSKY. 1831-1891.

OTTMAR MERGENTHALER. A watchmaker. Inventor of the Linotype.

MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST. Born 1854. In 1879, she organized the first Woman's Suffrage Society in England. But suffrage did not come until the "suffragettes" of 1913, led by her, began rioting, and were jailed. She died in 1928.

WORTH. The uncrowned king of feminine fashions for many years. Although an Englishman, his throne was in Paris; although a man, he decreed what women should wear.

GAVIN McNAB. San Francisco attorney. Died December, 1927. Large estate. Left comfortable sums to various clients who had lost money through his advice. Unusual.

CAMILLE BLANC. As head of the famous Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco, really was the ruler of the tiny principality of

Monaco and the casino at Monte Carlo. Died December 21, 1927. He was eighty-one years old.

EZRA CORNELL. Founder of Cornell University in 1865.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN. 1858-1918. Pugilist, world champion. Defeated by J. J. Corbett. Became a temperance lecturer.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK. His biographers ask: "What was this man? The ignorant foe of culture? The symbol of American provincialism and intolerance? The cruel and fanatical bigot? Or the defender of little children? The fearless witness for the right? God's soldier?" Comstock was certainly fearless. His life was often threatened and several times attempted. He was often beaten, once kicked until three ribs were broken, and once stabbed with a dirk in the face. He always fought his assailants.

HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM. 1840-1916.

HUDSON MAXIM. 1853-1927. Invented smokeless powder. Formula known as "Maximite."

DOCTOR SCHLIEMANN. Archæologist. Excavated ancient Troy.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN. 1809-1882.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. 1825-1895.

JOSEPH LISTER. Father of antiseptic surgery.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON. 1834-1892.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE. 1832-1902.

REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER. 1830-1902.

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1835-1922.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER. 1835-1908.

THOMAS LIPTON. Built many yachts and spent money like water, hoping to win back the "America's" cup for Britain. A good sport.

ALFRED NOBEL. Compounder of dynamite. Founder of the Nobel Prizes.

GEORGE EASTMAN. Inventor of the kodak camera and its accessories. Born July 12, 1854.

LOUIS PASTEUR. Proved the part bacteria play in decay, fermentation, putrefaction, etc. 1822-1895.

ROBERT KOCH. In 1876, he proved the casual relation between the bacillus anthracis and the disease anthrax. He practically founded the study of bacteria.

THOMAS A. EDISON. Born in Ohio, 1847. Trainboy at twelve. Invented an automatic telegraph repeater at seventeen. Has taken out over three hundred patents on inventions. At eighty still working hard. At Dearborn, Michigan, October 21, 1929, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his incandescent electric light. President Hoover and many other distinguished citizens were present. Telegrams of congratulation were received

from the Prince of Wales, President von Hindenberg, Albert Einstein, and others.

EMILE BERLINER. Inventor of the microphone, phonograph disc and telephone transmitter. Died August 3, 1929.

WILHELM KONRAD ROENTGEN. 1845-1923. Best known for his discovery of the "X" or Roentgen Ray in 1895.

GARRETT PUTNAM SERVISS. 1851-1929. Writer, lecturer, astronomer. A pioneer in the popularizing of scientific information.

EMIL FUCHS. Internationally famous painter and sculptor. Sufferer for many years from cancer. Died January 13, 1929.

CHARLES FOLLEN MCKIM, who died in 1909, was head of the firm McKim, Mead (1846-1928), and White (1853-1906), architects of the Boston Public Library, Madison Square Garden, and many other notable buildings. Princeton University once gave a commission to McKim to design a memorial gate on the campus. McKim submitted his design. It fell into the hands of Woodrow Wilson, then Princeton's president. Dr. Wilson took a red pencil, and made a number of startling changes. When McKim's design was returned he took an eraser and removed all the red-pencil changes. An alumnus congratulated Dr. Wilson, when the work was done, on the beauty of the gate. "Yes," said Wilson, "it is very fine; but I had to teach McKim the A B C's of architecture before we got it right."

THEODORE LOW DE VINNE. Born at Stamford, Connecticut, 1828. He did much to elevate the printing art, which in his youth was in low estate. At the De Vinne Press he printed the old *Century* magazine, other publications, and many books. His printing of the *Century* illustrations was very fine. He had much to do with the successful presswork on the new half-tone process blocks. He wrote many books on printing. He was one of the founders of the Typothetæ, and of the Grolier Club, which printed luxurious books for its members. He was a worthy follower of the Plantins of Antwerp, of the Elzevirs of Leyden, of William Caxton and Wynken de Worde of London, of John Baskerville of Cambridge, of William Caslon, of Giambattista Bodoni, and of other famous printers and type-designers. De Vinne died in 1912.

EUGENE E. SCHMITZ. Elected in 1901 mayor of San Francisco, defeating a Republican, Asa Wells, and a Democrat, Joseph S. Tobin. In 1903 he defeated a Republican, H. J. Crocker, and a Democrat, Franklin K. Lane. In 1905 the Democrats and the Republicans fused, nominating John S. Partridge as their fusion candidate; Schmitz defeated him. He acquired nation-wide notoriety through charges brought by the "Graft Prosecution"; while he was on a vacation abroad twenty-seven indictments were filed against him, and \$750,000 bail demanded. He returned

immediately; was arrested; tried; the jury disagreed. A second jury convicted him of demanding exorbitant license fees from a restaurant. On appeal, the District Court of Appeals reversed the verdict. The Graft Prosecution again appealed; the Supreme Court sustained the Court of Appeals in its reversal, and dismissed the case. The remaining twenty-six indictments were not tried. Schmitz after these experiences ran for Supervisor; he was elected for two successive terms by large majorities. He ran twice for mayor against James Rolph, a twenty-year incumbent and a great vote-getter. Schmitz was defeated both times, but polled the largest vote ever received by an opponent of Rolph. In 1919, when President Woodrow Wilson headed a parade in the Civic Centre of San Francisco, he was received with mild and perfunctory handclapping. But cheers and roars of applause could be heard coming from further down the line—they were for Supervisor Schmitz, who “stole the show.” He died in November, 1928. Among his pall-bearers were included San Francisco mayors, actual and former; together with numerous other city officials. The actual Board of Supervisors attended in a body. Companies of firemen and policemen were detailed as a guard of honor. The church was jammed during the funeral service, after which a long procession followed the hearse to the cemetery. He left no fortune. An attorney brought suit against his “estate,” however, for a fee in defending Schmitz against the Graft Prosecution. From the foregoing curious facts various morals may be drawn.

XVI

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

GENERAL GRANT returned to the United States, after circling the globe, on September 20, 1879. He landed at San Francisco. His return to his own country followed a world tour that was unique. In May, 1877, he arrived at Liverpool, where an enormous crowd welcomed him. Similar receptions awaited him at Manchester and Birmingham. In London he was met by the Prince of Wales; dined by the Duke of Wellington; given the freedom of the City of London at a Guildhall banquet; dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House; dined with Queen Victoria at Windsor.

He was received enthusiastically at Edinburgh, where the freedom of the city was presented to him, as also in Dublin. Great crowds hailed him at other cities in the British Isles. On the Continent he was cordially greeted everywhere except in France, where his opposition to Napoleon Third's Maximilian expedition was still resented. He was met in Germany by Prince Bismarck, the old emperor not receiving visitors on account of a recent attempt at assassination. He was cordially welcomed in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Egypt, Palestine. He was given special audiences by the Czar of Russia, the Pope, the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, the Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive of Egypt. In January, 1879, he sailed for India. He spent several months in the Orient. He conceived quite a liking for Li Hung Chang, the Chinese premier. He sailed for the United States after about two and a half years' absence.

General Grant arrived in San Francisco one month after Charles De Young had shot and wounded Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch—August 28. De Young had been imprisoned; Kalloch had lain in bed recovering from his wound. On September 8 the Workingmen's Party elected Kalloch mayor of San Francisco. When Grant arrived, however, the incumbent, Andrew Jackson Bryant, was still mayor. The city was greatly agitated over this political and personal struggle. None the less, it was agreed by all to

dismiss the ugly quarrel for the time, and to receive wholeheartedly the nation's idol.

When General Grant was due to arrive in San Francisco, Mayor Bryant, a life-long Democrat, decided that the distinguished visitor ought to be received by a Republican, so he appointed Frank M. Pixley as chairman of the reception committee. Pixley was a Republican, and an admirer of General Grant, but he was opposed to a third term, which Grant's followers were just beginning to boom in the East. The propaganda had not yet been inoculated into the San Francisco body-politic; in that age of innocence the San Franciscans did not know that they were being worked. They sincerely believed that their uproarious welcome was spontaneous; if they thought so, probably it was. He that is flim-flammed, not knowing he is bamboozled, let him not get on to the skullduggery, then he is not flim-flammed at all. As Shakespeare says. Or something like that.

Pixley played the game. He did his best to make the general's reception a success. Then, when the guest had departed for the East, Pixley lambasted with great vigor the third-term boom.

The self-abnegation of Mayor Bryant in letting another man occupy the limelight on such a unique occasion seems to us to-day incredible. In the nineteen-twenties the mayors of most American cities not only do not lend the limelight, they hog it. Even the honored visitor, whether pug, movie star, or night-club lady, is but grudgingly granted the spotlight, and is usually treated as atmospheric background.

The steamship bearing Ulysses and his fortunes was a new one, the *City of Tokyo*. She was among the first screw-propellers of the Pacific Mail fleet; the older vessels were still impelled by paddles. The *Tokyo's* new machinery made her three days late. The city was hung with flags for days before Grant's steamship was sighted. She was finally signalled at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. The reception committee went out to meet her on the old paddle-wheel *China*, accompanied by a large fleet of every kind of craft.

When the *Tokyo* was sighted batteries at the various stations at the entrance to the Golden Gate began saluting; they were soon followed by those within the harbor. The great bell at the city central fire-alarm station began its clangor. Steam whistles from shops and foundries on shore and steamers on the bay added to the din.

General Irvin McDowell and staff, on board the government steamer *McPherson*, went forth to meet the ex-President. The *Tokyo* stopped. The first person aboard was General Grant's son Ulysses. The reception committee followed; then General McDowell and his staff. When the two old comrades met, all

listened with bated breath for some historic word. But Grant merely said, "How are you, Mac?" and shook McDowell's hand warmly.

The arrival on the eve of Sunday led the city authorities to decide that the official reception should be postponed till Monday. This was said to be at the request of the Methodist Church, of which denomination Grant was a member.

But the people would not brook delay. They had been waiting all day on hills and housetops to see the steamer bearing their idol. Cannon thundered, steam whistles shrieked, church bells clanged, bonfires blazed, rockets soared, processions headed by brass bands marched to the dock. There, General Grant was easily induced to sanction a night celebration in his honor. In a carriage he drove under triumphal arches through streets lined with many thousands. Cities then were not so brilliantly lighted as they are to-day; the throngs could not see Grant distinctly inside the carriage, so he obligingly took his place on the box beside the driver. There, with the trace of a smile on his impassive face, he received the frenzied welcome of the citizens.

When Grant appeared, to head the procession through the city, massed brass bands performed in his honor "Hail to the Chief who in Triumph Advances," "Home Again from a Foreign Shore," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Home, Sweet Home," and other patriotic and decorous melodies. But when the procession got under way, a campaign club, the "Hayes Invincibles," began singing a stirring march song of the Civil War time, of which this was the refrain:

"When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home."

All the marchers took up the chorus, and as no one could hear the band tunes the bands also began on this march. The people on the streets joined in the refrain. As Grant made his way along the crowded streets, soon there was no other music from human throats or brass horns save this song of the Civil War soldier marching home.

At that time there were in San Francisco Bay two river boats, the *S. M. Whipple* and the *Chin du Wan*, which were the proud possessors of "cally-opes," as the water-front pronounced it. Both resembled President Lincoln's Sangamon River steamer, which had a three-foot cylinder and a six-foot whistle, so that

whenever the whistle blew the boat stopped. But when these two began on "Johnny Comes Marching Home" they did not stop; they played it steadily for hours, not always in the same time, and never in the same key, but with great vigor.

The present generation is superior to that of Grant's time in many ways. It certainly is superior in noise. Yet, considering our handicaps, we of San Francisco did fairly well in noise-making on that famous evening.

Who that was a part of that demonstration will ever forget it? It was not delirious; it was not hysterical; it was not pumped up by propaganda. It was earnest, hearty, sincere, whole-souled, unanimous. Even unreconstructed Confederates joined in cheering the man who had defeated them.

Through the crowded streets, in the midst of this Niagara of noise, the silent Grant made his way, ever bearing the same impassive face, with just a faint suspicion of a smile.

It was afterwards said that this reception was the first step in a skillful programme, designed to boom Grant for the Republican nomination the following summer. That may be true. The subsequent travels of Grant about the country, and the activities of the men who were booming him for a third term, make it seem probable. But the San Francisco demonstration was entirely spontaneous; it was a hearty outburst of affectionate welcome.

The Grant party, after some official entertaining by Governor Irwin, Mayor Bryant, and General McDowell, was overwhelmed with attentions from private individuals. Mr. and Mrs. James C. Flood gave a garden-party in their honor at Menlo Park. Governor Stanford had them spend the day at his magnificent stock farm at Palo Alto, where many guests were assembled to meet them. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker tendered them a reception at their recently completed mansion on Nob Hill. Senator Sharon gave an evening reception to the party at his country place at Belmont.

There were, of course, numerous other festivities incidental to the Grant arrival. Many steamers were chartered to meet the *Tokyo*; they passed through the Golden Gate, flag-decorated, laden with enthusiasts. Various excursions were arranged for the party, among others a trip to the Yosemite with a limited number of San Franciscans, among them three daughters of millionaires—Flora Sharon (later Lady Hesketh), daughter of Senator Sharon; Dora Miller (later the wife of Admiral Clover), daughter of Senator Miller; and Jennie Flood, daughter of the head of the Bonanza firm. Two of General Grant's sons were with the party, and it was gossiped that an engagement with a San Francisco millionheiress resulted, but it was subsequently broken.

The Sharon reception to the Grant party was an event in the social history of California. Some eleven hundred guests were taken by special trains to Belmont station, and thence by carriages to the Sharon home. It had been thought that it might be in the open air, and the grounds were brilliantly lighted; but the evening turned out to be cold, so the guests stayed in-doors. As a result, the house was jammed. Many velvet trains were stepped on, gorgeous gowns were ruined, and several ladies lost valuable jewelry in the crush. The supper was intended to be like a dream of Lucullus, but in the jam it was impossible to serve the guests properly.

Concerning the scene, Pixley wrote in the *Argonaut* :

"The supper tables were literally laden; the servants were attentive. Yet there was more ill-breeding, more genteel ruffianism, more unpardonable greediness on the part of the men than we ever saw before. The military gentlemen, with others, formed a cordon around the tables that no strategy could circumvent. Out of twelve hundred guests, half of whom were ladies, many obtained little, and others nothing. There was no chance for those who were not willing to put both feet in the trough."

This final phrase, "put both feet in the trough," long lingered in the memory of San Francisco's social circles.

Among the humors of the Grant visit was the Story of the Tobacco Merchant bearing the Priceless Cigars. One Ben Horn had ordered from Havana "a thousand of the highest priced cigars," which he formally presented to General Grant, who accepted them. A day or two after the presentation the bill arrived—one thousand dollars. When Merchant Horn received this fateful document, he rent his garments, lamented, and refused to be comforted. The town was tickled. Dollar cigars were not unknown in San Francisco; they occasionally served as Christmas gifts, but rarely in such quantities as a thousand.

Another incident that amused the town—then only an infant city—occurred when the reception committee boarded Grant's steamship. With the reporters accompanying the committee was Harry Dam, famous among the newspaper men of the city for his "nerve." When there was a slight pause in the flow of oratory, Dam stepped forward, and said: "General, I represent the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Will you kindly tell me whether you intend to run for a third term?" As the whole continent was agitated with a desire to know Grant's election intentions, the reporter's query was certainly timely, if not tactful. The General smiled slightly, but did not reply.

General Grant's party, after the Crocker reception, went to

Sacramento, where an elaborate banquet and reception took place in their honor, of which the host was United States Senator Newton Booth. The party then returned to San Francisco, where a farewell banquet was tendered by some hundreds of citizens at the Palace Hotel.

What were the thoughts passing through the mind of Grant as he wound his way through those cheering thousands in San Francisco? Possibly looking to the future, perhaps toward the past. For he could hardly have failed to compare this reception with his visit to San Francisco twenty-five years before.

In 1854, Captain U. S. Grant was stationed at Fort Humboldt, California. According to Rufus Ingalls, Captain Grant's most intimate friend, he was notified by his commanding officer, Colonel Robert C. Buchanan, that his weakness for liquor rendered it imperative that he should submit to court-martial or resign. Grant decided to resign. His resignation was dated July 31, 1854. He went at once to San Francisco, and lodged in Woodward's "What Cheer House," a cheap hotel frequented by seamen and miners. He was thirty-two years old; he was married, and the father of two young children; he could not go to his family, then living with his father-in-law, Colonel Dent, in Missouri, because he was penniless. Captain Robert Allen, U.S.A., heard of his plight, and found him in a little room containing a cot, a pine table, and one chair. Grant was dejected; his army career was ended; his life seemed a hopeless wreck.

Captain Allen tried to cheer him up; he secured for him transportation to New York, and loaned him money enough to tide him over his immediate needs. Arrived at New York, Grant failed to secure employment. Again his army friends came to his aid; Captain Simon B. Buckner paid his hotel bill, and raised a modest purse at Governor's Island among the West Pointers there. Thus assisted, Grant succeeded in reaching his father's home at Galena, Illinois. His father was not cordial, and more than hinted that his son was a failure.

At last Grant plucked up courage enough to rejoin his own family at St. Louis. His father-in-law, Colonel Dent, received him coldly, like his own father, but finally gave Grant's wife some sixty acres of raw land; on this Grant went to work, felled trees, and hewed logs for a four-room cabin. He worked as a day laborer on the farms of Colonel Dent, and others. He cut and hauled wood for fuel, which he sold in St. Louis. He grubbed stumps and cleared the land for crops. But he did not seem to make a success as a farmer, for in 1858 he abandoned the farm, and

tried vainly to make a living as a real-estate agent in St. Louis. Not succeeding as an agent, he got a custom-house clerkship, but this he failed to hold. He tried several other callings in his attempt to support his family, but finally gave up, left St. Louis, and returned once more with his family to his father in Illinois, who reluctantly gave him a job as clerk in his tannery at fifty dollars a month. This was in the Spring of 1860. He was thirty-seven years old.

Fort Sumter was fired on. Grant at once organized and trained a company at Galena, but refused the captaincy, which was given to A. L. Chetlain. Grant thought he was fitted to command a regiment. He went to Springfield, and applied to Governor Richard Yates for a commission. But the capital was thronged with politicians seeking commissions; the governor put him off. Grant worked hard for weeks without a commission or compensation, training recruits. Still no commission. At last, disheartened, he determined to return to the Galena tannery clerkship. But Governor Yates needed a man who could command a "tough" regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois, and gave Grant a commission. In a few days the tough regiment was disciplined.

Grant's regiment was ordered to Missouri. While there, President Lincoln gave him a commission as brigadier. After some small but successful affairs, his career began with the capture of Fort Henry, followed by that of Fort Donelson (February 16, 1862), which was surrendered by General Simon B. Buckner, the man who had helped Grant when he was penniless in New York in 1854. It was here that his phrase to Buckner, "no terms but unconditional surrender," thrilled the North. He was dubbed "Unconditional Surrender Grant." His victory heartened the people. It was the North's first military success in the West. Grant took at Fort Donelson 14,000 prisoners and large quantities of military stores and equipment.

Grant's Donelson victory brought him immediate fame, but also many jealous enemies. His next victory, at Shiloh (April 6, 1862), increased their numbers. The intrigues against him now seem amazing; at one time they seemed successful. It was said that he was defeated at Shiloh on the first day of the battle. However, Grant did not seem to know it, and in the second day's battle Beauregard retreated. Grant—fighting his enemies in the rear and the Confederates at the front—did not give up. On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to him, thus opening the Mississippi. At Vicksburg he took 37,000 prisoners.

October 12, 1863, he was made a major-general, commanding the entire Western army, nearly a quarter of a million men.

In February, 1864, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant-

general, which had been created for George Washington. President Lincoln appointed Grant to that post, and made him commander of all the armies of the United States.

He was again victorious at Chattanooga, November, 1863.

When he appeared at Washington crowds followed him about the streets. He was the most popular man in the United States. He did not linger in Washington to enjoy his popularity, but went at once to the front.

On May 4, 1864, he began the campaign of the Wilderness, marked by dreadful slaughter on both sides. At the bloody battle of Spottsylvania Grant made his memorable statement, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

June 3, 1865, came the battle of Cold Harbor, with 12,000 Federal dead and wounded; from the first fighting of the Wilderness to Cold Harbor the Federal loss was 60,000 men; Confederate, 40,000.

The Battle of Five Forks came April 1, 1865; Petersburg, April 2, 1865; Richmond fell April 3, 1865; Lee surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865; Johnston surrendered April 26, 1865; Kirby Smith, commanding the last Confederate Army, surrendered May 26, 1865.

The grand review of the Federal Armies took place at Washington May 24 and 25, 1865.

This is not a history of the Civil War, but merely a brief summary of Grant's amazing career; therefore there is no space to mention his great lieutenants, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Hancock, and the rest.

These events are recapitulated here to show Grant's rapid rise.

In 1854, he was forced to resign from the army; he seemed to be, at the age of thirty-two, a hopeless failure, a ruined man.

In 1862, he was a successful soldier, commanding a brigade.

In 1863, he was a major-general, commanding armies of nearly a quarter of a million men.

In 1864, he was lieutenant-general, commanding all the armies of the United States.

In 1865, he defeated the Confederate Army, and crushed the great rebellion.

In 1868, following the death of Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson's turbulent term, Grant was elected and was for eight years President of the United States.

Nowhere in history is there another instance of a soldier in so few years falling so low and climbing so high. Even Napoleon's meteoric career was outdone, for although the Corsican was in youth a penniless lieutenant he never went backward but always upward.

It is not strange that high-spirited and ambitious young men

rush to be soldiers. True, death may give an untimely end to their ambition. But death comes to us all. And death in battle from bullet or shell is certainly better than death from tuberculosis, cancer, or from a drunken driver in a city street.

After his landing at San Francisco General Grant spent a number of weeks on the Pacific Coast, visiting most of its important cities and towns. He made a trip north by boat to visit Portland and Fort Vancouver, where he had been stationed in 1853. Returning, he left San Francisco on his triumphal tour across the continent. He paused at his old home in Galena for a time; then went to Chicago, and continued across Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. In all of these States he was given imposing receptions.

While in Chicago a banquet was held in his honor at the Palmer House on November 13, 1879. General Sherman was toastmaster. Among the speakers were General Grant, Emory Storrs, General Pope, Mark Twain, "Black Jack" Logan, and Robert G. Ingersoll. Mark Twain thus wrote of Ingersoll's speech: "It was the supreme combination of English words ever put together since the world began. What an organ is human speech! Ingersoll poured molten silver from his lips."

Leaving Illinois, Grant went to Mexico, and visited the battlefields where he had fought in youth. He returned to the United States in April, 1880, and was given an enthusiastic reception at New Orleans. Later he visited Mobile, Vicksburg, and Memphis.

On his way north, at Cairo, news came of a great meeting at Chicago booming him for a third term. This was the first formal acknowledgment by his supporters of the third-term candidacy.

General Grant was silent; he went to his home in Galena, and remained there until the Republican convention.

On June 2, 1880, the convention met at Chicago. Roscoe Conkling, the imperious New York Senator, had organized a phalanx of over three hundred delegates pledged to Grant; of these, 306 stood by him to the end. Grant's chief rivals were James G. Blaine and John Sherman.

Conkling placed the ex-President in nomination in a memorable speech. Grant's long service in the army, followed by his eight years as President, made the convention uncertain as to his State. Conkling therefore began:

"When asked what State he hails from
Our answer it shall be
'He comes from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree.'"

The roars of applause that followed set the key-note. The Grant men never ceased to stress Grant's record in the Civil War.

The first ballot stood :

Grant	304
Blaine	284
Sherman	93

The second ballot :

Grant	313
Blaine	282
Sherman	94
Garfield.	1

Then followed six days' deadlock, during which the phalanx of 306 men voted solidly for Grant.

After the thirty-fifth ballot there came that curious swarming movement so often noticed in American political conventions. A speech made by James A. Garfield in favor of John Sherman won the delegates—not for Garfield's candidate, but for Garfield himself. Grant's rivals combined against him.

Then came the thirty-sixth ballot :

Grant	306
Blaine	42
Sherman	3
Garfield.	399

The number of votes necessary to win was 378. This ballot nominated Garfield.

General Grant felt that his political friends should not have permitted his name to go before the convention unless they were sure of nominating him. However, he complained little. Needing employment and income, he entered Wall Street; he went into a private banking and brokerage firm, with Ferdinand Ward, under the name of Grant and Ward. His son Ulysses was also a partner. The firm failed in 1884, and ruined Grant. The failure was a bad one. Ward was indicted for fraud and grand larceny, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Grant's last years were clouded. The failure of his firm had left him penniless. To make matters worse, he had borrowed \$150,000 from W. K. Vanderbilt a few days before the failure, for which he gave his personal note; this money he turned over to Ward, so it was lost in the bankruptcy. Vanderbilt, however,

held Grant personally responsible for this loan, so he was not only penniless, but in debt.

He went to work preparing articles for the "Rebellion Series" in the *Century Magazine*. This gave him the idea of writing his memoirs, for which several publishers made him liberal offers. The highest was made by C. L. Webster & Co., which was practically owned by Mark Twain.

While engaged on his memoirs, in 1884, the first symptoms of cancer appeared in the throat. Its progress was rapid. Grant soon learned that he was doomed. He labored feverishly to complete his memoirs, hoping thus to provide for his family before his life should end. For a time he was able to dictate to a stenographer, but at last his voice left him, and he was obliged to finish the book with a pen. In fact, toward the end all his communications to those around him were made in writing. He died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York, July 23, 1885.

Grant was at the highest peak of his career when he was surrounded by applauding thousands at San Francisco in 1879. He had been President for eight years; the people, knowing him to be honest, were disposed to forget the scandals in his administration; the people of many nations overseas had given him an ovation unequalled in the history of the world; the people all the way across the United States received him with enthusiasm. But as the weeks progressed it became more and more apparent that the popular feeling was being shaped and moulded by Grant's political managers into a third-term boom. They succeeded in rounding up over three hundred delegates, but they could not secure a majority. The Republican Convention feared that with Grant at its head the ticket would be defeated, and they realized that the people, despite their affection for Grant, did not want him for a third term. So there came a decline in his acclaim. From the highest peak of his popularity in San Francisco in 1879, he descended into the valley of the shadow.

XVII

THE LECTURE PLATFORM

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century the American people looked on lecturing as an amusement. This does not refer, of course, to students, academic, medical, legal; they certainly took and take their lectures seriously, some of them sadly. The statement is made about the people at large. Almost any kind of vogue in those days sufficed to equip a man or woman for the lecture platform. Even the fractional position of wife to Brigham Young started one lady on a long and presumably profitable course of lectures.

San Francisco in the seventies and eighties heard many lectures. As most of the lecturers were from the East, it might also be said that she had a good deal of lecturing. Lowell's "certain condescension in foreigners" was recalled by the condescending tone—*de haut en bas*—adopted by many Eastern lecturers toward Western audiences.

People seemed more prone in those leisurely days to listen to lecturers than they were later. In the nineteen-twenties the lecturers were mostly literary persons, who held forth to limited and exclusive audiences of Della Cruscans, high-brows, or æsthetes, as they have been variously termed in different epochs.

In those elder days there rambled through the United States many lecturing persons, of both sexes, of various ages, and of an infinitude of callings. There were so many of them that a number of "lecture bureaus" existed, devoted to exploiting and placing these platform stars. The most noted of these bureaus or agencies were conducted by James Redpath, Major J. B. Pond, and the Boston Lyceum. Pond's most successful lecturer was Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Most of the leading lecturers of that day held forth, when in San Francisco, at Platt's Hall. This was situated at the north-east corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, on the site later occupied by the Mills Building. Not only lectures were given there, but many other entertainments; not a few famous balls took place there; political meetings without number; and political conventions. A rival hall appeared when the Mercantile

Library erected a building on Bush Street near Sansome; the funds for this were obtained by a lottery—called a “gift concert”—authorized by a special and exclusive State law. The basement of the new building was devoted to a spacious hall arranged for lectures and various gatherings; it was also intended to be used as a ball-room, and was equipped with a supper-room, ladies’ and gentlemen’s dressing-rooms, and the like. For a time it thrived, but only for a time. The new library building was a gloomy structure, and was a failure from the first. People soon abandoned the basement ball-room; they returned to their old love, Platt’s Hall, and there for years continued “to trip the light fantastic toe,” to “chase the glowing hours with flying feet,” to cry “on with the dance—let joy be unconfined,” and to keep it up until “some wee short hour ayont the twal”—all of these pursuits as reported by the society writers of the period in describing what they termed “terpsichorean festivities.” When the citizens lacked these entertainments they would in their ardent pursuit of pleasure incline the porches of their ears that lecturers might therein pour inspissated wisdom.

Samuel L. Clemens (“Mark Twain”) made his début as a lecturer in San Francisco. It was the custom in those days for an actor or singer desirous of “taking a benefit,” or an amateur with a lecture in his system, to prepare a letter to himself asking himself to appear before the public; this letter was then circulated and signed by such prominent persons as were willing, and printed in the press. Mark Twain modified this plan, as will be seen by the following more or less veracious correspondence which was printed in the *Argonaut*:

“San Francisco, June 30th.

“Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: Hearing that you are about to sail for New York, in the P.M.S.S. Company’s steamer of the 6th July, to publish a book, and learning with the deepest concern that you propose to read a chapter or two of that book in public before you go, we take this method of expressing our cordial desire that you *will not*. We beg and implore you *do not*. There is a limit to human endurance.

“We are your personal friends. We have your welfare at heart. We desire to see you prosper—and it is upon these accounts, and upon these only, that we urge you to desist from the new atrocity you contemplate.”

The “signatures” follow:

“Wm. H. L. Barnes, Rear-Ad’l Thatcher, Samuel Williams, Gen. McCook, Geo. Ed. Barnes, Noah Brooks, Maj. Gen. Halleck, J. B. Bowman, Leland Stanford, John McComb, Capt. Pease, A. Badlam, John Skae, Abner Barker, Dr. Bruner, Louis Cohn,

Mercantile Library, T. J. Lamb, Prop'rs Occidental, Prop'rs Russ House, Prop'rs Cosmopolitan, Prop'rs Lick House, Michael Reese, Frank Soulé, Dr. Shorb, Pioche, Bayerque & Co., Asa D. Nudd, Ben Truman, O. O. Eldridge, Board of Aldermen, Geo. Pen Johnson, Maj. Gen. Ord, Bret Harte, J. W. Tucker, R. B. Swain, Ned Ellis, Judge Lake, Joseph H. Jones, Col. Catherwood, Dr. McNulty, A. J. Marsh, Sam Platt, Wm. C. Ralston, Mayor McCoppin, E. B. Rail, R. L. Ogden, Thos. Cash, M. B. Cox, The Citizen Military, The Odd Fellows, The Orphan Asylum, Various Benevolent Societies, Citizens on Foot and Horseback, and 1500 in the Steerage."

"San Francisco, June 30th.

"TO THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND OTHERS: It seems to me that your course is entirely unprecedented. Heretofore, when lecturers, singers, actors, and other frauds have said that they were about to leave town, you have always been the very first people to come out in a card beseeching them to hold on for just one night more, and inflict just one more performance on the public—but as soon as *I* want to take a farewell benefit, you come after me with a card signed by the whole community and the Board of Aldermen, praying me not to do it. But it isn't of any use. You cannot move me from my fell purpose. I *will* torment the people if I want to. I have a better right to do it than these strange lecturers and orators, that come here from abroad. It only costs the public a dollar apiece, and, if they can't stand it, what do they stay here for? Am I to go away and let them have peace and quiet for a year and a half, and then come back and only lecture them twice? What do you take me for?

"No, gentlemen, ask of me anything else, and I will do it cheerfully; but do not ask me not to afflict the people. I wish to tell them all I know about Venice. I wish to tell them about the City of the Sea—that most venerable, most brilliant, and proudest republic the world has ever seen. I wish to hint at what it achieved in twelve hundred years, and what it cost in two hundred. I wish to furnish a deal of pleasant information, somewhat highly spiced, but still palatable, digestible, and eminently fitted for the intellectual stomach. My last lecture was not as fine as I thought it was, but I have submitted this discourse to several able critics, and they have pronounced it good. Now, therefore, why should I withhold it?

"Let me talk only just this once, and I will sail positively on the 6th of July, and stay away until I return from China—two years.

"Yours truly,

"Mark Twain."

“San Francisco, June 30th.

“Mr. Mark Twain: Learning with profound regret that you have concluded to postpone your departure until the 6th of July, and learning, also, with unspeakable grief, that you propose to read from your forthcoming book, or lecture again before you go, at the New Mercantile Library, we hasten to beg of you that you will not do it. Curb this spirit of lawless violence, and emigrate at once. Have the vessel's bill for your passage sent to us. We will pay it”

The “signatures” follow:

“Pacific Board of Brokers, Wells, Fargo & Co., The Merchants' Exchange, Pacific Union Express Co., The Bank of California, Ladies' Co-operative Union, S.F. Olympic Club, California Typographical Union.”

“San Francisco, June 30th.

“Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: Do not delay your departure. You can come back and lecture another time. In the language of the worldly—you can ‘cut and come again.’ Your friends,
“The Clergy.”

“San Francisco, June 30th.

“Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: You had better go.

“Yours,

“The Chief of Police.”

“San Francisco, June 30th.

“GENTLEMEN: Restrain your emotions; you observe that they cannot avail. Read:

“Thursday Evening, July 2. One night only. Farewell lecture of Mark Twain. Subject: The Oldest of the Republics, Venice, Past and Present. Admission, One Dollar. The public displays and ceremonies projected to give fitting éclat to this occasion, have been unavoidably delayed until the 4th. The lecture will be delivered certainly on the 2nd, and the event will be celebrated two days afterward by a discharge of artillery on the 4th, a procession of citizens, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and by a gorgeous display of fireworks from Russian Hill in the evening, which I have ordered at my sole expense, the cost amounting to eighty thousand dollars. At New Mercantile Library, Bush Street, Thursday Evening, July 2nd.”

The lecture was a success, which might have impelled Mark Twain at that time to remain in the lecture field permanently, had it not been for his book “The Innocents Abroad.” This volume was made up of letters written to the *Alta California* from on board the *Quaker City*, a steamer making the first Mediterranean

tour. When Mark Twain prepared to publish his first book, the *Alta* publisher, Fred McCrellish, very ungenerously attempted to restrain him, on the ground that the copyright was vested in his newspaper. The copyright law was vague in those days, and remained so until the statute of 1891 was enacted. Mark Twain therefore concluded to defy the *Alta*, and published his book. It was highly successful, and sold well for a number of years. It is good reading still, although a little out of date; the subject, too, has become somewhat hackneyed, as scores of thousands have since made the Mediterranean tour, and scores of penmen have written books about it.

Mark Twain avoided San Francisco for years thereafter, and when he sailed across the Pacific he made Vancouver, B.C., his port of departure. He never forgave McCrellish, and probably linked San Francisco with that publisher.

Mark Twain was tempted into the lecture field again some years later, by the success of "Petroleum V. Nasby" (D. R. Locke) and "Josh Billings" (Henry W. Shaw), both humorists of the Civil War time. Mark Twain himself was not only of but in the Civil War; he served in the Confederate army for a short time. But he soon abandoned "The Lost Cause," and migrated to the Pacific Coast, sojourning first in Virginia City, Nevada, during the early mining boom; later, in San Francisco.

Some years afterward the lecture platform again beckoned to him, and he reappeared there, this time in conjunction with George W. Cable, then a popular writer of Southern stories, mostly set in Louisiana; his best known novel was "The Grandissimes."

Many years afterward, Mark Twain suddenly found himself again a poor man through unfortunate investments, including the failure of a publishing business which he had promoted. He returned to the lecture platform, and soon built up his shattered fortunes.

Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings") delivered lectures made up of disconnected humorous sayings, seemingly extemporaneous, in reality filed and polished. He had a certain dry humor which made him popular. He was the author of that profound apothegm, "It is better to know fewer things than it is to know so many things that ain't so."

David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby") was very successful lecturing about the Civil War, making as much as \$80,000 in a single season. On other subjects he was not so popular, and finally retired from the platform, devoting himself to his paper, the *Toledo Blade*. He died wealthy.

In addition to "Nasby" and "Josh Billings," there were, after the Civil War, several lecturers who won prominence on the platform by humorous discourses based largely on that conflict;

as it receded into the past, the wiser ones made their lectures more timely. One of the most noted of these was Charles Farrar Browne ("Artemus Ward"). As was the fashion among newspaper humorists of that day, Browne depended largely on eccentric spelling to put over his writings. This device, however, could have no effect on the platform, and Browne was even more successful there than on the printed page. He crossed the continent some years after the Civil War, lecturing where there were towns, which then were few. Salt Lake City was at that time the most populous place west of Chicago. Browne was well received there, and his lectures were successful. When he arrived in San Francisco he was full of his experiences in Mormondom, and in one lecture gave a graphic narrative of all of Brigham Young's wives falling in love with him, and weeping at the stage station when he departed.

Rev. Thomas Starr King began lecturing in the Atlantic States on vital national topics before the Civil War; some of his themes were "The Free Soil Movement," "The Fugitive Slave Law," "The Dred Scott Decision." In this last he declared that the majority of the United States Supreme Court "had betrayed justice for a political purpose." In the Civil War time he occupied the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, and his discourses there and elsewhere in California were tinged with fiery patriotism. There was a strong leaven of secessionism in California at that troubled time; out of fifty-three California newspapers forty-six opposed President Lincoln's election. Starr King toured the State speaking for the Union; his voice rang out, like a clarion call, summoning the citizens to their allegiance. Californians ever since have believed that no man did more than he to keep California loyal.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll for many years was successful as a lecturer, as well as in the rôle of political orator. His best lecture was thought to be that on "Abraham Lincoln"; his most popular was "The Mistakes of Moses," in which he vigorously attacked the inspiration of the Scriptures. Other addresses were on "Shakespeare," "The Gods," and "What Shall we do to be Saved?"

A sensational lecturer of the period was John B. Gough. He delivered exhortations against intemperance, in which he painted vivid pictures of the alcoholic addict, his unhappy home, his weeping wife, his wretched children, his awful ending. These gloomy orations made the hearers' flesh creep, and all good teetotalers loved to hear them. When one reflects that John B. Gough based them on the effects of sound corn and rye whiskey, of ginoowine old Kaintuck Burbun, of vintage champagnes, and of cool and tempting schooners of lager with a high collar on

them—when these non-poisonous beverages are recalled, one wonders what John B. would have said of the fluids of to-day. How his facile tongue would have rioted over the results of synthetic gin, of home-brew, of wood-alcohol high-balls, of boot-leg booze generally. How he would have painted the horrors of petting, the fatal facility of hip-flask drinking. How he would have predicted damnation when considering the career of our riotous youth, hurrying to hell so rapidly that they are often arrested on the way for speeding. One does not recall that he ever pilloried petting, yet even in that age of innocence petting was not unknown. But to-day there is so much raw material—in addition to the liquor—for sensational temperance orations that one is forced to conclude John B. Gough was born too soon.

Phineas T. Barnum was very successful as a lecturer, and, like Gough, on temperance. One would fancy that his life as a showman would have diverted him to other topics.

Among explorers and war correspondents who lectured successfully were Henry M. Stanley, George Kennan, Frederick Villiers, and Robert E. Peary. George Kennan's lectures on Siberia were highly successful; he made \$20,000 in one season. Frederick Villiers, artist and war correspondent, lectured on his experiences to large audiences. He was in the Russo-Turkish war; in the Afghan expedition, and other of England's many minor campaigns; at the fall of Khartoum; and in the South African wars.

The most notable English writers who came over to enlighten us in the last quarter century were Matthew Arnold, Hall Caine, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope Hawkins (author of "The Prisoner of Zenda"), Israel Zangwill, and Ian MacLaren. Zangwill's most successful lecture was on "The Drama as a Fine Art." He made a sensation in New York City when he severely criticised the drama critics there.

Ernest Seton-Thompson at one time was so successful that he lectured twice a day. "Wild Animals I Have Known" was a favorite topic.

American writers of prominence who appeared on the platform at that period included Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, John G. Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Dean Howells, F. Marion Crawford, General Lew Wallace (author of "Ben Hur"), Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, Hamilton W. Mabie, and others.

Howells drew large audiences, but even his financial success could not keep him on the platform, which he disliked. Among his topics were: "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction" and "The Novel and Novel Writing."

F. Marion Crawford lectured to crowded houses. Among his topics were: "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages," "The Early Italian Artists," "Leo XIII. in the Vatican."

Professor S. S. Baldwin in the old days drew large houses to his lectures "exposing spiritualism." Baldwin had on the platform cabinets in which the manifestations usual at spiritualistic séances were reproduced; afterwards, he would "expose" the way in which they were done. In the cabinets musical instruments were placed with him, and he was tightly bound. When the door was closed bells would ring and tambourines rattle; a guitar would be seen to rise out of the cabinet, and float through the air; spirit writing would appear on sealed slates; disembodied spirits would materialize—and all the rest of it. A committee would be selected from the audience to go on the stage and supervise the spiritualistic stunts. Baldwin would cross-examine them as to whether they were spiritualists or not; he always said he was willing to have half of the committee spiritualists, but not more. The spiritualists were so anxious to expose the expositor that they often packed the committee. As a result there were many exciting scenes. The spiritualists were so ardent in their belief that they often denounced Baldwin as a man who was really a medium, and that his "manifestations" were genuine spiritualistic phenomena produced by the spirits. It must be admitted that Baldwin's "exposures" were not very convincing, but like any other showman he did not want to give away his trade secrets. It always developed during the show that the audience was about half made up of spiritualists. Every now and again an indignant spiritualist would climb on his chair and begin a stump speech denouncing Baldwin as an apostate medium; these orators were always howled down by the non-spiritualists, who wanted the show to go on. The more ardent spiritualists on the stage committee frequently interfered with the "manifestations" to such an extent as to require physical repression; one night, at the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco, this brought on a fist fight between Baldwin and an earnest believer; the professor was extremely handy with his hands, and put the believer into a real trance with a haymaker on the jaw.

Edgar W. ("Bill") Nye and James Whitcomb Riley appeared together on the platform, Nye doing most of the lecturing and Riley reading from his own poems.

John Boyle O'Reilly, a Boston editor of more than a local reputation for brilliance, was a frequent and successful lecturer in the eighties.

Paul Blouët ("Max O'Rell"), a witty Frenchman, was one of the few lecturers from overseas able to overcome the handicap of a foreign accent.

Joaquin Miller appeared on the platform in the late seventies, mainly as a reader from his own works. As a lecturer he was more successful in England than in the United States.

George William Curtis during much of Boss Tweed's time was editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a powerful organ at that period. He with Thomas Nast on *Harper's*, and Louis Jennings and George Jones on the *New York Times*, ended the Tweed régime, and brought about the punishment of Tweed, who died in prison. A fluent and facile writer, Curtis was likewise an orator of distinction, both on the hustings and on the platform. He played a prominent part in several Republican National Conventions, in one of which he led the revolt against Blaine. On the platform he usually discussed literary topics, "Charles Dickens" being one of his most popular lectures.

Walt Whitman, despite his advanced age, appeared toward the end of his life as a reader from his own works. He was always received with interest and respect.

In addition to Henry Ward Beecher, elsewhere discussed, a number of noted divines entered the lecture field, among them Dr. Lyman Abbott, Rev. E. E. Hale, Dr. Joseph Parker, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, Bishop Henry C. Potter, and others.

Henry Watterson, for years editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, appeared frequently on the platform. His best known lecture was on "Abraham Lincoln."

General Benjamin F. Butler was successful on the lecture platform, as well as in politics and at the bar.

Thomas Nast was reluctant to lecture; but after he quarreled with Harper Brothers he consented. While on the platform he used to make sketches in crayon and oils, working with great rapidity. He drew large and enthusiastic audiences; in a single season he cleared \$40,000. But so distasteful was his task that he abandoned it before the season was ended. Even with his facility as an artist and his success as a lecturer, the end of his life was not prosperous. He was reduced in 1902 to accepting from President Roosevelt a consulate at Guayaquil, Ecuador—an office which in political circles was considered sure death. It was in Nast's case both sure and sudden, for he died of yellow fever there not many days after he debarked. So brilliant a genius might have been given a less deadly post.

Among the notable women lecturers of past years were Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Anna E. Dickinson, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Maud Ballington Booth. The most sensational among these was Ann Eliza Young, Brigham's nineteenth wife. Charlotte Cushman, after she retired from the stage, appeared for a time on the platform in readings from Shakespeare and other

poets and dramatists. Kate Field lectured on a number of topics, her views on "The Mormons" drawing good houses.

Once in that Age of Innocence, as Edith Wharton dubbed it, occurred in San Francisco—and elsewhere—a piece of press-agentry that even to-day could not be surpassed. A poem entitled "Psyche" was circulated quietly; it was received only by a select few—or so they were assured. The poem was not obscene, but made up of veiled eroticism; the "exclusive" recipients pridefully showed it to friends; it was passed from man to man, and much sniggered over; it was signed "Frances Rose McKinley," who was reputed to be a disciple of what at that time was called "free love." After the poem had been circulating for some days, advertisements appeared of a lecture by this lady. The house—Platt's Hall—was immediately sold out. Oddly enough, the purchasers were all men. The élite of the city was there—the male élite. There were serried ranks of judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants. Not a woman was to be seen. It was not a foolish adolescent audience, either—bald heads predominated. When the lady appeared on the platform the audience noted that she was young, black-eyed, and extremely handsome; she was decorously attired in a black lace gown, very high in the neck and very long in the train; no décolleté corsage, no bare arms, no vision of ankles. The lady was received with feverish and expectant applause, and at once plunged into her subject. She talked about idealism, about exotericism (not eroticism), about the individualistic expression of ethical formulas, and other appalling abstractions. It was quite moral—not a word was uttered that could bring the blush of shame to the bald head of modesty. She talked for an hour and a half. She walked up and down the platform waving her plump white hands for an hour and a half. Not a man moved to go—not a man dared to go; it was a great pity, for I believe that had one done so even that bunch of suckers would have burst forth into a chorus of guying, which would have made the end of the evening snappy. When she bowed and retired, the audience arose, and we—that is, they—sadly filed out.

A somewhat similar ordeal to that experienced by the Frances Rose McKinley audiences was undergone by those who went to hear Oscar Wilde. He lectured around the United States in the early eighties. Wilde was a very clever man, famous in London social circles for his epigrams; the dialogue of his plays crackled and sparkled. He was supposed to be the original of the esthetic poet Bunthorne in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Patience." The vogue of that opera induced Wilde to capitalize his affectations, and to tour Yankee Land in search of American dollars. He was quite successful. He appeared on the lecture platform in much

the same garb as Bunthorne on the stage—lace *jabots* at throat and wrists, black velvet coat and knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes; he carried a lily in his hand; his walk was the mincing gait of Bunthorne; his attitude “I am limp and I cling.” At that time the “Pinafore” jests and japes had given place to those of “Patience;” people talked of costumes as being “too utterly utter;” they babbled of esthetes and esthetic things; they asked one another “Do you ever yearn?” Therefore, when Wilde appeared as the self-admitted prototype of Bunthorne, people went to his lectures in droves.

He appeared at Platt’s Hall on the same platform as the plump and beauteous Frances Rose. His audience, however, comprised both sexes, women being in a large majority. He talked on art, the beautiful in art, the genuine beautiful in art, the brummagem beautiful in art, and that sort of thing, interlarding his talk with enough esthetic patter to seem to give his audience full value for their money. But his audience was bored almost to extinction. What they had expected one can not guess; if they had thought that the real esthete would be more amusing than the comic-opera one, they were grievously in error. Like the other audience, they filed out sadly. But, unlike the other, they did not attempt to conceal that they had been gulled.

A night or two after the lecture Wilde appeared at the Bohemian Club as a dinner guest—not of the club, but of a member. He wore his esthetic togs, and carried his lily. Some of the members therefore considered him a Miss Nancy, and determined to get him tipsy and have some fun with him. But Wilde turned out to be not only a famous trencherman, but a three-bottle man as well, and those who had looked to see an intoxicated esthete succumbed themselves to the Bottle Goddess.

William E. Gladstone was offered fantastic sums to lecture in the United States, but he always declined on account to his age. Rudyard Kipling also refused large offers, giving as his reason that he disliked American hotels and American railways. But then Mr Kipling never liked anything American except royalties.

XVIII

BEECHER AND TILTON, LECTURERS AND LITIGANTS

HENRY WARD BEECHER and Theodore Tilton made lecture tours throughout the United States after the close of the celebrated Beecher-Tilton trial. It seems harsh to say so, but one is forced to the conclusion that both men were trading on the notoriety they gained in that sensational case. Had they been sensitive men they would both have retired from public view when that trial ended. But neither was sensitive; both were thick-skinned; both courted publicity rather than shunned it.

The scandal began to be talked of in 1870, but it was suppressed, then burst out again, and was suppressed again. For years it smouldered. But it could not be kept under cover. It was in 1875 that Tilton sued Beecher for seducing his wife. After this case ended in a jury disagreement, various libel suits were begun. So it was in the wake of a storm of litigation that both these men reached the Pacific Coast on their respective lecture tours—Tilton shortly ahead of Beecher.

The *Argonaut* in April, 1877, reported that Theodore Tilton was on his way to the coast to lecture. A few weeks later he appeared in San Francisco, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Florence Tilton. He lectured on May 26, 1877, his subject being "The Master Motive;" the address did not touch upon his domestic troubles. There seemed to be no social attentions paid to the father and daughter in San Francisco, and to bridge over the interval between two lectures they went to the Yosemite. On their return Tilton delivered a second lecture, also innocuous in tone; both were largely attended, the inquisitive hoping for some sensational revelations. But they were disappointed. The *Argonaut* remarked on June 2 that "Theodore Tilton and his daughter have returned East, taking with them the ducats of the curious gathered in by his lectures." It added that Henry Ward Beecher was announced to lecture in California soon.

The distinguished pulpit orator did appear not long after; his lectures were so successful that he made a second visit to California in 1888. Like Tilton, he said nothing about the celebrated case; his lectures were general in tone. One of his

subjects was "The Reign of the Common People;" another, "Hard Times;" another, "The Ministry of Wealth." On his second visit he delivered four lectures in a single week, September 3, 4, 7, 8, 1883, all to full houses. It had been thought that he would have something to say concerning the Chinese question, on which he had expressed himself frequently and freely in the East, and always in harsh terms concerning Californians. But when in California he was silent on this subject.

The *Argonaut* reviewed some of the Beecher lectures with asperity. In talking about "The Common People," Mr. Beecher said: "A working-man with a wife and six children can be maintained upon a dollar a day." The *Argonaut* commented: "Mr. Beecher gets a salary of \$20,000 per annum. Would it not be well for him to make the experiment on a salary of \$365 per year?" The journal further added that it considered Mr. Beecher "a notoriety seeker;" it copied some of his remarks about Mormonism, saying sarcastically that he "seemed to be revolted at the thought of a harem." Mr. Beecher's horror at harems does indeed seem peculiar. It recalls Alphonse Karr's remark, that "men in the Occident had harems, but that they kept them *éparpillés chez leurs amis*."

Altogether, the comments of this and other journals, when looked over after so many years, seem to reflect the public attitude at that time. One is inclined to the belief that it was curiosity that took such large numbers to hear Beecher and Tilton lecture.

Perhaps it may be well to summarize here the Beecher-Tilton trial. It took place so long ago that the present generation knows nothing of it.

Beecher, then the foremost clergyman of his day, was pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, the largest and richest congregation in Brooklyn, the "City of Churches." Among other prominent clergymen there were T. DeWitt Talmage, Presbyterian; Richard S. Storrs, Congregational; Henry Martyn Scudder; Theodore L. Cuyler; John White Chadwick, Unitarian; and others. There was among them some jealousy of Beecher.

Beecher was editor of the *Independent*, a religious weekly owned by Henry C. Bowen, a rich member of Plymouth Church. They disagreed, and Beecher left Bowen to edit the *Christian Union*, a rival religious weekly. In this paper was published a department, "The Outlook," which subsequently became the name of the religious weekly successfully run for so many years by Rev. Lyman Abbott and his sons. Bowen, after Beecher's withdrawal, placed the *Independent* in editorial charge of Theodore Tilton, a young man of great cleverness; he and his wife Elizabeth

were members of Plymouth Church and ardent admirers of Beecher. Tilton was then thirty-five years old.

This parting of the editorial ways led to other troubles. Elizabeth Tilton remained more ardent in her admiration of her pastor than did her husband. In December, 1870, she complained to Beecher that Tilton neglected her. Beecher wrote a memorandum saying that "on the July previous Theodore had extorted from Elizabeth a confession of excessive affection for me." A few days later H. C. Bowen called at Beecher's residence and delivered this sealed demand in writing :

"Henry Ward Beecher: For reasons which you explicitly know, and which I forbear to state, I demand that you withdraw from the pulpit and quit Brooklyn as a residence.

"Theodore Tilton."

Bowen professed not to know the contents. In answer to Beecher's protestations of surprise, Bowen agreed to discharge Theodore Tilton, and did so. Thereupon Tilton secured as his attorney Francis D. Moulton, an intimate friend, and a member of Plymouth Church. Moulton saw Beecher, and accused him and Bowen of attempting to ruin Tilton. Beecher was alarmed and perplexed; he wrote that the only way he could defend himself would be by branding Mrs. Tilton as having "thrust her affection upon me unsought." He was led by the wily Moulton to accompany him to see Mrs. Tilton, Beecher then getting her to write the following :

"December 30, 1870.

"Wearied with importunity, and weakened by illness, I gave a letter implicating my friend Henry Ward Beecher, under the assurances that that would remove all difficulties between me and my husband. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to write it—almost forced—when I was in a weakened state of mind. I regret it, and recall all its statements.

"E. R. Tilton."

Some hours later, under pressure from her husband, Mrs. Tilton thus revoked the revocation :

"December 30, 1870, midnight.

"My dear husband: I desire to leave with you, before going to bed, a statement that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher called on me this evening, and asked me if I would defend him against any accusation in a Council of Ministers; and I replied solemnly that I would, in case the accuser was any other person than my husband. He (Henry Ward Beecher) dictated a letter, which

I copied as my own, to be used by him against any other accuser except my husband. This letter was designed to vindicate Mr. Beecher against all other persons save only yourself. I was ready to give him this letter because he said with pain that my letter in your hands addressed to him, dated December 29, had 'struck him dead and ended his usefulness.'

"You and I are pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxieties.

"Affectionately,
"Elizabeth."

Two days later Beecher gave to F. D. Moulton this letter :

"Brooklyn, January 1, 1871.

"My dear friend Moulton: I ask through you Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. . . . I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other hearts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I must even wish that I were dead. But others must live and suffer. I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running toward my friends, toward the poor child lying there and praying with her folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God that He may put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me.

"I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence.

"H. W. Beecher."

This letter certainly is remarkable in its tone. Beecher's enemies called it an admission of guilt; his friends denied this.

On leaving his job with Bowen's *Independent*, Tilton established a weekly called the *Golden Age*. It did not thrive. Tilton wrote and had set up, in the *Golden Age* type and style, an article charging Bowen with making scandalous charges against Beecher. This Friend Moulton took in February, 1872, to Beecher, who, much alarmed, sent for Bowen. As a result, Bowen paid Tilton \$7000 not to publish the article. The three then signed a most extraordinary tripartite agreement of "amnesty, concord, and future peace." Among other things it declared :

"We three men . . . desiring to efface the disturbed past . . . and to provide good-will and love for the future do covenant :

"I, Henry C. Bowen, having given credit to tales affecting Henry Ward Beecher, now feel that I did him wrong. . . . Therefore I disavow all the charges . . . attributed to me . . . and set forth in a letter written to me by Theodore Tilton

January 1, 1871. . . . I extend to him [Henry Ward Beecher] my most cordial friendship, confidence, and Christian fellowship. I covenant and promise never to repeat or allude to . . . such charges.

"I, Theodore Tilton, do covenant and agree that I will never again hint at . . . any ground of complaint heretofore existing between the said Henry C. Bowen and myself, or the said Henry Ward Beecher.

"And I, Henry Ward Beecher, put the past forever out of sight. . . . It is a joy to me to resume the old relations of love, respect, and reliance for H. C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton and to each and both of them. If I have said anything injurious to them . . . as Christian gentlemen, I revoke it all.

"Henry Ward Beecher.

"Theodore Tilton.

"Henry C. Bowen."

Here two unusual ladies appear on the scene—Mrs. Victoria Woodhull (aged thirty-four), and her sister Miss Tennessee Claflin (aged twenty-seven). Both were handsome, clever, and had led crowded lives. They had been spiritualists; had run a sanitarium; had "cured cancers;" had finally started a "brokerage office" near Wall Street. They also published *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*; in it they supported woman suffrage, "equal rights for women," and "free love," including the "single moral standard" for men and women. One day they charged in their weekly that "free love" was practiced by prominent men—incidentally saying "we know of one man, a public teacher of eminence, who lives in concubinage with the wife of another public teacher of almost equal eminence."

This led to a visit to Mrs. Woodhull from Theodore Tilton, and in a few days she printed the story of the Beecher scandal. The same day the two women were arrested, but ostensibly for rumors about a stock-broker one Luther Challis. They were indicted, and tried, but the case came to naught.

In an interview Mrs. Woodhull said: "Mr. Tilton was my devoted lover for more than half a year, and I admit that during that time he was my accepted lover. . . . I could not resist his inspiring fascinations. . . . For three months we were hardly out of each other's sight day or night."

The sisters were arrested again, for sending objectionable matter through the mails, but the case was dismissed by the United States Attorney General. Mrs. Woodhull was then arrested on complaint of Anthony Comstock, the moral censor of the period, for lecturing on "The Naked Truth." This case also came to nothing.

Plymouth Church then made an attempt to expel Tilton for his connection with the Claflin sisters. Beecher opposed it, and the attempt failed.

For a time it looked as if the scandal would be suppressed. But Dr. R. S. Storrs and other prominent Congregational clergymen notified Plymouth Church, on November 6, 1873, that they would no longer "fellowship" with her. On June 24, 1874, Tilton published much but not all of the voluminous documents in the case. This forced Beecher to action, and on July 7, 1874, he advised Plymouth Church that he called for an investigation into the "rumors, insinuations, or charges" against him.

A church committee summoned Tilton, Moulton, and others to appear. Tilton in a voluminous affidavit swore that:

"Henry Ward Beecher as pastor and friend made a long endeavor to seduce Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton; that by the use of his priestly authority he accomplished this seduction; that for a year and a half he maintained criminal intercourse with her, overcoming her previous modest scruples; that he attempted to degrade Theodore Tilton by loss of place, business, and repute."

August 27, 1874, the Plymouth committee reported:

"We find from the evidence that Mr. Beecher never committed any unchaste or improper act with Mrs. Tilton. . . . We find nothing in the evidence that would impair confidence in the Christian character of Henry Ward Beecher.

"And now let the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, abide with Plymouth Church and her beloved and eminent pastor, so much and so long afflicted."

But there was no peace. Tilton sued Beecher for \$100,000 damages for seducing his wife. Plymouth Church stoutly defended Beecher, and had Tilton and Moulton indicted for criminal libel. The case of Tilton vs. Beecher was called in court January 6, 1875. Tilton's counsel were five leading lawyers, the most prominent being ex-judge William Fullerton and General Roger A. Pryor. Beecher's side retained six eminent counsel, among them William M. Evarts and Benjamin F. Tracy. The testimony filled 3000 pages, and the trial lasted six months, ending in a disagreement on June 24, 1875, the jury standing three in favor of Beecher, nine against. It was the longest case then known in the American courts. It was not again tried, and the criminal libel cases were not pursued.

The trial was followed with almost as much attention in

California as in the East. Such was the interest in San Francisco that the *Chronicle*, then directed by Charles De Young, printed each day a two-column telegraphic report of the trial. The *Chronicle* was a new journal then, struggling to make its way, and this was one of the many enterprising feats that won for it the public favor. The older dailies, which lacked the nerve to pay the heavy telegraph tolls, professed to be shocked at the "mess of scandal" purveyed by the *Chronicle*. But the reading public was not shocked; it was titillated; it was delighted. This feat proved that Charles De Young had a keen scent for what the public wanted.

It was not in San Francisco alone that the trial caused a revolution in newspaper methods. At that period the New York dailies were extremely prudish. One journal had forbidden the use of such words as "rape," "lust," "adultery," "amour," and a number of similar suggestive phrases. Other dailies followed. Reports of divorce cases were sedulously edited. In short, in the New York newspaper world, everything was prim and proper—on the surface.

This moral wave has been attributed by some recent press writers to Charles A. Dana. It is true that Dana enforced a prohibitory index in the *Sun* office, but it is the recollection of the present writer that the taboo included only such solecisms as "eventuate," "in our midst," and the like, and was not concerned with morals. Dana once said that he "was willing to print anything that God permitted to happen." At that time the *Sun* was a four-page sheet, and Dana boasted that by condensation he got all the news of importance into four pages—and he did. What shocked him in the Beecher trial was the necessity for giving it so much costly space. His reaction was not a moral shock but a pocket shock.

Out-of-town papers, and those in distant cities, were not so squeamish as the New York journals. The Chicago *Times* was then an extremely plain-spoken journal, and it began printing quite full reports of the affair; it even published allusions to a *liaison* between Beecher and Mrs. Henry C. Bowen, which did not figure in the testimony. New Yorkers began reading the Chicago *Times*. This got on the nerves of the New York editors, and finally the *Tribune* broke away; it began printing the court proceedings verbatim; those interested—and most people were—could find in the *Tribune* every word uttered by witness or attorney. This necessitated printing an extra-sized paper, for in those days eight pages was the maximum of the New York dailies. The other papers had to fall in line.

This was indeed a revolution in American journalism. Its effects are still felt, for in the twentieth century most of the New

York dailies give more space to crimes—and particularly sexual crimes—than to anything else. An affair of that kind in a small Jersey town sends thither for the trial between one and two hundred reporters and camera men; the authorities are forced to stage the trial in a large hall instead of in a small court-room; the ill-equipped hotels are jammed. As witness, in 1927, the trial of Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder for the murder of the woman's husband.

The speech of William M. Evarts, chief of the Beecher counsel, is famous in the annals of jurisprudence. It lasted for four days, and was a masterpiece of eloquence and persuasion. It was the belief of the bar that this speech caused the disagreement of the jury; it stood nine for guilty, three for acquittal.

It would have been useless for the newspapers to ignore the trial, for Plymouth Church circulated much printed matter regarding it to libraries, colleges, and churches. The great speech of Evarts and the speeches of other Beecher attorneys were distributed in large numbers, through the mails, and otherwise. Plymouth Church spent over a hundred thousand dollars in these and various ways throughout the trial.

The New York newspapers at first were neutral, but as the trial wore on they gradually began to take sides against Beecher. After some weeks had passed Dana said in the *Sun*: "Henry Ward Beecher is a perjurer." Papers in other cities also grew hostile to him; Henry Watterson in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* said that Beecher was "a dunghill covered with flowers." Even the English papers commented unfavorably, and in a London journal George Meredith wrote: "The story disgusts one more than a chronicle of the amours of costermongers." Thomas Nast, then at the height of his fame, cartooned Beecher savagely; so did Joseph Keppler. The persons mixed up with the trial were even franker than the editors, for Henry C. Bowen stigmatized Beecher as "an adulterer," while Frank Moulton testified that he was "a perjurer and a libertine."

Numerous phrases used by witnesses or counsel were taken up by the public, and became common in conversation. Among these were "paroxysmal kisses," "nest-hiding," "on the ragged edge," etc. In vaudeville performances ("variety shows" they were called then) the actors always got a laugh by using Beecherisms as a stage gag. There were many jokes and conundrums current, utterly unfit for ears polite. In fact, the great American public received the case with a gigantic guffaw, and treated it as a colossal farce. One widely circulated cartoon represented Beecher smiling fondly on Mrs. Tilton, who was sitting on his lap; underneath were the words (an excerpt from the testimony): "How do you feel, Elizabeth?" "Dear father, I feel so-so."

The sternest moralist could not look on this ridiculous picture without a smile.

That the principals in the famous case were not thin-skinned was apparent from their subsequent lives. They none of them sought seclusion. And shame did not shorten their earthly span, for all of them lived long.

Beecher retained his pulpit at Plymouth Church, and did not seem to have lost popularity as a political orator. He had always been a strong Republican, but bolted the ticket and took the stump to elect Grover Cleveland in 1884. He died of apoplexy March 8, 1887, aged seventy-four.

Theodore Tilton died in Paris May 25, 1907, of pneumonia, aged seventy-two.

Mrs. Tilton was dismissed from Plymouth Church in 1878; she died April 13, 1897.

Beecher had children, but they were not in the public eye at the time of the trial, or in the succeeding years. His last surviving son, Colonel William C. Beecher, died at Whitefield, N.H., in September, 1928. In the same year a granddaughter was engaged in preparing a life and letters of the famous clergyman.

Victoria Clafin was first the wife of Dr. Woodhull; then of Captain Blood; third, of John Biddulph Martin, a wealthy London banker, whom she married there in 1878; he died in 1897, leaving her about a million dollars. She lived many years on his estate in Worcestershire, always in the public eye. She ran for President of the United States in 1892 on the woman suffrage ticket; in 1914 she gave \$5000 as a prize for a transatlantic air-flight; she gave \$5000 toward celebrating the hundred-year peace between the United States and England. She was eighty-nine years old when she died, on June 9, 1927.

Her sister, "Tennie" Clafin, married Sir Francis Cook, also in England. He died in 1901, leaving her a fortune of two million dollars. She died January 18, 1923, aged seventy-eight.

Over the American continent the Beecher case spread like an avalanche of slime. It reached to the Pacific Coast. Beecher delivered nine lectures during his second visit to San Francisco. I heard him speak in Metropolitan Temple; where he spoke the first time I do not recall. Metropolitan Temple was the "church" of the Reverend Isaac S. Kalloch, who had himself suffered from stories about his relations with the sisters of his congregation. For that reason, it seemed odd that Beecher should have selected this place. His auditors could scarcely refrain from recalling the similarity of the scandals affecting the two preachers. In fact, there were many among those who heard Beecher who commented openly on these unpleasant facts. There were also those who remarked that the two men's methods and delivery on the plat-

form were much alike. Both were burly, deep-chested men; both had an impressive delivery; both had sonorous voices. It is probable that Kalloch had modelled himself to some extent on Beecher—in the pulpit, that is to say.

Both men, in the opinion of the present writer, were extremely eloquent. This is said purely of their oratory, considered as oratory, and not of their power to convince. Of that I am not a good judge, for I personally have rarely found my convictions changed by oratory; the written rather than the spoken word appeals to my mind. When I have heard eloquent speakers the effect produced upon me is that of interest, attention, perhaps admiration, rarely conviction. The effect is very similar to that experienced by me when hearing great actors. After all, oratory is very much like histrionics. When speaking in old-soldier States, like Ohio or Illinois, Theodore Roosevelt used to "plant" a venerable Grand Army man in the front row; suddenly detecting him by his hat and his G.A.R. button, the orator would interrupt himself, descend, shake hands with the veteran, and resume his speech. It was sure-fire.

Beecher also did not scruple to use sensational stunts to aid his oratory. During the anti-slavery agitation he installed an ex-slave girl "back stage" in Plymouth Church one Sunday. He had her suddenly brought to the platform, which he turned into an auction block, and there conducted an auction-sale of the beautiful octoroon. On another Sunday he began his discourse with a string of oaths; when the congregation was thus shocked into attention, he said; "I heard those words from the lips of a man just before I entered the church." Then followed a vivid discourse on profanity.

When Mr. and Mrs. Beecher came to the coast in 1883, they were accompanied by Major J. B. Pond, the lecture agent, who was one of Beecher's cronies. Pond wrote in his memoirs that he had travelled with Beecher nearly three hundred thousand miles, and managed for him twelve hundred and sixty-one lectures. He was on a tour with Pond three weeks before the lecturer's death, in 1887. Pond wrote that Beecher made a great deal of money, but was always broke, and generally in debt; he was lavish with his money, giving or loaning freely. Pond was one evening in 1884 at Beecher's home, when a couple called, to be married. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were the only persons present at the ceremony. After the couple had gone, Beecher told Pond that he had just married Collis P. Huntington to Mrs. A. D. Worsham, of New York, and that "she was just the woman for him—she would make him an excellent wife." When Mrs. Beecher was not present, Beecher showed Pond his wedding fee—four thousand-dollar bills. He remarked that Pond might later go with him

and help him to pick out things to buy. Some days later they did so, and Beecher bought a number of costly rugs for himself and others, together with all manner of bric-à-brac as presents for friends. The four thousand dollars were soon gone. As a result of this and other carnivals of buying, Beecher had three large rugs on top of each other on his drawing-room floor—the only room large enough for them.

After Beecher's death, Pond related this to Huntington, who shook his head. "I made a mistake," said he. "I should not have given him all that money. Money never did him any good."

Pond relates that Beecher and he once, when on a train, met Colonel Ingersoll, who greeted them cordially. After leaving him Beecher wrote on a newspaper margin, saying to Pond "There's his epitaph." It read: "Robert *burns*."

After the lapse of so many years since the Beecher-Tilton case, what is the verdict of history? When it was tried, the people of the United States were profoundly engrossed by it, but their opinions as to guilt or innocence varied. It was said at the time that, generally speaking, Catholics and Jews believed Beecher to be guilty, and that Protestants were divided. The *Argonaut* remarked that the women of the country believed Beecher was innocent and Mrs. Tilton guilty.

Facts coming to light after the trial did not tend to clear Beecher. Henry C. Bowen was prominent in the affair, but his wife did not figure in it. Some years afterward, she died. Bowen then made a statement to the effect that on her death-bed she confessed to him that she also had been seduced by Beecher. Was Bowen telling the truth when he alleged that she had made this charge in a death-bed confession? If Mrs. Bowen made this charge, was she telling the truth to her husband?

It will be remembered that Mrs. Tilton made similar charges, then revoked them, then revoked her revocation. Was Mrs. Tilton telling the truth when she accused Beecher to her husband? Or was she telling the truth when, under pressure from Beecher, she withdrew her accusation and "recalled all its statements"? Or was she telling the truth when, under pressure from her husband, she wrote that her revocation was dictated by Beecher and copied by her to be used by him against any accusers?

These questions seem far-fetched, but they are not so; the annals of criminal jurisprudence show cases where women of education and position have accused reputable men of long-continued criminal intercourse with them, and have set forth, often in diaries, minute details and dates. Sometimes the man accused was the family's physician; sometimes the family's pastor. In some cases the accused man was cleared by the woman's dates not tallying with his whereabouts. In a few

cases the accused man was proved innocent by the fact that it was physically impossible for him to be guilty. A similar defense could have been made had a charge of rape been brought against Thomas Carlyle, or John Ruskin, or Don Francisco, husband of Isabella II., Queen of Spain.

Psychiatrists have come to look with suspicion on accusations—even self-accusations—brought by certain types of neurotic women. Harriet Beecher Stowe once astonished the world by making charges of incestuous relations between Lord Byron and his half-sister Augusta Leigh. She alleged that these charges were based on confidential statements made to her by Lady Byron, widow of the poet. But Mrs. Stowe's story may have been false; Lady Byron may not have made these statements to her; if Lady Byron did make them, her story may have been false. Lady Byron had no way of proving the truth of such statements, if she made them; the only persons who knew whether they were true or false were Byron and Augusta Leigh, and both at that time were dead. Even if Augusta Leigh had been living and had confided these family secrets to Lady Byron, Augusta Leigh's story might have been false. And Byron himself notoriously encouraged the belief that he was more wicked than in fact he was. And if Byron confided such a horrible tale to Lady Byron, he may have lied, and probably he did.

English writers of to-day on psychopathic jurisprudence disbelieve the Harriet Beecher Stowe story. The many cases of false accusations of this kind found in criminal court records have profoundly impressed the attorneys of men accused of such acts; they generally advise their clients to maintain absolute silence until the case comes into court; by that time the complainant's charges have generally become minute and detailed as to places and dates, and therefore, if they be false, it is possible to disprove them.

These remarks are not designed to inculcate a belief in Beecher's innocence. They are merely to show that there are two sides to every criminal case. Furthermore, many doubtless believe that Beecher was unjustly accused; criminal court records give to those so believing some plausible ground on which to base their belief.

Still, half a century has passed since Elizabeth Tilton accused Henry Ward Beecher. In such a long lapse of years something should have developed that would clear him, if he was innocent. It has been so in more cases than one. It was so in the tragic Dreyfus case. Yet no strong white light from on high—or elsewhere—has ever poured into the secret chambers of the Beecher-Tilton affair.

If Beecher was unfaithful to his loyal wife ; if he was disloyal to his friend Tilton ; if he seduced Elizabeth Tilton, wife of his friend, and member of his congregation—then was his conduct so base and black that it stands almost without parallel.

On the other hand, if Mrs. Tilton lied of her own volition when she accused Beecher ; or if her husband forced her to tell this lying tale ; if Francis Moulton, Tilton's friend and confidant, was so deceived by Tilton that he did not know that the accusation was false ; or if Moulton knew that Mrs. Tilton was lying, but that Tilton believed she was telling the truth ; or if both Tilton and Moulton knew that she was lying, but determined to back her up so as to ruin Beecher ; if Bowen believed Mrs. Tilton's charges because his own wife made similar charges to him against Beecher ; if he suppressed his wife's charges, and encouraged those of Mrs. Tilton against Beecher ; if, years afterward, he disclosed his wife's charges as a "death-bed confession"—words fail to characterize the conduct of these conspirators. Only in the intrigues of mediaeval Italy may one find similar baseness.

When I heard Beecher speak, not long after the famous trial, these thoughts concerning the affair rose in my mind. But I mentally determined not to condemn him, thinking that he might be cleared in the years to come. He was eloquent, magnetic, hypnotic even—possibly these qualities may have affected me when I heard him speak. But the years have come ; the years have gone ; and the Beecher-Tilton case remains as dark, the principals as black, as they were fifty years ago.

XIX

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE Bohemian Club of San Francisco was organized in March, 1872. Its projectors were :

DANIEL O'CONNELL, a feature writer on the *Evening Bulletin*.

THOMAS NEWCOMB, an editorial writer on the *Morning Call*, and first President of the Club.

JAMES F. BOWMAN, an editorial writer on the *Daily Chronicle*.

JOSEPH N. H. IRWIN, a reporter on the *Evening Examiner*.

FREDERICK WHYMPER, "artist and mining engineer, and editorial dept. *Alta California*."

FRANK G. KENNY, "Bookkeeper Hagar & Co. and special correspondent New York *Herald*."

The last two notations are from the City Directory of that time, as the two men do not seem to have taken root in the Club.

As a result of various meetings of these six men, invitations were sent out to a selected list of prospective members. Some of those enumerated above did not sign all the invitations ; two men (Avery and Howe) signed the second circular, but did not figure among the six at the preliminary meetings. When the list of charter members was decided upon, the names of Avery and Howe did not appear. Club tradition says that they objected to the name "Bohemian." Another oddity is that Henry George (of single-tax fame) was elected on the first board of trustees, but his name does not appear on the list of charter members ; probably he never qualified. B. F. Naphtaly, also elected a trustee, resigned from the Club very soon after its organization. A. G. Bierce also ceased to be a member in the early days of the Club.

As a result of the call of the original six projectors, eighteen others were chosen, making twenty-four charter members. A list of the eighteen follows :

HENRY EDWARDS, then a member of the California Theatre Stock company ; he was elected President of the Club in its second year, and filled the same post during its third, fourth, and fifth years. His incumbency was during the Club's most difficult period.

ROBERT C. ROGERS, then an attorney at law. He was a retired officer of the U.S. Navy. He served as President of the Club during its seventh and eighth years.

DAVID P. BELKNAP, a prominent attorney at law. He was a great book-lover, and possessor of a fine library.

AMBROSE G. BIERCE, an assayer in the San Francisco Mint; later on various weeklies.

TREMANHERE LANYON JOHNS, then critic of the *Figaro*, a daily devoted to theatricals.

H. S. DALLIBA, then a reporter on the *Evening Bulletin*.

SANDS W. FOREMAN, then a reporter on the *Evening Examiner*.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, JR., then a reporter on the *Morning Call*.

WILLIAM V. WELLS, then an editorial writer on the *Daily Times* (and Consul for Honduras).

C. A. WETMORE, then a reporter on the *Alta California*. Later he became a vineyardist on a large scale.

EDWARD BOSQUI, printer.

D. MCCARTHY, printer.

THEODORE NEWMAN, printer.

F. J. MURPHY, clerk.

HIRAM R. BLOOMER, portrait and landscape painter.

ARPAD HARASZTHY, then an employee of Landsberger & Co., wholesale wine merchants. He was an Hungarian, and familiar with wine-making. Later he put on the market "Eclipse," a brand of California "champagne," so called; it was certainly potent, and probably popular, for he was reputed to have become quite wealthy.

JOHN C. CREMONY, an ex-frontiersman, Indian fighter, and expert with the long bow. He then held a position in the Federal service.

B. F. NAPHTALY, attorney at law. He started a daily called the *Sun*, which became involved in quarrels with the *Chronicle*; these resulted in a pistol fight between him and Charles De Young on the street.

It may be noticed that there was a strong journalistic tinge to the list. Of the twenty-four charter members, seventeen were affiliated with newspaper, publishing, or printing activities.

It is remarkable that so small a group of men should have accomplished so much. Not only was the group small but most of those composing it were evidently men of very modest means. Nearly all the original projectors stayed by the organization, through shadow and sunshine, through good and ill. In fact, nearly all of them remained active members until their deaths. The few who dropped out probably did so through fear that the Club might get into money difficulties. As a matter of fact, it often did, but it always pulled through. That from so small and

modest a beginning it should have reached such a peak of prosperity, grown to so large a membership, and won such good repute, not only at home but nation-wide, speaks volumes for the founders. While they could not have foreseen the heights to which their work was to attain, they deserve boundless credit for having laid its foundations so solidly.

Many of them did much better, materially, for the Club than they did for themselves. If they were not all, individually, good financiers, they were good fellows. Now all of them are gone. Peace to their ashes.

The old Bohemian Club had simple beginnings; there were few restrictions. The by-laws were not severe; the house rules were lenient. Members brought in non-members freely; even city residents were often invited in to take a cocktail. There was at first no dinner service. After a time a modest luncheon was served—price, twenty-five cents. In time it was raised to fifty cents, which brought forth sarcastic comments from extreme Bohemians. The Club was eight years old before a dinner service was begun; at first, it was served only to the "Garfield Mess"; later, it became a general club service.

Owing to the informal nature of the Club's rules, I was a frequent visitor long before I was a member. I had many friends in the Club, and my name was on the "waiting list," which in those days differed from the waiting lists of to-day. The lists in the old days were intermittent, and the waiting was inspired by terror. There would be a bitter fight over a candidate; if it resulted in his defeat, his outraged friends would revenge themselves on the next candidate. Then would follow an interregnum in elections. Members with candidates up for election would hasten to withdraw their friends' names. Those intending to propose candidates would inform their friends that it would be necessary to wait. And thus for a long period no elections would take place.

I was told by my friends that my election was sure as soon as peace reigned; in the meantime I was invited to attend on Jinks evenings and at various other festivities. I even became a member of the "Garfield Mess" some little time before my election. This my friends assured me was all right, as it was not a Club affair, but served to and paid for by the members of the mess; the Club, they said, had nothing to do with it. The dinners were served by Nicholls, the caterer who purveyed the Club luncheon, and were at first set in a room which was occasionally used for official entertainments by the Art Association, to which the Bohemian Club sublet a part of its floor space. By these specious arguments my scruples were allayed.

In this particular crisis the reign of terror lasted quite a while.

The Bohemian Club then voted directly on candidates, the members casting the ballots; so did the Union Club; so did the Pacific Club. The war in the Bohemian Club originated, if memory serves, over several blackballings of well-known men. One of these was a battle between two merchants, both in the same line of business—shipping. One, Merchant J., was a member of the Club. A rival in the same business, Merchant C., was proposed for membership. Merchant J. announced loudly that Merchant C. could not be elected, and spent almost his entire time fighting the candidacy. Club members on entering were importuned to vote for or against the hapless Merchant C. Around the ballot-box were members acting as election touts. Scouts patrolled the town. It was gossiped in the Club that all sorts of outside influence was brought to bear—Masonic, political, and social.

As a result of this bitter campaign Merchant C. was defeated. His Club friends then organized into what was called "The Phalanx." This body of Bohemians was oath-bound to blackball every candidate coming up.

As another result, the rules concerning the election of candidates were changed. The Bohemians resented the irruption into their club of the quarrels of outside business men. The right to vote on candidates was taken from the members, and vested in an election committee. The Pacific and Union Clubs also changed their balloting rules, and candidates were voted on by election committees. Thus ended the carnivals of blackballing which previously kept all clubdom in an uproar.

When peace prevailed the candidates on the Bohemian Club "waiting list" were duly elected, without opposition.

In its early days the Club occupied very simple quarters on Sacramento Street, near Kearny. As its membership increased it removed to Pine Street, near Kearny. The club rooms there were all on one floor. They had a southern exposure, were flooded with sunshine, and were very pleasant. The Art Association was in the same building; as the two bodies were akin in many ways, the two neighbors were harmonious. At times, perhaps, members of the Art Association were to be found in the Bohemian Club; sometimes Bohemians strayed into the Art Association rooms. In modern clubs these would be high crimes and misdemeanors; in those simple days no one criticised it.

The entertainments of the Club at that time were not pretentious. The term "High Jinks"—borrowed from Sir Walter Scott—was the title given them. These entertainments were then held monthly, and invitations to non-members were much appreciated. Each Jinks was presided over by a "Sire," chosen by the Jinks Committee; there was a subject selected—"Love,"

say—and the oratorical, elocutionary, poetical, and musical members would wrestle with it. There soon was evolved a supplementary entertainment called "Low Jinks;" this was more extemporaneous. Supper came between the two, accompanied by various beverages which made the auditors less critical. The Low Jinks frequently took the form of a burlesque of the first part of the programme; for example, a High Jinks devoted to "Water" was followed by a Low Jinks which set forth the many merits of "Gin." Unsuspecting members who looked forward at the Low Jinks to the peaceful joys of imbibition often found themselves suddenly called on their feet. Anything would do—a fairly long speech or a short story. A few daring men even essayed reciting—a form of indoor sport which has gone out. Dan O'Connell, who had a fine voice, was wont to deliver impressively "Locksley Hall." For the benefit of the younger generation it may be stated that this was a poem. It was written by a man named Tennyson.

Perhaps the tolerance of the Bohemians for recitations was due to the fact that the actor-members excelled in this line. Actors are rarely original—or let us say extemporaneous—before an audience; they are used to reciting other men's lines, and they excel in that. Even those actors who have a reputation for curtain speeches generally use prepared speeches, and frequently speeches prepared for them by professional writers. They rehearse these curtain talks carefully, and often freshen them up by an opening allusion to some occurrence of that particular evening. Thus to the audience they seem spontaneous.

Probably no one will deny that De Wolf Hopper's "Casey at the Bat" was good entertainment. He recited it at the old Bohemian Club when "Casey" was young. He has since recited it thousands of times all over the United States.

John McCullough recited effectively a moving tale called "Rover," addressed to a faithful dog-friend. Lawrence Barrett laid aside his austerity to recite "Shamus O'Brien." Barton Hill was happy in an impressive delivery of "Orgia—a Song of Ruin," by William Winter. Among the many actors one met at the Club, either as members or visitors, there were not a few who were effective in individual performances of this sort.

Richard Mansfield, before he became a "legitimate" actor, was what was then called "a drawing-room entertainer." Seated at the piano, with his face turned toward his auditors, he would pour forth a stream of songs—English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, French *chansonnettes*, German *lieder*, Tyrolean yodlings—imitations of well-known opera-singers and actors—until not his audience but he was weary. He went on the stage, beginning with small parts. Given the minor rôle of the Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian

Romance," he made the Baron's sudden death, while drinking a toast, the great scene of the play. It was in the early eighties that he made this hit, in New York. He repeated it in Boston, where I happened to be at the time. Boston audiences were then considered cold by actors ; this audience was electrified.

Another actor who gave a good one-man show was William Horace Lingard. Not so subtle as Mansfield, still his studies of Cockney types were inimitable.

There were many actors at the old Club. Some were regular members, and residents of San Francisco, like those belonging to the California and Baldwin Theatre stock companies ; among these were Harry Edwards, Stephen Leach, A. D. Bradley, Joseph R. Grismer, James O'Neill, McKee Rankin, Louis Morrison, James C. Williamson, and others. Then there were the touring stars, who were usually brought by the local actors to the Club as visitors, such as Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Dion Boucicault, Lawrence Barrett, William H. Crane, Stuart Robson, W. J. Florence, H. J. Montague, John Drew, Edwin Adams, Charles Thorne, Frank Mayo, James R. Herne, Frederick Warde, John E. Owens, Frederick de Belleville, C. Coquelin, Max Freeman, and others. Some of the most noted among them were made honorary members, like Booth and Jefferson.

It must not be supposed that Edwin Booth took part in any extemporaneous stunts at the Club, for he did not. Booth was a shy man. He would sit in a circle at the Club, silently listening, saying not a word unless directly addressed, and then replying only in monosyllables. In a small group of intimate friends he may have been more conversational. Such diffidence seems singular when contrasted with his ease upon the stage. One would have thought the two qualities incompatible.

Eulogistic comment on the extemporaneous character of much of the programmes of the old Jinks does not mean that they were better than the new. They were not up to the elaborate standard of the Bohemian Jinks in the twentieth century. They could not have been, for to be successful every performance must be carefully rehearsed. The more it is rehearsed, the better it is, as a rule. Frequently, in rehearsing plays, unexpected shades of meaning in the lines are developed, sometimes by accidental stress ; always, valuable bits of stage business are developed in the rehearsals. Sometimes insufficient or careless rehearsals will ruin a promising play. And on the other hand a play which at its first rehearsal disappoints every one, including the author, is often remodelled and licked into shape by repeated rehearsing.

Gradually in the early years the participants in the Low Jinks became accustomed to preparing humorous skits, which slowly shaped themselves into "acts." It was found that rehearsing

made them more successful. Foremost in this movement in the old days were Clay M. Greene, Frank L. Unger, and Willard T. Barton; later, they were seconded by Joseph D. Redding and others. The elaborate entertainments of the modern Club grew out of this movement.

Still, the simpler Jinks of the old Club probably gave pleasure to the auditors, and certainly pleased the performers. A veracious chronicler cannot, however, deny that at times they were deadly. There was, for example, an historic Jinks of which the theme was "Sleep." The reaction of the auditors was soporific, and many of them succumbed to the theme. It was suggested at the time that an excellent cartoon of the Sleep Jinks would be a faithful reproduction of the audience at its end.

At another time the President of the Club conceived the happy idea of a Jinks programme modelled on a dinner menu—each course being represented by an orator, warbler, or poet—from soup to nuts, so to say. The plan promised well, but in those days dinners were long—so was this Jinks. The last man on the programme was Charles Warren Stoddard, who was to dilate on "Coffee." The hour was late when the Sire called on him. Stoddard arose, saying: "Worthy Sire, the coffee is cold. Pray do not serve it."

The Midsummer Jinks programmes at first were about the same as the "regular Jinks"—addresses, verses, musical numbers. The forest setting suggested "As You Like It," a play which has been many times performed in the open air. A brief version was prepared which included several of the scenes in the Forest of Arden in which figure the Banished Duke and his followers, but omitting the feminine rôles of Rosalind, Celia, and Audrey. Courtiers, in doublet and hose of Lincoln green, were impersonated by the Bohemian rank and file—all equipped, by the way, with hunting-horns slung in baldrics. Among these foresters were the Bohemian chorus-singers, directed by Stephen Leach. The chorus rendered in spirited fashion "Under the Greenwood Tree," and other of the Shakespearean lyrics to be found in this sylvan play. The Bohemians with the horns played an obligato to the lyrics which was received with much applause—and astonishment—by the audience. The surprise was due to the fact that those in the audience did not suspect their brothers of being such accomplished performers on wind instruments. In truth, the music came from several German gentlemen, skillful French-horn players, from the theatre orchestras. As they were bald, be-whiskered, and spectacled, it was thought they would not add to the illusion of

the sylvan scene, so they were concealed behind a wall of shrubbery. This probably suggested the concealed orchestra in the Grove Plays, years later.

The Club was so greatly impressed by this performance that it was followed by a series of dramatic sketches approximating to play form. One of these was "The Sacrifice in the Forest" in 1893, followed by "A Gipsy Masque" in 1894. Then followed, at intervals, embryonic dramas for some years, culminating in 1902 in what is generally considered the first Grove Play, "The Man in the Forest." Thereafter came at every Midsummer Jinks a new Grove Play; in 1928 they numbered twenty-six.

Concerning these unique representations hundreds of newspaper columns have been printed, and several volumes published. The printed lists of the Grove Plays, with the casts, extended in 1928 to thirty pages. The plays themselves have been printed and are for sale by the Club. A list of all the Jinks—Midsummer, Christmas, and regular—makes thirty-two printed pages; this list gives only the Sires; were it to include the programmes, with the names of the hundreds of contributors, it would make nearly a hundred pages. A list of the Club's officers, compactly printed in small type, made twenty-two pages in 1928.

The Club's life has been long. These notes have therefore been devoted to the earlier activities of the Club, which were not so thoroughly documented as were its later years.

In 1929, Clay M. Greene,—playwright, player, veteran Bohemian—was engaged in preparing for the press a volume of "Annals" of the Club which will cover its activities after 1895—the date when Robert H. Fletcher's "Annals" stopped.

The Midsummer Jinks of the Club began in a very modest way in 1878; the first open-air Jinks was what might be termed a picnic, and took place on Paper Mill Creek, in Marin County. The next three were celebrated in the redwoods near Guerneville, on the Russian River.

Late in 1881 the directors appointed Joseph Tilden and myself to survey the countryside, and to select a new place, as we were told that much of the redwood forest on the old Jinks ground had been cut. We found this rumor to be true—the old camp-ground had been devastated. Furthermore, the trees along the river, for a long distance above and below Guerneville, had been cut back from the banks as far as the profitable timber extended. Where previously there had stood a magnificent forest, now one saw nothing but unsightly stumps. It was heartrending.

For several week-ends we made trips over the surrounding redwood country. We surveyed a number of sites. To all of them there were vital objections. We returned to the Guerneville neighborhood, which had the advantage of proximity to the

Donahue broad-gauge railway, the road the Club had utilized to reach the Guerneville ground. But it was useless to consider any site in that vicinity since the trees were gone. So we determined to go down the Russian River by boat, as far as the other railway, a narrow-gauge road that crossed the river some miles below. From this main line ran short "wood-roads," built to haul out the loot of the timber cutters; the loops of the winding river, we thought, might tap one of these wood-roads. It was essential that the ground selected should be quite near a railway to transport the Bohemians and their impedimenta.

For a number of miles down the river we found, as we anticipated, that the magnificent trees were gone and only their stumps remained. The river itself, though shorn of its forest setting, was still a beautiful little stream. Oddly enough, we passed and met a number of dug-out canoes, occupied, as we learned, by the farmer-folk of the district. It seemed that in a country where large logs could be easily had, and where labor cost was nominal, it was cheaper to make a dug-out than to buy or build a boat. Probably the descendants of those farmers own to-day a couple of motor-cars and perhaps a motor-boat apiece. One family we met consisted apparently of father, mother, and five children. Six paddles, big and little, were going—everybody worked but father. But the old man acted as coxswain, steering with a long oar like a whale-boatman. His progeny dug in as they overtook us, and swept by us with shrill cries of derision.

It was noon, and we had yet encountered no redwoods close to the river's bank. Appetite beckoned, and we put in and beached the boat on a bit of shelving shore. We fell to, and our lunch soon disappeared. We saw redwoods some distance back from the river, and asked a farmer going down stream whose land it was. He replied that it belonged to "a feller named Meeker." We had heard of Meeker and his grove several times, but always vaguely. At Guerneville the men who had cut their own timber said that Meeker was "a kind of a crank"—his reluctance to install a saw-mill on his land impelled them to this belief. Others among them thought he was merely waiting for a redwood timber boom. A minority maintained that he had already begun to cut; one of these said "I seen a man yastiddy that allowed he knowed Meeker had jest finished choppin' down his last tree." This Meeker mystery, this growth of legend around his land, was due to the fact that it was several miles from Guerneville—like far Cathay, so to speak.

We determined to explore the land of the mysterious Meeker. A walk of half a mile brought us to the edge of a beautiful forest—one of the finest we had seen in the Coast Range. As we penetrated the depths its beauty grew. But we found that it had its

limits—on all sides but the river the trees had been felled up to Meeker's boundary; beyond was stumpage and desolation. Right up to his line had the wood-choppers wielded their axes, and the monarchs of the forest had fallen everywhere except on Meeker's land. The narrow-gauge railway had run a wood-road into the land of the adjacent owner, to haul out the timber. Thus we had access to a trunk line at one end of the grove, and the river at the other. We decided that it was the ideal place for the Club's midsummer camping-ground.

Returning to the river, we sounded the water where it had scoured out along a high bank, and found it thirty feet deep—perfect for a swimming pool. Overjoyed, we shoved off our boat, and went down the river to Duncan's Mills, the narrow-gauge railway station. We hunted up Meeker, and engaged the grove for the next summer's encampment.

Meeker loved the redwood trees. He loved them so much that he defied the lures of the lumber-men. He hoped to lease the grove, or perhaps sell it to some group or association that would preserve it for its beauty. He was a little ahead of his time; in those days everybody wanted to convert redwoods into saleable lumber. In fact, many do still.

It was the goddess Chance that led the two Bohemians to land for lunch on the edge of Meeker's Grove.

Returning to San Francisco we reported our find, and in due season drafted a party to prepare the ground for the Jinks. This numbered some eight Bohemians. We took with us a cook and waiter; the laborers necessary to clear away the undergrowth, make foot-paths, and the like, we hired in the vicinity. Our duties were many; we had to provide sleeping and eating quarters for a hundred and fifty men; we had to erect a bathing-platform and spring-boards on the miniature lake formed by a bend of the river; we had to erect a speaker's stand under the trees, to drape it with flags and festoon it with lanterns; we had to erect a structure called "the wine-room" with a bar on the outside and a wooden instead of a brass rail. In lieu of tents we erected cabins made of board frameworks, with green boughs nailed to them. The great dining-table was made of boards, with long redwood logs for seats, soft side uppermost.

In the sleeping cabins there was abundance of fresh clean straw, and some sybarites brought mattresses. In that part of the Coast Range the summer is rainless. Never can one wake from a sweeter sleep, in a balmier air, to a brighter day, than in these California mountains, when the sun sends his long lines of light through the tops of the towering trees, and the birds call from the boughs above you.

We awaited the arrival of the Club with some little trepidation,

for there was a walk of half a mile from the end of the wood railway to the dining-table—and the wine-room. We had some wagons for the old and lame. To cheer the pedestrian pilgrims we had placards along the path—little facetiæ such as “Are you tired?” “Are you *real* tired?” “Would you like to have a drink?” “It’s only three miles more.” “Don’t get weary, children!” and so forth. A few rods from the dining-table—and the wine-room—a large placard informed the pedestrians that they were “just half way.” At this point many expressed a desire to lie down and die.

But all things have an end. At last the tramping Bohemians finished their *via dolorosa*. We of the committee had hoped that a cocktail or two and a good dinner would remove their grouch. Not so—it was not removed, merely postponed. Even their enjoyment of the Jinks programme seemed to have been clouded. And afterwards, far into the night, and through the next day, the chorus of complaint arose.

“The camp-ground is too far from the city.”

“The grove is too far from the railway station.”

“The Jinks circle is too far from the sleeping-camp.”

“The sleeping-camp is too far from the wine-room.”

“And the river”—i.e., the swimming pool—“is too far from all the other social centres.”

If the site had any favorable features at all, we of the committee failed to hear of them.

Now there was method in our madness. We had put enough distance between the wine-room and the Jinks circle to prevent enthusiastic drinkers from disturbing the Jinks auditors.

We had placed the wine-room far away from the sleeping-camp in order to prevent late revellers from awakening the sleepers.

As for the distance between the swimming-pool and the Jinks circle, we could not move either the river or the grove. Given time and money, we might have diverted the river water into a nearer lake, but we were given neither. To us of the committee the complaints seemed unreasonable. To compress these various activities within the narrow space desired by most of the members would have been impossible. It would have required miracle-working to run a railway-train into the heart of a primeval forest; to have it jostle a Jinks circle far from the brazen clamor of trains; to have it skirt a noiseless sleeping-camp and a noisy wine-room; then to pile on top of all these a river. Yet these, in sum, seemed to be the totality of the complaints.

My fellow culprit, Joe Tilden, was deeply wounded over the way our choice was treated. I was not so sensitive as he, and my feeling was that of sardonic humor. Even as a young man I was not greatly impressed by the aggregate wisdom displayed in town

meetings, mass-meetings, camp-meetings, club meetings, electoral commissions, state and municipal conventions, diocesan conventions, hen conventions, boards of aldermen and supervisors, barber-shop conversaciones, presbyteries, synods, ecumenical councils, Pullman smoker talk-fests, ecclesiastical heresy tribunals, labor-union federations, sewing circles, and petty juries. With the passing years, this point of view has become accentuated. I have even come to look without surprise on that lofty tribunal the Supreme Court of the United States as it turns from recalling the judicial decisions of the lower courts and takes up recalling its own.

In my opinion, we had found an ideal site, as a result of inspecting many. We certainly knew more about the matter than the members in general, most of whom had inspected no sites at all. When Tilden gloomily remarked that all were against us I asked :

"Is the condemnation unanimous ? "

"Practically so," he replied.

"If it were merely a majority, now," I commented, "I might waver slightly as to our choice. But as everybody condemns the site, it must be perfect."

Tilden stared : "You are paradoxical," he remarked.

"No," I replied, "I am logical. I have always had a poor opinion of the judgment of club meetings. This adverse verdict corroborates my belief. Now I am certain that our choice will be a success."

The passage of the years showed that I was right. Such was the disgust over our selection that the Club next year sought a new site ; it was a failure. For two or three outings they tried Austin Creek, which was only moderately successful ; the railway company ran a train alongside of the Jinks ground, giving non-members a fine view of the performance, to the indignation of the members. The Club then tried a new tack : it heeded the complaints of those who objected to travelling so far, and went to Mill Valley, just across the Bay from San Francisco. But there the neighborhood was so populous that the Club had no privacy ; non-members wandered about freely, commented, criticized, and even tried to slake their thirst at the Club's wine-room. That settled Mill Valley. It was too near San Francisco.

Then the Club tried a longer flight. An inspection committee was sent to survey the Sierra possibilities—they were turned down by the directors. Mount Shasta—turned down. In despair, the directors concluded to give the Meeker Grove another trial. This year there was a divided jury ; about half the members thought it was "not bad ;" the other half remained obstinately opposed. So the Jinks was again held at Austin Creek, with which site dis-

content grew greater every year. Another Jinks was held at the Meeker Grove; the Club seemed better satisfied with each succeeding year. Finally, the mutterings of the malcontents seemed to have died down. The late Vanderlynn Stow was then president; he seized the favorable moment; by dint of energy and persistence he persuaded the Club to buy the land; and the purchase was concluded in 1899. So the beautiful grove was saved from axe and saw. To Vanderlynn Stow be all honor.

Thirty years have rolled by since the purchase, as these lines are written. For nearly a third of a century the Club has occupied and improved the land which once was Meeker's, and has now for years been known as "Bohemia Grove." During those thirty years thousands of acres of magnificent redwood forest have been turned into "stumpage"—ugly word for an ugly blot. So rapidly are these forests disappearing that an organization has been started to save some of them ere it is too late. Still, public opinion remains comparatively indifferent.

If the Bohemian Club lives as long as I hope it will, its beautiful grove will some day be one of the few left in the Coast Range. It will be one of the marvels of the twenty-first century. And the Club will be as proud of the grove in 2029 as it was scornful in 1882.

Singers and Speakers

There were many men in the old Club who figured as "Jinks contributors" in the speaking line, and naturally of varying degrees of merit. Some were brilliant, some very clever, some rather clever, some mediocre, some dull. Let us pass over the dull men—like the poor, we have them always with us. But there were in the old Club some speakers of remarkable ability. Perhaps the two most notable were W. H. L. Barnes and D. M. Delmas. I have heard many speakers—political, club, after-dinner, court-room—and I recall none superior to these two men. This remark will probably amuse the average New Yorker, who thinks that the sun rises at Montauk Point, and sets behind the Palisades. But I stick to my statement, none the less.

Delmas had never been heard—or heard of—in New York until his appearance as counsel in the trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White. His argument there brought him into nation-wide notice. There was no lawyer then pleading at the New York bar who was more eloquent. Certainly William Travers Jerome could not hold a candle to him. Delmas moulded his delivery to his environment. Before a jury he was the persuasive advocate; at a club banquet he was the accomplished *causeur*; at a political convention he was the fiery defender. I

have heard Robert G. Ingersoll in all these surroundings ; I have heard him as a dinner-table talker ; as a political speaker ; as a lecturer ; I have heard him argue not only before juries but before Federal commissioners. I admire him greatly, but I do not think he was superior to Delmas. I have heard speakers in such clubs as the Lotus, the Lambs, the Gridiron ; while I recall some very versatile men among them, I never heard any superior to Delmas. And many among them were markedly his inferior.

Delmas was born in France, but was brought to the United States as a child. He died in 1928, at the age of eighty-four. It might be supposed that a man born in France of French parents would speak English with a foreign accent or intonation. On the contrary, his diction, his pronunciation, his enunciation, were perfect. When he spoke at political conventions his English, as contrasted with that of some other speakers there, was distinctive and distinguished. A number of the delegates at such gatherings are afflicted with the nasal snuffle, drawl, drone, or whine characteristic of certain parts of our vast country. One notices similar cacophonies in Congress.

There are linguistic optimists who believe that the telephone and the radio will result in "standardizing" American English. Possibly. But before that is accomplished there will have to be an agreement as to what "standard" American English may be. It is to be hoped that it is not that of the radio announcers.

Delmas supported the nomination of Alton B. Parker for President at the St. Louis Convention in 1904. He vigorously opposed the nomination of Stephen J. Field for President at the Stockton convention in 1884 ; Field was defeated by 436 to 13. Both these speeches profoundly impressed his hearers.

W. H. L. Barnes, several times President of the Bohemian Club, was one of its most popular members. He was born at West Point while his father, an army officer, was stationed there. He graduated at Yale in the class of 1855, and spent four years in Charles O'Connor's law office in New York. In 1859, he formed a law partnership with Joseph H. Choate, later our Ambassador to England ; this partnership was ended when the Civil War broke out, and young Barnes volunteered. He served on General FitzJohn Porter's staff, but in 1863 he was invalided. To regain his health, he went to California ; there he spent the remainder of his life. He was retained in many important cases, and was highly successful, particularly in addressing juries. He was also an eloquent political speaker, and stumped California repeatedly for the Republican ticket. He figured in nearly all the Republican State conventions of California, but never spoke before a national convention. Had he done so, the East would have known more of his abilities as a speaker. At one National

Republican Convention George A. Knight of San Francisco stampeded the gathering with a speech, making such an impression that he was discussed for the vice-presidential nomination. Yet Knight, aside from a voice of great carrying power, was not in his home State rated anywhere near Barnes, who also had a clarion voice, but one susceptible of many modulations. He was often called upon in the Bohemian Club without notice, and never failed to impress his audience. His range was wide—even in a short address he could be humorous, sarcastic, rhetorical at times, but always eloquent. He was extremely versatile. Once when the Mercantile Library was in debt Barnes, who was its president, staged a benefit for it, and made a hit in Lester Wallack's rôle in "Rosedale" to a crowded house at extra prices. How many practicing lawyers could do that? Aside from his legal knowledge he was a man of wide reading. He died in 1902 at the age of sixty-six.

Among those who often spoke before the old Club two of the wittiest were men of foreign extraction—Paul Neumann and Dr. Herman H. Behr. It is difficult to be witty in a foreign tongue; some might say it is difficult to be witty in one's own. But these two men overcame linguistic and racial obstacles. Dr. Behr spoke English with fluency and facility, yet with a pronounced German accent. Paul Neumann's English bore no trace of a foreign accent, but had a certain super-distinctness which is lacking in the speech of most Americans.

I was once on a steamer nearing Hawaii, aboard of which was a large party of Honolulu dwellers, among them Paul Neumann. He was at that time attorney-general of the kingdom, and travelled around and among the various islands on "official business"—largely convivial. He was the best-known man in the archipelago—next to King Kalakaua. On deck one day there was introduced to him a tourist—a type of those curious persons one meets while travelling—the kind that wants to know where you live, your age, your political and conjugal status, your financial standing, your political convictions, your religion, and whether you retain your molars. When introduced he asked "What name?—once more, please." When told the name he said: "Neumann—ah, yes. Do you live on the islands, Mr. Neumann?" The circle of Hawaiians snickered. "Yes, sir," replied Paul, concisely. "And on which island?" asked the tourist. "Sir," replied Paul, with great gravity, "I infest them all."

Many were the jests credited to the quick-witted Paul. It was related of him—the story coming from the distaff side of the Neumann family—that he was returning home one morning about three o'clock. After closing the front door noiselessly he

took off his shoes to climb the stairs. In doing so he upset an umbrella rack, which fell with a terrific crash. In the gloom at the head of the stairs appeared a figure clad in white samite, mystic, awe-inspiring. From the figure came the words: "Is that you, Paul?" From the foot of the stairs came the reply: "Why, yes. May I ask whom did you expect?"

Considering the hour, the imperilment of his dignity, the unshod feet, and the certainty of soon facing a justly indignant spouse, the reply proved self-possession. It is said that in these tense moments stern wives have been known—by dint of merry quips, light persiflage, and brilliant flashes of humor—to relent. It may be so.

Dr. Behr was a scientist of distinction, and a member of many learned bodies at home and abroad. He used to deliver addresses at the Jinks on scientific topics from an unusual point of view. One of these was on "The Immorality of Nature," and the doctor certainly drew up a tremendous indictment against our great mother. What was most remarkable about it was that it had nothing to do with human beings, but related entirely to the vegetable kingdom and to the lower animals, to whom he applied human conventions. His review of Nature's laws in these matters would fill any moral human being with horror.

One of Dr. Behr's scientific theories—for Jinks purposes—concerned the length of summer days, the shortness of winter days. He maintained that this phenomenon was easily explained by the axiom that heat expands and cold contracts.

I once asked Dr. Behr which of the German states was his birthplace. He replied that his native land—I have forgotten its name—was so small that it was microscopic; still, it excited the covetousness of a contiguous petty potentate—probably the Gross Herzog von Gerolstein. Thus it would seem that there were, in Germany, Naboth's vineyards, just as in the days of King Ahab. Little grand duchies annoyed big grand duchies:

"Big fleas have little fleas,
And these have lesser fleas to bite 'em,
And so on, *ad infinitum*."

So this covetous prince purchased the doctor's fatherland, merged it with his own dominions, and it disappeared from the map. I was going to suggest to the doctor that the Grand Duke probably wore it as a watch-charm. But it seemed unkind, and I refrained.

Were good Doctor Behr now to revisit the glimpses of the moon he would find many millions of Europeans in the same plight as he—born in countries that no longer exist.

Among the "Jinks contributors" in the old Club there were,

of course, many verse-writers. Some wrote good verse and some did not. But that which is poor verse may be amusing reading, and often clever doggerel tickled the Club.

But there were some verse-writers in the early Bohemian Club who could claim to be called poets; such were Charles Warren Stoddard, Daniel O'Connell, and Lucius H. Foote; each of them had produced several volumes of verse, much of it of a high order. In later years came George Sterling; he had no equal among American poets of his generation, in the opinion of the present writer.

There were many actors enrolled in the regular membership of the old Club. In those days there were several stock companies in San Francisco, and their members were domiciled there. When the stock system ended, the actors became nomads. One of the most prominent of these actor-members was Stephen Leach, an old English actor, and very versatile, as many of those old actors were. He had a fine voice, had sung in opera, and was an accomplished choir-master. While he was a member of the California Theatre stock company he had charge of the choral music which added so much to their Shakespearean representations—the music, for example, that used to be sung in “As You Like It”—those charming old-fashioned compositions “What Shall he Have who Killed the Deer?” “Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,” “Under the Greenwood Tree,” and similar lyrics.

Leach naturally inclined to the Shakespeare music settings of Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, who was music director at Drury Lane Theatre in Leach's youth; Sir Henry later was Professor of Music at Oxford University, and was given the degree of Mus. Doc. Oxon. in 1858. He set more of Shakespeare's songs to music than any other composer. It is believed by music experts that Shakespeare wrote many of his songs to popular tunes already in existence; but the fire that destroyed the Globe Theatre in 1613 removed all evidence, for the players' music—as well as the properties, costumes, etc.—was destroyed.

Bishop's was considered “the” Shakespeare music in Leach's heyday, but he was only one of many composers who were inspired by the great poet's charming songs. Almost contemporaries were Thomas Morley, Robert Johnson, John Wilson, and several “unknown composers” who framed musical settings for Shakespeare from about the year 1590 onward. Following came many famous names from 1700 to our own day: Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Rossini, Arthur Sullivan, with others famous in their day, but not so well-known now.

Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc. Oxon., who has edited “Fifty Shakespeare Songs” in an interesting volume, says that “to make anything like a complete collection of the music which has

been written to Shakespeare's verses would be impossible." This dictum of a ripe scholar gives one an idea of how numerous these composers must be. And the composers are still at work on Shakespeare's songs. This would doubtless greatly surprise the younger generation. Concerning this phenomenon a jazz-fed theatre-goer of to-day would probably remark: "The poor guys! They don't know no better."

It is interesting to know that a native San Franciscan is numbered among the Shakespearean composers. William Arms Fisher (born 1861) has set to music "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind." He was for a number of years instructor in harmony at the National Conservatory of Music, and was prominent in New York and Boston musical circles.

Another composer having California affiliations was Gerard Barton, who set to music "It was a Lover and his Lass." He acted as organist in churches at Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Leach had plenty of singers in the Bohemian Club. The Loring Club, devoted to vocal music for male voices, was organized not long after the Bohemian Club, and many men belonged to both clubs. Out of this material Leach organized choruses which added greatly to the Jinks programmes.

Uncle Stephen Leach's old age was like that of Adam in "As You Like It"—it was "frosty yet kindly." Still, there seemed to be no place for a veteran who lagged superfluous on the stage. His beloved Shakespeare had been dismissed from the stage "forever"—as that bard has been so many times. The changing theatre looked on Uncle Stephen's choral music as "old stuff," and was crazy over hootchie-kootchie. There seemed to be no longer any place for him. Uncle Stephen was up against it.

Some Bohemians conceived the idea of making him club librarian. The collection of books had grown to be quite large, and included many volumes of the sort that rare booksellers call "curious." It was thought that as there was nothing else for a librarian to do, Uncle Stephen might compile a catalogue and draw a salary. The only obstacle was that the Club's by-laws absolutely forbade any member occupying a paid position in the Club or receiving any money from that body. This was easily got around by asking Uncle Stephen to resign, and then giving him the job. But he fiercely refused to resign. I have forgotten the exact details—probably he was persuaded to resign, given the job, and then re-elected. At all events he became librarian, in defiance of the by-laws. This excited the criticism of a new member—a lawyer, who did not understand Bohemian ways; he remarked at the lunch-table that the whole matter would be brought up for review at the next meeting. A hard-

boiled Bohemian glared at him, and replied: "If any man brings it up, we'll throw him out of the window." It was not brought up, and Uncle Stephen continued to fill his post.

One day I entered the library, and observed Uncle Stephen at his task; he was seated at a table heaped with books; before him was a large blank-book for cataloguing; a pen was in his fingers, but he was sound asleep. Behind him stood Harry Brady, shaking with silent mirth. I asked the cause, and Brady whispered: "He is indexing Shakespeare under *T*." "Where does he get the *T* from?" I queried, wonderingly. "From the word *The*," replied Brady, "he is indexing it as *The Works of Shakespeare*." Our chuckling aroused Uncle Stephen, who awoke with a start, and fell to writing vigorously.

Neither Brady nor I ever babbled of Uncle Stephen's feat of cataloguing. Yet in his "Curiosities of Literature" Isaac Disraeli wotted not of anything more strange.

When old Uncle Stephen passed on, and went to the place where good actors go, he was succeeded as cataloguer by Frederick Beecher Perkins, who had been city librarian, but had been prided from his job by political pull. Mr. Perkins was a professional librarian; he understood his business; he was very prim, precise, polite; he soon brought order out of confusion. Do I say confusion?—nay, out of chaos. Under his management the library was managed to perfection. Yet he was not loved.

Stephen Leach did a great service to the Club when he set its infant feet in the pathway toward music. A couple of hundred young and healthy men bunched together incline greatly toward horse-play. Also noise. There is nothing statutory about horse-play, and it is engrossing and amusing—at the time. But there is little about it to remember, and certainly nothing to chronicle. As for the love of noise, that also goes with youth; "C'est de son age," as Napoleon wrote to his brother King Louis when Queen Hortense's flirting annoyed that royal husband. The younger Bohemians' love of noise was by Leach gently made rhythmical, and choral, and therefore much more agreeable to hear. And gradually those who bellowed merely were replaced by those who sang. In time the vocal music came to be the most popular feature of the Club's activities. When it was still only a year or two old there was a High Jinks programme made up almost entirely of songs. This was so successful that the Club ventured its first "Ladies' Jinks" as a musical affair, with flattering results.

There was abundant vocal material in the Club to draw upon; as elsewhere mentioned, many of the Loring Club were members of the Bohemian Club as well. That musical organization, like the Bohemians, has lived and prospered for over half a century.

Among the vocal soloists in the old Bohemian Club were J. E.

Tippett, Benjamin Clark, Joseph Maguire, Samuel D. Mayer, W. B. Hopkins, Frank M. Coffin, Thomas Rickard, D. de V. Graham, H. M. Fortescue, C. D. O'Sullivan, Charles W. Dungan, E. L. Goold, W. P. Edwards, Harry M. Gillig, and others. Walter Campbell sang there occasionally; whether he was a member I do not recall, but there were many "guest soloists" in the old days.

Walter Campbell, by the way, was born in 1838, and was thirty-four years old in 1872, when the Bohemian Club was founded. He sang in various San Francisco churches; also in oratorio. In 1878 he was married to Louise Mariner, a singer of high merit. She thereafter appeared as Mrs. Mariner-Campbell on concert programmes. They were happily married for forty-two years, until her death in 1890. Walter Campbell was singing in 1928, in his ninety-first year. Redfern Mason, a critic of authority, wrote at that time of his rendering of the "Bedouin Song," that if a certain younger artist "could put into his work the lyric ecstasy that Walter Campbell did, he would be twice as good an artist as he is." Think of a man of ninety singing that fiery love song!

Ben Clark, who sang in the earliest days of the Bohemian Club, was still singing in the nineteen-twenties. He was of English birth, and during the World War, at an Anglo-American dinner in the Bohemian Club, sang "The Death of Nelson" in a manner that many younger vocalists envied. He died in 1925, nearly eighty.

Samuel D. Mayer was one of the prominent musical contributors in the old Club. He was an accomplished organist, and was also notable as a tenor soloist. He lived to an advanced age—nearly eighty; he might have lived longer, but was run over and killed by a motor-car in the streets of San Francisco.

Singers often live long. Adelina Patti reached seventy-seven, and sang in concert shortly before her death.

Some of us remember Lilli Lehmann singing the Wagnerian rôles in the early eighties. In 1928, she was conducting a vocal school in Berlin for advanced pupils. She died there in May, 1929, aged eighty-one.

Among the musicians who directed entertainments in the old days were David W. Loring, founder of the Loring Club; H. J. Stewart; Louis Schmidt, who was at the head of a fine string quartette; George J. Gee; Harry Hunt; Joseph D. Redding; Henry Heyman; H. M. Bosworth; Major John Darling (composer of "Recompense" and other successful lyrics); Hermann Brandt; Luigi Arditi; and others. Ovide Musin played violin solos with a large orchestra. The Philharmonic Society's orchestra were often guests of the Club. In short, the most cordial relations

existed between various musical organizations and the Bohemian Club. Many army officers stationed around San Francisco Bay were members of the Club ; through their efforts regimental bands often appeared at Club entertainments. These enlisted men were paid for their services, and were so well treated that they were always glad to play before the Club. This was stopped by the labor unions.

So rapidly did the Club's relish for music grow that within five years the Christmas Jinks programme included numbers requiring a large orchestra and a chorus of thirty male voices. Adolphe Adam's Christmas hymn, "Cantique de Noël," was thus sung, with Ben Clark as soloist. It was so well received that at every Christmas Jinks thereafter either "Noël" or some other Christmas lyric was given in the same fashion. There are many Christmas hymns, and the musical members soon supplanted Adam's famous "Cantique" with Gruber's "Holy Night, Peaceful Night"; with Kremser's "O Lovely Holy Night"; with Yon's "Gesu Bambino"; with "Adeste Fideles"; with "Jesu Redemptor"; with Stephen Adams's "Holy City"; with "The First Nowell"; with "The Boar's Head"; with "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen"; with "Here we Come a-Wassailing"; with Gounod's "Jesus of Nazareth," "Noël," "Le Calvaire," "O Divine Redeemer" ("Repentir"), "The Cross of Calvary" ("Ave Maria"); with Faure's "The Palms."

The musical members were probably slightly wearied with too much of Adolphe Adam's "Noël." But the non-musical members never had enough of it; they accepted the other Christmas lyrics graciously, but they demanded that too. In time the programmes always carried that favorite, in addition to others. It has since been sung at the Christmas Jinks for two score years.

Adolphe Adam and Charles Gounod were said to have been sincere believers; their religious music certainly seems to sustain that belief. "Noël" is not a pretentious piece of music, but it is certainly very striking. As sung and played in the Bohemian Club it used always to impress profoundly what was not a reverent crowd. Probably nine-tenths had in childhood learned the Christian story of the Nativity; probably a fourth or a third of them believed it in maturity. Yet the simple story, told musically, always seemed to impress them as if they were believers still.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" produced no such impression. "Inflammatus" and other of Rossini's sacred pieces were often sung in the Club. His is very brilliant music. Probably Rossini was not really religious, but only writing religious music.

Adolphe Adam wrote some twenty light operas, and about as many plays with interpolated music, which the French call "vaudevilles"; they are not related to the high art known by

that name on the American stage. Of all these musical works only one is known in the United States, "The Postillion of Long-umeau," and that only in the form of extracts. Here, Adam's fame rests entirely on his "Noël," which has been popular for half a century.

In the eighties Edgar Stillman Kelly wrote some weird and striking music for "Macbeth." Parts of this composition were played before Club gatherings, but the work in its entirety was reserved for a production of the play at the California Theatre. That theatre was then under the management of McKee Rankin, a fine actor, whose art was somewhat affected by managerial worries, tipstaves, bailiffs, and narrow household cares. Yet at times he rose above these clogging things; he certainly did so in this representation. Although hampered for money he staged a production which was unique in its settings, properties, and costumes; the actors were above the average; and the music, with Edgar Kelly leading the orchestra, was memorable. I have seen "Macbeth" many times; yet that production with its fine ensemble stands out more sharply in my memory than any other.

When Edgar Kelly wrote his music he knew, of course, that the stage considered "the" Macbeth music to be that of Mathew Lock (1632-1677). Yet Kelly did not hesitate, and went on with his marvelous musical setting. Oddly enough, a MS. of Macbeth music attributed to Lock has been discovered in the handwriting of Henry Purcell (1658-1695), and many students believe it to be by him. Purcell when a boy was a chorister in the Chapel Royal in London; two hundred years later another chorister boy, Arthur Sullivan, also wore the uniform of the Chapel Royal.

Keeping house for Club men

After I joined the Bohemian Club I was speedily drafted as a "contributing member," and through thus appearing frequently on the Jinks programmes became well known to the members at large. As a result of this, I suppose, I was chosen Secretary in 1882, and Vice President in 1883. Paul Neumann had been elected President, but he spent some months running for a Congressional nomination, and when he obtained it, he spent some more months running for election. His continued absence led to my becoming Acting President.

I had no yearning for official honors; it seemed to me to entail a great deal of work, and I had plenty of work in my own office, and did not hanker for more. However, the experience was valuable, if rather surprising at times. One such case was the appearance of an old member before the Board to request

the expulsion of another member, who was his employee. The employer claimed that the employee had embezzled funds, and should be expelled. It seemed to me that the employee ought first to be found guilty; therefore I asked why the employer did not file in court a criminal complaint against him. But the employer dissented vigorously, and all the other directors agreed with him. This was not—on his and their part—out of consideration for the delinquent employee, but out of consideration for the employer. I was told that no business man liked to have it known that an employee had embezzled his funds—it presupposed lax management—a business scandal, so to speak. I therefore consented to favor the expulsion of the delinquent if proofs of his guilt were laid before us. This was done—they were convincing. So I announced that I would vote for expulsion. Thereupon the employer came over to my side, and the other directors opposed us to a man. They took this ground, it seemed, not out of consideration for the delinquent, but out of consideration for the Club. They said no club ought to expel a man for embezzlement—it would be a club scandal, so to speak. So they all voted in favor of permitting him to resign—quietly, with no scandal. This was done.

There were many queer matters brought up before us. One might be called a family affair. A very young man, only child of a multi-millionaire widow, had recently joined the Club; he liked the members, and they liked him. Suddenly, after only a few months of membership, Tommy resigned. No one knew why—it was a mystery. The directors therefore deputed me to look into the matter, find out what the trouble was, and get Tommy to withdraw his resignation, if it were feasible.

I concluded I had better find out something about the matter before interviewing Tommy. So I went to see his mother's attorney, a prominent lawyer, whom I knew quite well. As soon as he heard my errand, he broke into laughter, and explained the mystery—Tommy had been caught kissing his mother's maid, a pretty French girl. As soon as his mother recovered from the shock she fired the maid. The family lawyer was entrusted with paying her a moderate sum to go away and not make a scandal.

The judge had got this far when a clerk entered and murmured something, to which my lawyer friend replied: "Tell her to wait a few minutes." Then to me he said: "If you want to see her, she's in the next room. Go there with a busy air, pick out a law-book, and come back." I did so, and studied the book-backs carefully; likewise the maid; she certainly was very pretty—*joli à croquer*, as her countrymen would say.

On my return, the judge looked at me quizzically. "Well?"

"I suppose you legal gents in your jargon would call her the *corpus delicti*," I remarked.

"No," he replied, "she is in legal parlance the *tort feasor*—the one who did the wrong."

"Great heavens!" I cried, "can it be possible that she kissed Tommy by violence, against the peace and dignity of the State, and contrary to the statute in such case made and provided?"

"Well, no," said the judge, slowly: "I'm afraid Tommy kissed her. But in his mother's eyes he is not guilty of any offense."

"I consider it a capital offense," said I. The judge looked at me inquiringly. "After seeing the girl," I explained.

The judge smiled. "I think you and Tommy's mother would differ on the definition of the word 'capital,'" he said.

"Very likely," I replied. "But I fail to see what this—er—painful affair has to do with Tommy's resignation from the Club."

"It has everything to do with it," he replied. "Tommy's mother cast about in her mind to discover what could have impelled her angel son to yield to this—to this——"

"Demon," I supplied. "You know, judge, that in the Middle Ages demons of both sexes—*succubi* and *incubi*—infested our poor planet, disturbing the minds of pious young men and maids."

"So I have heard," he replied. "But in this case Tommy's mamma concluded that the evil influence was the Bohemian Club. She reasons thus: Tommy had never done anything wicked before; he joined the Club; he became wicked; he was caught kissing the maid; therefore the Club made him wicked; hence, he must resign."

"Why, this is the most absurd thing I ever heard of," I replied. "It will make him ridiculous. Can't his mother be advised to let him withdraw his resignation?"

The judge looked at me. "Have you ever given advice to old ladies?" he asked.

"No."

"Then never do," said the judge, crisply.

"But you do."

"No, I don't—I sell it."

"Then there is no chance of your recommending——"

"Not a bit," interrupted the judge. "Tommy's mother is worth several millions. Tommy must mind his mother."

There was no question about it—the judge was firm. I told him we would accept the resignation, and got up to go. I took up my law-book to replace it.

"Don't bother about that," said the judge.

"It's no bother," I replied, brightly; "I'll put it back. I'm a methodical man."

So I went to the other room, and replaced the book—slowly. She was gazing demurely at the floor. Yes, if she was a demon, Satan had chosen a very pretty one.

As I wended my way to the Club I reflected: how strange that kissing pretty maidens should be so universal and so highly approved in farces, in comic operas, and in Coming through the Rye; that, on the other hand, the practice in households should cause such violent condemnation in maternal circles. It would seem (thought I to myself) that kissing causes mothers to set their faces against it, while daughters—well, perhaps daughters do the same.

When the directors met I laid these facts before them, and it was decided that the only thing to do was to accept the resignation.

Tommy's mother soon afterward made a match for him; he was hastily married, and lived happily ever afterward. Or at least I hope so.

Another matter before us was a card-table dispute. Gambling was forbidden in the Bohemian Club; the card-players there may have occasionally wagered a trifle on their hands at whist; bridge was not then played; poker was never attempted in the Club. The old Pacific Club and the old Union Club permitted poker, in private rooms, for "moderate stakes"; five dollars was the limit. Still, a poker-player who pays attention to the game can lose quite a handy sum at five-dollar limit. And then sometimes the limit itself got lost. Both Pacific and Union Clubs were in continual hot water over card-room rows.

Some of the Bohemian card-players mourned over the poker restriction. A group of them was steered up against a quiet little "gentleman's game"—outside the Club. One of the gentlemen in the game was a professional gambler. He found his new friends easy plucking. Of course he did it deftly and discreetly. At every sitting one of the suckers won—and the crook. To let all of the suckers lose all of the time would have been too raw; furthermore, it would have put an end to the sessions. So at the second sitting Sucker B. won—and the crook. Then Sucker C. So at the following meetings. At last one of the suckers had his suspicions aroused; he sherlocked, and exposed the crook in a dramatic scene. There was, of course, a row, but nothing was done to the crook; the suckers feared ridicule. But between themselves an acrimonious discussion broke out. Some of the suckers were winners (at the time), and some were losers. The losers thought the winners should return the money, as the game was crooked. The winners argued that the game

was honest so far as they were concerned, as they knew naught of the cheating. "But the crook dealt you winning hands," argued the losers. "If he did, and we do not know that he did, it was the rub of the game," contended the winners.

It was a difficult question. Solomon might have decided it, but Solomon was no poker-player. Supreme Court justices might have decided it, for most of them play poker. But there was no way of bringing the matter before that lofty tribunal.

Bitter quarrels resulted. The contending players caused scenes in the Club, and finally the matter was brought before the Board. The directors decided that they had no jurisdiction in the affair, as it took place outside the Club. I believe there were a couple of resignations.

There were many other curious cases brought up while I was on the Board. That amours, embezzlements, and crooked card-games should be submitted to us amazed me. In all such matters I think the old frontier law should be followed—let every man skin his own shunks. But it was not so.

Our functions at times reminded me of those of the celebrated "morality committee" once formed in Vienna to regulate the morals of that giddy city, as set forth in the pleasing tale by Sacher-Masoch.

I had anticipated the weary round of trivial things that vex directors. Keeping the cook from murdering the steward; restraining the steward from justifiable homicide on the cook—laudable as the act may have been, for all cooks are crazy, and French cooks crazier than any other; firing servants who stole turkeys, hams, and other expensive viands; bringing on the carpet before the directors old and valued servants who got drunk; auditing exorbitant plumbing bills for bath-rooms; disciplining members who made loud and unseemly noises at unearthly hours—such were some of the many minor matters with which we wrestled. I had previously some faint suspicion of what office-holding in a social club means, but there and then I learned that it meant arduous housekeeping for some hundreds of critical and unappreciative members. So when my term expired I bade a long farewell to official position in clubs. This did not mean duty-dodging—for to replace every man who does not desire to serve there are twenty who do. The experience was valuable, however. When partial friends, in one club or another, dangled before me the glittering bait of a presidential nomination—which does not necessarily mean election—I never fell for it. I remained in the ranks.

Painters, Sculptors, Cartoonists

Among the various contributors to the Club entertainments, the painters have left the most enduring records. Of the "Jinks Papers," little remains; of the extemporaneous addresses, nothing at all. This may or may not be a misfortune—speech is illimitable. But the artists, with brush, or pencil, or chisel, left much that was interesting, and some things that were very fine.

In the old Club the word "cartoons" came to have a specialized significance. Primarily the word comes from Italian *cartone*, "cardboard," and was applied by Italian painters to the rough sketches or studies they made, usually as preliminaries to more careful pieces of work. In some gallery in Vienna and in several galleries in Italy I remember seeing a number of cartoons by Raphael done in red chalk. In the South Kensington Museum there are also a number of cartoons executed by Raphael as designs for tapestries for Pope Leo X., which tapestries are now in the Vatican. And there are also in England some cartoons by Michael Angelo, designed for frescoes in the Villa Borghese at Rome.

At the Beaux Arts in Paris there used to be some cartoons by Paul Delaroche; they were studies for a large canvas to contain many figures of men. It was to be a painting of some legislative body—the States General, or the National Assembly, or the Convention—during a period of recess. The painter had the figures blocked out singly; in couples; in groups; seated; standing; walking. All the legislators were nude, although all wore hats, which gave them a peculiar appearance. Still, Delaroche was an honest painter; he had to depict the bodies of his subjects in various postures, and he did so; when he had them "composed"—arranged and grouped to his liking—he put on their breeches and coats. I suppose a modern painter would first paint an "impression" of the coats and trousers, without going to so much labor over the bodies inside of them.

The word "cartoon" came to have a secondary meaning—that of a picture inspired by political, satirical, or similar motives. Such cartoons were usually caricatures, and the public grew to believe that "cartoon" and "caricature" were synonymous.

The early Bohemian Club painters used the phrase in the restricted sense familiar to artists; their cartoons were frequently dashed off at table, and were often caricatures, but not always so. These, when striking, were preserved, and hung on the Club walls. Gradually the painters began to do more elaborate work, but the Club term "cartoon" still stuck. In order to differentiate, it became the custom to apply the term "Jinks Cartoon" to

a picture specially designed to illustrate the topic of a certain Jinks. These frequently were striking pictures, finished with care, and framed by the Sire if rich (or by the Club if he was poor); in the latter case they were set in large and massive moulded frames in real gilt, utterly regardless of expense. The artist was then fed on taffy of a highly saccharine character, and remunerated by having twenty dollars in dues remitted in exchange for several hundred dollars' worth of labor. However, the plan seemed to work well; the artists did not kick, and the other members were pleased.

Some of these old pictures went up in smoke in the great fire of 1906. Some were saved. Of those that are gone, not a few remain vividly imprinted on the tablets of my memory.

Bohemia's artists not only painted cartoons for the Jinks, but they often prepared similar sketches or studies for dinners to notable visitors, given either by the Club or by groups of members; likewise for dinners to departing members. Thus Tavernier prepared such a cartoon for a Club dinner given to Eugene Dewey when that popular Bohemian was leaving San Francisco to reside permanently in New York. This cartoon Eugene Dewey took East with him, and the Club never saw it again. We also gave him a loving cup, for which I wrote this inscription:—

“A loving cup am I, O Friend—regard me :
Dip deep thy beard in wine.
Till I am emptied, Friend, do not discard me—
All that I hold is thine.”

Although the cartoon never came back, the cup did; when Eugene Dewey died, a number of years later, his widow presented it to the Club.

Another cartoon of which the members saw little was painted by Tavernier for a dinner given to Charles A. Dana, then editor of the *New York Sun*. The scene was laid in the redwoods, in the painting of which giant trees Tavernier excelled; the only figure was that of an Indian maiden. We were delighted with it, but so was Dana.

I was selected to present the picture to Dana and to propose his health. We sometimes found that for the Club to offer to act as “custodian” of a cartoon resulted favorably; the guest of honor would frequently leave it with us, intending to replevin it at some later time, but often failing to do so, through delicacy or forgetfulness. While speaking, I studied Dana with this in mind. If I cautiously hinted at his leaving the picture with us, he might in his reply make some remark which we could construe as a commitment—as a semi-affirmative promise. We always received

such commitments with generous applause, which usually settled the matter. But I doubted whether we could thus stampede Dana. So I devoted myself to what might be called intensive eulogium of him and of his journal; the latter part was quite sincere, for at that time the *Sun* was the best written and best edited daily in New York. The genial glow superinduced by this flattery might, I hoped, be elaborated in conversation throughout the dinner, to crystallize into suggestion at the psychological moment. A band of Bohemians were set to work on the task, along these lines. They grew quite optimistic, but I had grave doubts—Dana's avoidance of the subject seemed to me sinister.

When the shank of the evening arrived, and we were all bidding farewell to the guest of honor, some Bohemian remarked that the picture would be carefully forwarded to him at any address he might give. Dana instantly took it from its easel; "Don't bother," said he, "I'll take it to the hotel in the carriage with me; I'm afraid something might happen to it." He would not trust it to a servant; he took it in his own arms to the carriage. The Club never saw it again.

A Bohemian who was absent for long periods in Mexico, where he was superintendent of a mine in the remoter mountains of Chihuahua, was Covington Johnson. He returned to San Francisco at intervals of a year or so, when his friends in the Club usually greeted him with a dinner. For one of these banquets John A. Stanton painted a cartoon in which Johnson was represented astride of a tall mule, coming over a wild mountain pass. The artist attired him in *calzones* (tight-fitting trousers), *chaqueta* (short jacket), a *sombrero* with ornaments around the edges, and a riding cloak. The costume was modelled on that of the hero in a comic opera then holding the boards—"The Royal Middy," a London version of "Der See Kadet"; the dress was what used to be worn by equestrian dandies in Latin America, where the scene was set. The hero was called "Don Januario." The painting was a fine piece of work, and attracted much attention when hung in the Club. John A. Stanton died August 25, 1929.

In the early days there was for a time among the Club artists a talented painter, H. Humphrey Moore, who was deaf and dumb. The burdens of his affliction were mitigated for him by his beautiful and adoring Spanish wife. In his studio she served as a medium of communication between him and his visitors. It was curious to observe her white fingers flashing to him the talk of the studio circle, and to note how his expressive face would light up as he replied through her. They seemed to be congenial and very happy.

Humphrey Moore was born in New York in 1847, and became deaf at the age of three. He was educated at the Institute of Deaf

Mutes in Philadelphia, began his art studies in New Haven, and then went to the Beaux Arts, in Paris. He studied under Gérôme, Boulanger, and I think Fortuny. He left Paris in 1870, and went to Spain, where in Saragossa he met his fate in the person of Isabel de Cistue. With his wife he spent much time in Spain, where he made sketches of the Alhambra and other studies around Granada. Thence they went to Morocco, where he was highly successful in Moorish scenes done mainly in Tangiers, Tetuan, and Fez. He returned to the United States in 1874; spent several years in New York and thereabouts; journeyed to San Francisco in 1881, where he made a prolonged stay. He left San Francisco for Japan, where he remained for some time, making many sketches. Thence he voyaged in a leisurely way through Oriental lands, settling down near Nice in the nineties. After several years on the "Azure Coast," he established his permanent domicile in Paris.

While a member of the Bohemian Club, Humphrey Moore painted a cartoon for "The Devil" Jinks; Doctor Martin Luther, seated at a table reading the Holy Bible, was represented as tempted by two lovely girls in ballet costume, one of whom is bearing wine, while the other points a provocative toe at the worthy doctor's nose. The Devil himself is seated in the window casement, strumming a lute for the dancing girls. The pious doctor is not ensnared, however; he is just about to hurl his inkstand at the lady with the lifted toe, whom he naturally believes to be the most devilish. This is all according to tradition—or shall I say history?—because it is historically true; they show you, in Doctor Luther's room in the Wartburg, the ink-stain on the floor. I have seen it myself; the stain is unbelievably clear after so many centuries; so the story must be true.

This picture I always found one of the most interesting in the Club—partly on account of its intrinsic charm, and partly by reason of the painter's individuality. It was amazing to note that a man to whom Nature had been so harsh should still have been able to overcome her cruel blow. The mind behind those keen eyes rose superior to the loss of two of our most vital faculties; the genius imbedded in that subtle brain could not be imprisoned, and was not. He had painted in most of the picturesque places of the world, and had succeeded in fixing them on the canvas with his magic brush.

Humphrey Moore painted for sixty years. He painted almost until his life was ended. He died suddenly at his Paris home in 1926 at the age of eighty.

Humphrey Moore was a disciple of the Paris school to which John Sargent belonged. I believe that school is by to-day's painters called rococo—or perhaps they would call it "bum."

We laymen must all speak under correction when talking of artists to artists.

Still, one may regret, mildly, that so many noted artists of to-day produce stuff that is so devilish ugly. Some of Gauguin's South Sea ladies look like studies from skin clinics; like the highly colored pictures blazing on the pages of medical atlases—charming studies of tumors, benign and malign; of purulent ulcers; of epithelioma; of leprosy; of scabies; of ichthyosis; of vesicular, papular, and pustular exanthemata—these charming dermatological studies recall Gauguin and other of kindred modern painters.

Jules Tavernier did a vast amount of work for the Club in the old days. Much of it was fugitive—"flying leaves" like the *Fliegende Blätter* in title but not in treatment; caricatures, portraits, all sorts of artist whimsies, frequently dashed off at table. His more ambitious work on the Jinks cartoons was all preserved. Among the early ones was "Ignorance"—a brutish human figure set in appropriate surroundings. Another, for a Thanksgiving Jinks, showed a group of armed Pilgrims with their wives on their way to church over a snow-covered trail; the idea is old now—it was new then. Perhaps his most striking cartoon was one representing the Midsummer Jinks camp at night, framed in such lofty redwoods that the camp-fire lights were drowned in the dark long before they reached half-way to the top. This was reproduced as a wood-engraving in *Harper's Magazine*.

Julian Rix was another of the Club's early artists. His cartoon for "The Absent" Jinks showed a woman waiting—like Mariana in the Moated Grange. His "Pyramids" Jinks cartoon had the Sphinx with the Gizeh group in a red desert sunset. For the "Isaak Walton" Jinks he depicted an angler whipping a stream.

An early cartoon by Theodore Wores was for the "Love" Jinks—a gross monk painting with loving strokes Venus rising from the waves. Wores painted a cartoon for the farewell Jinks to George Bromley when that popular Bohemian left for a consular post in China. Bromley had always officiated as the High Priest in the Bohemian "cremation of care," and was often called by that title. In the cartoon he was represented as a Chinese Joss, gorgeously attired, while before him the temple attendants bowed low in worship. A loving cup was presented to Bromley at this Jinks, on which were inscribed the following lines by the present writer:

"Friend, yf Thou meete me at a Feast
Drynk deepe unto Bohemia's Priest;
I am his Chalyce, and God wot
I scorn ye Manne yt drains me not."

One of the later pieces of work by Wores was a large panel painted for the Jinks Room in the Post Street club-house; it was a female figure typifying Bohemia. The modest artist did not paint a nude lady—in truth, she was more completely clad in her gallery garb than are her modern sisters in their street dress.

Frederick Yates painted several Jinks cartoons which were "hung on the line." As he preferred portraiture to any other branch of his art, these pictures rioted in portraits. In one for the Ladies' Jinks, "Sweethearts and Wives," there were nearly twenty finished portraits on the canvas.

Emil Carlsen, among other canvases, painted a cartoon for the Jinks on "Vanity Fair," which, by way of antithesis to the title, was a nocturne in skulls and owls.

Joseph D. Strong, being a portrait painter primarily, confined himself largely to the execution of portraits of presidents and other noted Bohemians. One of his most successful canvases represented Charles Warren Stoddard in a monk's robe and cowl. Another was a striking portrait of Raphael Weill in chef's cap and apron, Weill being famous in the Club as a gastronome. Another was of the present writer.

Among the other creations of Joseph D. Strong was Austin Strong, a successful playwright, of whom he was the father.

Thomas Hill was represented among the Jinks cartoons by a forest scene of the "Gipsy Camp" at the Midsummer encampment. In this Jinks Peter Robertson was "Gipsy Chief," in which rôle his portrait was painted by C. Von Gerichthen.

Benoni Irwin, S. M. Brookes, H. R. Bloomer, G. J. Denny, and J. Wandesforde were among the painters prominent in the early days of the Club.

Arthur F. Matthews was not among the older painters, having become a member in 1889, after which time he did much work for the Club.

William Keith, the noted landscape painter, often figured in the Club's annual exhibits, but does not appear to have painted Jinks cartoons.

In a period following the early days of the Club there were many cartoons of signal merit. One of these was "False Gods," a Chinese temple scene by Amadée Joullin. Later than the old artists came Charles Dickman, C. J. Carlson, C. Von Gerichten, Charles Rollo Peters, Solly Walter, and others, with notable cartoons.

The veteran Thomas Nast was a great favorite in the Bohemian Club during a prolonged stay in San Francisco. He seized on a humorous contest between two poetic Bohemians,

and made it into a gladiatorial contest in a vast arena. One poet is prone on the bloody sand; the other stands over him with poised pen; the spectators on the Roman bleachers vote for death with downward pointing thumbs.

One of the oldest painters in the Bohemian Club was Frank N. Pebbles, who became a member in the seventies. He painted many portraits of members and others. He died in December, 1928, aged eighty-nine.

The painters most active in the Club toward the beginning of the new century may be noted from the following list of those whose pictures were hung at an annual exhibition of that period: H. J. Breuer, H. R. Bloomer, G. Cadenasso, J. W. Clawson, C. J. Carlson, Willis E. Davis, Charles J. Dickman, John R. Dickinson, L. Maynard Dixon, Harry Stuart Fonda, John M. Gamble, Chris Jorgensen, C. Chapel Judson, L. P. Latimer, J. T. Martines, Arthur F. Matthews, Francis McComas, Orrin Peck, Charles Rollo Peters, C. D. Robinson, H. W. Seawell, J. A. Stanton, M. Strauss, Thad Welch.

The Club discovered in the eighties a talented youth laboring in the adjacent School of Design; this was Henry Barkhaus. He was not yet twenty, and therefore not eligible for election. None the less, he had the run of the Club; was a guest at the Mid-summer Jinks, of which he painted a cartoon; was at the Christmas Jinks; was at the farewell to Joseph Tilden, on his way to Hawaii; Barkhaus painted Tilden as a hula-hula girl. In short, he was at any Club festivities that he cared to attend. All this, of course, was against the constitution, the by-laws, and the house rules; but the old Club recked little of rules. Barkhaus became the pet of the Club. Yet it did not spoil him; he was as modest as he was talented.

Virgil Williams, Art Director of the School of Design, conceived the idea of assisting his favorite pupil to go to Munich for "serious study." When Virgil spoke to me of his plan, I was shocked; I told him the youth had wonderful power as a caricaturist, and if he remained in his own country would become a great cartoonist; if he undertook "serious study" at Munich he would probably wind up as a second-rate painter and lose his health at students' drinking-bouts. Virgil retorted hotly that he would "rather Barkhaus were dead than a cartoonist." So the youth went to Munich.

That city was then famous for its beer, its turbulent students, and its typhoid. Barkhaus neglected the great paintings at the Alte and the Neue Pinakothek to make studies at the Hofbrauhaus. Running true to form, he drew caricatures for the comic weekly *Munchener Bilderbogen*. He was greatly admired, and petted, and he suddenly died.

It was a great loss. I still believe that had he lived he would have been one of the greatest cartoonists in the United States. They are rare. It is fifty years since Thomas Nast shaped national courses with his pencil; it is twenty-five years since he died. He is not forgotten. He has had no successor. To this day his old cartoons are frequently reproduced in the newspapers, and among the "comic strips" they shine "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

So of John Tenniel. He made *Punch* a power. He is dead. He has had no successor. And *Punch* to-day is a feeble advertising sheet.

It must not be supposed that I formed my opinion of Barkhaus entirely on his work in the Bohemian Club. That work was good, but it necessarily had to be polite. He had more freedom in his cartoons for the *Wasp*, and they rioted in humor. One week he had a double-page cartoon in which the chief figure was a multi-millionaire railroad king who was reputed to be extremely generous to deserving politicians. The railroad king, in a décolleté ball-gown and chin-whiskers, was painted as the "Madam" of a gorgeous establishment, which was crowded with recognizable legislators absorbing champagne.

In lieu of cartoons, pieces of statuary were modelled in two Midsummer Camps by Marion Wells. One of these was a copy of the statue of St. John of Nepomuck, which stands—or stood—on the bridge over the Moldau at Prague; that city, formerly in Bohemia, has been since 1918 in Czecho-Slovakia. This steadfast priest—who had refused to betray to a king the peccadillo his queen disclosed in the confessional—was adopted as a patron saint of the Bohemian Club. This resulted from the presentation by Count von Thun, a Bohemian nobleman, of a statue of St. John to the Club, in recognition of its hospitalities to him. Sculptor Wells erected his colossal copy between two tall redwood trees; with the pedestal and base it was about seventy feet high. This was for the Midsummer Jinks of 1883. The grove did not then belong to the Club. It was occupied shortly after by a Methodist camp-meeting. The Bohemians feared that the priestly garb of St. John might so stir up the fighting Methodist spirit as to result in his destruction. Not so. The faithful at the camp-meeting were so impressed by him that they erected a pent-roof over his head, far up on the redwoods. Thus the rains of winter were greatly tempered for the gentle saint; otherwise his earthly body—being made of plaster—would soon have wasted away. The statue stood for several years.

At the Midsummer camp of 1892, for the "Buddha Jinks," Marion Wells designed a gigantic seated figure modelled after the Japanese Daibutsu, or Kakamura Buddha. The crown of the statue was seventy feet above the ground. For this figure, like the St. John, the sculptor constructed a rough skeleton of wood—spine, ribs, pelvis, arm and thigh-bones, leg-bones, etc. He told me he could not make an honest piece of work without a skeleton on which to drape the canvas covering which simulated the flesh. When this was shaped to his satisfaction, it was covered with plaster. The appearance at night was that of a work in marble; even by day it looked as if it were chiselled in solid stone. By day the expression of the face was that of the Kakamura Buddha—calm, peaceful, masterful. But an unexpected effect was produced by the night-lighting; deep shadows were cast upward by the projections of the face, completely changing the expression; the eternal peace of Buddha was gone from his features; on his countenance now was visible a menacing and sinister sneer. It almost seemed as if the great Oriental god resented as sacrilege this trifling with his image by frivolous Occidentals.

That this was not the imagination of super-sensitive souls was shown by the fact that the stern and menacing face of the Hindu god towering over the scene affected the spirits of the Bohemians, and the Jinks became an unusually solemn affair. When daylight came, however, and sunlight gilded the great white statue, Buddha's frown had disappeared.

Years afterward I was greatly interested to learn that a similar experience befell another sculptor. When Daniel Chester French's colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln was installed in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington the sculptor was appalled. The effect of the overhead lighting in his studio had vanished; the contemplated glass roof in the Memorial had been changed by the architects to marble. As a result, the projections of the statue cast upward shadows on the face, completely changing it, and giving it an absurd expression of surprise. After months of experimenting the sculptor succeeded in installing a system of artificial lighting which restored to the face of his Lincoln its look of dignity, of calmness, of power.

During the Jinks a number of Bohemians attired as priests of Buddha recited poems typifying the various trees in the grove where the scene was set. I was a "Priest of the Trees," and when given my choice of trees promptly selected the madrone. I remembered Poe's disquisition on the value of strong vowels in verse, particularly the long sound of *o*. He even went so far as to say that he had built "The Raven" entirely around that sound—which was probably a whimsical poet's paradox. How-

ever, I found the long *o* in "madrone" effective for a rhyme, and wrote and delivered these lines :

" In the aforetime, when the sea was young,
 But yet the moon already waxen old,
 Nymph, god, and satyr wandered thro' the wold,
 And Memnon's stony lips at sunrise rung.
 Eons have passed like hours since sirens sung,
 Since Jove wooed Danæ in a shower of gold,
 But Buddha—Lord of Earth and Time—was old
 When Jove and Juno, Time and Earth were young.
 A mystery broodeth o'er the forest dim,
 Where solemn redwood, laurel green, and bay
 All bow obeisance to great Buddha's throne.
 Ghosts of dead gods whisper a phantom hymn ;
 Trees, birds, and humans, awed and cowering, pray ;
 Moved by the night breeze, moaneth the madrone."

These lines were not supposed to address the madrone, they were part of the ritual of the ceremonies, in which the Priests of the Trees, the Priests of the Leaves, and other sacerdotal persons worshipped before the great god Budd. My lines were intended as an invocation to Buddha, not to the madrone. The tree itself had been put into verse so charmingly by Bret Harte that it would have been presumption to write about it again. Who that knows Bret Harte's poems does not recall his

" Captain of the Western wood,
 Thou thatapest Robin Hood—"

He entitled it "Madroño," the Spanish name, which our pioneer fathers anglicized into "madrone." For those who know naught of this beautiful California tree, it may be well to say that it belongs, oddly enough, to the *Arbutus* family ; that in the northern Pacific coast it is a large tree sometimes eighty feet high, and from one to three feet in diameter ; in the south Pacific coast it is a small tree, becoming a large shrub as one goes further south. North of Mount Tamalpais, where we held the Buddha Jinks, there was one giant madrone whose trunk measured twenty-three feet in circumference, with main branches from two to three feet in diameter. It has in spring and summer a scarlet skin—it is scarcely bark—which changes to buff in autumn. It has glossy evergreen leaves, and bears in the south an edible fruit, hence sometimes called there "strawberry tree." It has a little cousin, which the Spaniards call *manzanita*, "little apple," from the fruit or berry, which is exactly the shape of a diminutive apple.

The "priests" spoke in the names of various trees in the beautiful grove around them, for the Jinks was held in the midst of redwood, laurel, bay, and madrone.

The Bohemians spoke highly of Marion Wells's gigantic Buddha, but the majority thought the ceremonies "too serious."

Guests of the Club

The Midsummer Jinks and Christmas Jinks were not the only festivities the Club indulged in. The list of entertainments—mostly dinners—given in honor of notable guests is long. One of the earliest so honored by the Club was Randolph Rogers, the sculptor. Among other guests entertained in the old days were three great violinists—but not together—Edouard Remenyi, August Wilhelmj, Eugene Ysaye. Among navigators and travellers was Dr. Octave Pavy, the North Pole explorer, who later lost his life in the Arctic regions. Another whom the Club entertained was the African explorer Henry M. Stanley, the man who discovered Livingstone, a man who did not want to be discovered. Livingstone had hoped (although a pious missionary) to spend the rest of his life with a dusky harem, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

A dinner was given to Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," who was then on his way to that continent. He seemed to get stalled in Japan. He had already been married twice, but he tried it for a third time, his latest wife being a Japanese lady.

Rudyard Kipling attended a notable Club dinner, although he was not the guest of honor; it was given to Lieutenant James Carlin, a hero of the hurricane at Samoa which wrecked many ships. Kipling published an acidulous account of the dinner. He was extended the hospitalities of the Club for a number of weeks, and spent most of his time in the library.

James Anthony Froude was a guest of the Club, and published some reflections concerning it in his volume "Oceana."

Dinners or other entertainments were given in honor of various actors, among them Henry Irving, Tommaso Salvini, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, W. E. Sheridan, W. H. Kendal, Wilson Barrett, Frederick Warde, Louis James, Francis Wilson, James O'Neill, Nat. C. Goodwin.

To James C. Williamson a farewell dinner was given when he left San Francisco, a comedian on a modest salary, to seek fortune in Australia. He became manager of a chain of theatres, and died a millionaire. The Australian chain still bears his name.

A dinner of farewell was given to Henry Edwards when he left for the East to join a New York theatrical company. Some years later he was again in San Francisco on a professional tour,

when a dinner of welcome was given in his honor. He had been president of the Club in its infancy, and was highly esteemed.

The dinner to Henry Irving was a unique and successful affair. At the close of the gastronomical part the room was plunged in darkness, and presently on a stage at the end appeared a circle of light. In this, one after another, defiled Bohemians representing certain of the guest's great impersonations, such as Matthias in "The Bells"; Louis XI.; Cardinal Wolsey; Becket; Hamlet; Shylock; Mephistopheles; Macbeth. Each of these recited a few lines, which doubtless revealed to Irving new readings—delicate touches that he had never suspected. Afterwards came a Jinks, in which Irving joined to the extent of giving a recitation. He was delighted with the affair, and showed it by sending to members of the Club specially printed passes for his London theatre.

A supper was given to Luigi Arditi, music director, and a number of the other artists of the Italian opera company then in the city. The vocal and musical programme was extemporaneous, but very elaborate.

An unusual evening was staged by the Club in receiving the mummy of an Egyptian princess. It was brought from Egypt by a member, Jeremiah Lynch, and formally presented to the Club. The donor stated that the hieroglyphics on the mummy case proved the lady to have been a priestess in the Temple of Isis about 300 B.C. A large room in the club-house was made to simulate an Egyptian temple. The mummy-case containing the priestess lay on a catafalque, around which gathered choristers and acolytes in Egyptian garb, waving feather fans and burning incense. A ritual was chanted by the choir, with responses by the acolytes. The ceremony was solemn and impressive. A message from the dead lady to the Bohemians, by Charles Warren Stoddard, closed with these lines:

"And now, my children, harbor me not ill—
I was a princess, am a woman still.
Feast well, drink well, make merry while ye may,
For e'en the best of you must pass my way."

Many people believe that the violation of Egyptian tombs carries evil in its train. Some Bohemians objected to installing the mummy of the princess in the club-house.

A reception and banquet took place at the Club in honor of Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands. Among those Bohemians who were not present was Joaquin Miller. He had been specially requested to attend by Frank Unger, who was managing the affair. Bringing a letter from Miller, Unger requested me to read it at the banquet. Miller's writing was very difficult to

decipher, and Unger had not been able to read the letter, but he supposed it was written to be read in lieu of the writer's presence. After I had mastered its contents, I told Unger that it would never do to read at the banquet, and when he asked why not, I read it to him. Here are a few lines: "I have never stood before monarchs, but were I to begin I would select some other than a coffee-colored king." To this, with a few more striking epithets and adjectives, Unger listened attentively, silently pocketed the letter, and withdrew. It was not featured at the banquet.

A dinner was given to General James W. Forsythe, U.S.A., when he took command of the Department of California. The decorations were military, and the dinner was a success—with a single exception. One of the banqueters, conversing with the general, said, apropos of something, "Of course you know Mrs. General Miles?" Forsythe responded stiffly, "I do not know Mrs. General Miles." Surprised, the interlocutor went on, "Why, you must know her, General—I mean the wife of General Miles—Nelson A. Miles." To which Forsythe replied, still more stiffly, "I do not know General Nelson A. Miles." To the meanest intelligence it was apparent that something was wrong, and another topic was tackled.

The Salvini dinner was a red-letter night in the Club. It was given in the largest room in the club-house, and three hundred Bohemians sat down. The table and decorations were elaborately rococo; weird lighting effects were introduced; the servitors were appropriately garbed; when the roast was reached a baron of beef was borne in on the shoulders of white-clad cooks; a large chorus and orchestra figured between the courses. As Salvini could not be expected to understand the English speeches which voiced his fame, the Art Director, Virgil Williams, delivered a welcoming address in Italian, which language he had learned as a youthful student in Rome. Salvini was delighted, and in replying said that Virgil's speech was pure "*lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*"—which, while not strictly true, was flattering.

A dinner was given by the Club to General Winfield Scott Hancock some time after he had run for the Presidency, thus avoiding any political significance. To augment the Club's own musical forces the Post commander at the Presidio had sent a regimental band. The material part of the dinner had been successfully served and consumed with musical accompaniment. The intellectual feast began with a speech by Horace Platt. At that time the Club had a fashion, at its intimate entertainments, of checking "chestnuts," so called—old stories, venerable wheezes, fossiliferous gags. This was accomplished in various ways—frequently with song. When Orator Platt was in the full

tide of his eloquence he incautiously introduced an ancient joke. Instantly a vast volume of vocalism burst forth—"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?" Usually the Bohemians contented themselves with a few bars merely. But on this particular evening the band leader was a stranger, and unfamiliar with the Club's methods; he naturally supposed that the end of the feast had arrived, and that the banqueters were winding up, as usual, with "Auld Lang Syne." So he played it through to the end. Platt stood as one petrified; his arm remained extended in gesture, with his napkin dangling from one end of it like a flagman's signal. When, with roar of horns, rattle of drums, and clash of cymbals, his jokelet had been interred, Platt recovered his poise; turning to the toast-master he jauntily remarked: "As I was saying, Mr. President, when interrupted"—and went on with his speech.

The Bohemians greeted his presence of mind with roars of laughter. Through all this General Hancock sat imperturbably, but with a puzzled expression, as if he began to suspect the sanity of the gathering. He looked relieved when the toast-master explained in an undertone some of the Club's unique ways.

Numerous dinners and other entertainments were given to notable guests in the years following those discussed here. These comments are confined to the Club's activities during its first score of years. Frequent absences from the State during the Club's later life terminated my keeping of notes.

Furthermore, about 1895 I took up bicycling which left me little time for other recreation. The craze for wheeling which broke out in the western world was coincident with the invention of the pneumatic tire. The old "ordinary" with a high front wheel was superseded by the "safety bicycle." Soon millions were on the wheel. I was one of the millions. Then too about that time Ann graduated from the University and I found my interest diverted from club affairs. Bicycling, picnics, football parties, were the order of the day. Large classes of students subsequently prominent were graduated from Stanford; among the first, Herbert Hoover, now President of the United States. With Stanford's second class the popular football half-back, Jackson E. Reynolds, graduated with honors and before many years became a leading banker and railroad man. He is now chairman of the organization committee of the International Bank of Reparations Settlements, meeting in 1929 in Baden-Baden, Germany.

Many of the college men have become prominent in the law,

in medicine, in journalism, in banking and business; many of them have become members of the Bohemian Club. George B. De Long, also of the Stanford Class of '96, became an active Bohemian, taking part in the plays, the ballets, and choruses, and showing marked ability in stage setting and lighting effects. He lost his life while traveling in Albania in 1924, keenly regretted.

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XX

OLD-TIME SHOWS

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century tragedy, high comedy, and serious drama began to give way to other attractions. The most notable of these rivals in the United States were :

Grand opera.

The comic operas of Offenbach, Audran, Lecocq, Planquette, Suppé, Genée, and others.

The light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The "leg shows," so called, of the Lydia Thompson Blondes, "The Black Crook," etc.

Negro minstrelsy.

Prior to the "Black Crook" craze the American stage had been largely devoted to tragedy, comedy, and melodrama. The marked taste shown by the public for the novelties of spectacular extravaganza was a fatal blow to tragedy ; it soon disappeared from the stage. Comedy and melodrama also were injured, but did not disappear. Edwin Forrest, a tragedian of the robust school, died in 1872. John McCullough, a disciple of Forrest, became insane in 1884, and died in 1885. Edwin Booth died in 1893. Lawrence Barrett died in 1891. No young actors took up the torch of tragedy from their hands. A few old ones held the stage until they too retired or died—Louis James and Frederick Warde among them.

One actor, Robert Mantell, was playing in various lines during these changing years. In 1878, he was supporting Helena Modjeska, who made her début (in English) at the Old California Theatre. He made a hit in a famous melodrama "The Romany Rye." In 1884, he supported Fanny Davenport in her Sardou repertoire, and made a great hit as Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora." He then began starring in high-grade melodramas, such as "The Corsican Brothers," and did so well financially that he determined to lay aside lesser plays and devote himself to the classics. It was a high resolve ; it required much courage, for the times did not incline to serious drama. Managers universally believed that "Shakespeare spelled failure." None the less, Mantell took up

the task. For thirty years, up to the time of his death at seventy-four, he toured the United States at the head of his own company, playing Shakespeare rôles almost all the time; two exceptions were "Richelieu" and "Louis XI.," of which rôles he was fond. Despite his age, he looked and acted well up to his latest days. In his youth he was a handsome man, and the passage of the years did not seem to deprive him of activity and health, until the final summons came. On his tours he played many times in San Francisco, where he was a great favorite.

A younger tragedian who was forced to retire from the field was E. H. Sothern. He had made money in plays like "If I were King," "The Highest Bidder," etc. He risked his earnings gallantly in various ways—for example, in a fine production of "Don Quixote," which cost a great deal, but was not a success. It required some self-abnegation to leave a profitable field for the doubtful paths of tragedy. However, when he married Julia Marlowe, herself a successful Shakespearean star, they decided to appear together in classic plays—"Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," etc.—and for some years toured the country successfully. Miss Marlowe's health gave way, and Sothern without her did not draw so well. In the nineteen-twenties, in a formal statement, Sothern withdrew, saying frankly that the theatre-going public no longer cared for his branch of the drama.

These facts concerning the tragic death of tragedy are here set down without prejudice. That the theatre-goers of a great nation should turn definitely from tragedy to burlesque, to farce, to spectacle, is certainly interesting. Some might contend that the taste for tragedy implies a higher culture, but that does not necessarily follow. It requires a keen-witted audience to relish the dialogue of high comedy. As for farce, burlesque, and spectacular leg-shows, the case is different. Tragedy certainly never made for cheerfulness, and there is no reason why people should go to the theatre to be made miserable when they can accomplish that so easily at home.

It may be well to show the changing taste of audiences. A summary of the most popular presentations on the stage, from the early seventies to the late nineties, follows :

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," "The Rivals."

"Kit, the Arkansaw Traveller," with F. S. Chanfrau.

Lester Wallack in "Rosedale," "Ours," etc.

Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilees, etc.

Max Maretzek's Grand Opera Company, with Pauline Lucca and others.

Adelaide Neilson as Rosalind, Juliet, Viola, etc.

Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Ned Buntline in "Scouts of the Plains" (a theatre play).

Edwin Adams in repertoire.

The Vokes Family in "Belles of the Kitchen," etc.

Edward E. Rice's "Evangeline," with (at various times) Vernona Jarbeau, Alice Atherton, Laura Joyce, Dora Wiley, Sol. Smith Russell, W. H. Crane, Nat. Goodwin, Geo. K. Fortescue, James S. Moffitt, Harry Hunter, Willie Edouin, Harry E. Dixey, and others.

Charles Fechter in "Ruy Blas," "Don Cæsar," "Monte Cristo," "Hamlet," etc.

Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett."

E. A. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, etc.

Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera Company.

Marie Aimée French Opera Company.

Carlotta Leclercq in repertoire.

Lawrence Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini," "A Blot on the Scutcheon," "Yorick's Love," "The Man of Airlie," and Shakespearean repertoire.

Hermann the Magician.

Alice Oates Comic Opera Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

Lotta, in "Zip," "Musette," "Old Curiosity Shop," etc.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar," etc.

Emerson's California Minstrels.

Thatcher, Primrose, and West Minstrels.

Barry Sullivan in repertoire.

C. D. Hess English Opera Company.

George Fawcett Rowe.

Jarrett and Palmer's company in "Henry V."

Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers in "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Tony Pastor's Troupe.

Dion Boucicault in "The Shaughraun" and other Irish plays.

Janauschek in "Bleak House," "Mary Stuart," etc.

John T. Raymond in "Colonel Sellers."

Joseph Murphy in "The Kerry Gow."

John E. Owens in "Solon Shingle," etc.

Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon the Cricket," "Jane Eyre," etc.

Clara Morris in "Camille," "Miss Multon," etc.

The Madison Square Theatre Company.

The Augustin Daly Company.

The Union Square Theatre Company.

The Daniel Frohman Empire Theatre Company.

The Lydia Thompson Company.

Mary Anderson in "Ingomar," "Guy Mannering," "Romeo and Juliet," etc.

"The Danites," with McKee Rankin and Kittie Blanchard.

Maggie Moore and J. C. Williamson in "Struck Oil."

Colville Folly Company, in burlesque, with Emé Roseau, Elma Delaro, Willie Edouin, Alice Atherton, Marion Elmore, Lina Merville, Kate Everleigh, and others.

Mapleson Opera Company, with Minnie Hauk, Etelka Gerster, Marie Roze, Galassi, Campanini, Del Puente, and others.

Genevieve Ward in repertoire.

Gilbert and Sullivan's light operas.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

Emerson's Megatherian Minstrels.

Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels.

Maurice Grau's French Opera Company, with Paola Marie, Angèle, Capoul, Grégoire, and others.

Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

Annie Pixley in "M'liss."

James A. Herne in "Hearts of Oak."

Blanche Roosevelt Opera Company in Alfred Cellier's "The Masque of Pandora."

Boston Ideal Opera Company, with Adelaide Phillips, Marie Stone, Geraldine Ulmar, Myron W. Whitney, Tom Karl, H. C. Barnabee, W. H. Macdonald, George Frothingham, and others.

Sarah Bernhardt, in repeated American tours from 1881 until her death.

Rice's Surprise Party.

Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff" by various companies.

Camilla Urso Concert Company, with Teresa Carreño and others.

John McCullough in repertoire with Kate Forsyth and others.

Double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company, with two Topsies, two Little Evas, two Uncle Toms.

Mapleson Opera Company, with Patti, Albani, Fursch-Madi, Scalchi, Nicolini, Ravelli, Galassi, and others.

Many "Drury Lane Melodramas," such as "Youth," "The World," "The Silver King," "A Run of Luck," etc.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in several American tours.

Henry E. Abbey's Italian Opera Company, with Nilsson, Sembrich, Fursch-Madi, Scalchi, Trebelli, Campanini, Del Puente, Capoul, and others.

Adelaide Ristori in Italian with an English company.

Damrosch Grand German Opera Company, with Madame Materna and others, in Wagner and other operas.

Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart."

The Kiralfy Brothers in "Around the World in Eighty Days," "The Pied Piper," "The Black Crook," etc.

Mlle. Rhea in "Frou-Frou," etc.

Mme. Judic in "La Femme à Papa," "Nitouche," "Niniche," etc. Also in Offenbach repertoire.

M. B. Curtis in "Sam'l of Posen,"

Tommaso Salvini in Italian with an English company.

Robson and Crane in "The Comedy of Errors," "The Henrietta," etc.

The McCaull Light Opera Company, with Marie Jansen, Mathilde Cottrelly, Mark Smith, Edwin Hoff, De Wolf Hopper, A. W. Maffin, and others.

The American English Opera Company, Theodore Thomas, director.

J. K. Emmett in "Fritz."

Mrs. Langtry in "A Wife's Peril" and repertoire.

The National English Opera Company.

The Bostonians, an opera company which seceded from the Boston Ideals under the lead of Karl, Barnabee, and MacDonald; others were Juliet Corden, Agnes Huntington, Marie Stone, George Frothingham. They produced Reginald De Koven's "Robin Hood," "Maid Marian," and "Don Quixote."

"The Crystal Slipper," with Eddie Foy, May Yohe, and others.

Lew Dockstader's Minstrels.

Gustav Hinrichs's American Opera Company.

Wilson Barrett with an English company.

Emma Juch Opera Company.

Charles W. Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell," with Maude Adams as Dot. Other plays by Hoyt that had successful runs were "A Rag Baby," "A Brass Monkey," "A Milk-White Flag," "A Texas Steer," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Parlor Match," etc. Hoyt's wife, Flora Walsh, played Baggage in "A Brass Monkey." At the Madison Square, "A Trip to Chinatown" in 1891 had the longest run New York had ever seen up to that time.

Edwin Booth in his own Twenty-Third Street Theatre, New York. Later, Booth on tour; Booth and Tommaso Salvini as joint stars; Booth and Helena Modjeska as joint stars; Booth and Lawrence Barrett as joint stars.

Richard Mansfield in "Richard III.," "A Parisian Romance," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Cyrano de Bergerac," etc.

The Hanlon Company, acrobats and pantomimists.

The Martinetti Pantomime Company.

The Four Cohans, including George M., who later became rich as actor and playwright.

James J. Corbett as an actor in "Gentleman Jack."

John L. Sullivan as an actor ; later, as a temperance lecturer.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kendal in repertoire.

Carmencita, Spanish dancer.

Loie Fuller in her "Serpentine Dance."

Francis Wilson in "The Lion Tamer," "Erminie," etc.

John Drew with Maude Adams in "The Masked Ball."

"Fourteen Ninety Two," spectacular extravaganza, had a long run at the Chicago World's Fair.

Joseph R. Grismer and Phcebe Davies in "The New South."

Lilian Russell in "Giroflé-Girofla," "The Mountebanks," and other operettas, with Laura Clement, Ada Dare, W. T. Carleton, C. Hayden Coffin, Louis Harrison, and others.

Otis Skinner with his own company in repertoire.

Evans and Hoey in Hoyt's "A Parlor Match" toured the country successfully for years. Anna Held was with them for a while.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Peter Jackson, the negro pugilist, as Uncle Tom.

"Charlie's Aunt," long and repeated runs.

"The Private Secretary," long and repeated runs.

"Trilby," dramatized from Du Maurier's romance, was very successful in many cities. Virginia Harned was the first to appear as Trilby, and Wilton Lackaye made a hit as Svengali.

"The Rivals," toured a part of the country with an "all-star cast," including Wm. H. Crane, Joseph Jefferson, Henry Miller, Nat. C. Goodwin, Thos. W. Keene, De Wolf Hopper, Thos. Q. Seabrooke, Viola Allen, Mrs. John Drew, Nellie McHenry. On another tour the changed cast included Robert Taber, Joseph Holland, E. M. Holland, Francis Wilson, Julia Marlowe Taber, Fannie Rice. They drew as high as \$7000 a night.

Helena Modjeska toured the country in repertoire.

E. H. Sothern was very successful with "If I were King." Later, Julia Marlowe and he as joint stars toured the country for a number of years in Shakespearean repertoire.

Eleonora Duse played the country in repertoire several times with an Italian company.

Robert Mantell toured the country in repertoire, mainly Shakespearean, for many years. He was the last of the tragedians.

Nance O'Neil, under the management of McKee Rankin, toured the country in repertoire for a number of years.

The Lambs, club of actors and others interested in the stage, took its annual "Gambols" entertainment on tour through the larger cities. Capacity houses received them everywhere.

"Shenandoah," drama of the Civil War, was very successful.

Alice Nielsen with her own company toured in "The Fortune Teller" and other light operas.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," dramatized from Anthony Hope Hawkins's romance, drew well all over the United States. Other plays from the same writer's books, not so well.

"Trelawney of the Wells," by Arthur Pinero (later Sir Arthur), was quite successful; his other plays only fairly so.

"The Silver King," a melodrama, by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, was highly successful. Jones abandoned this field, and took up problem plays, like "Saints and Sinners," "Judah," "The Crusaders," etc. These were more successful in England than in the United States.

The stage attractions in the foregoing summary are not selected according to the canons of stage art, if such exist; the selections are based on the sizes of the audiences and the box-office receipts. It may be interesting to cull from the selections those plays which were most frequently produced and had the longest runs.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" heads this summary. It began in 1852 its long run, which is not ended yet. Stage plays are weak babies; most of them perish in infancy; some are coddled into childhood; many of them die in adolescence, like little Eva, surrounded by sorrowing friends. Once in a blue moon is born a sturdy baby—such was this famous play. It had no mother—Harriet Beecher Stowe had nothing to do with the dramatization; like her own Topsy, it "jest grewed." The first versions were made by barn-stormers, with scissors and paste; they chopped dialogue from the book, interpolated stage business, and there was the finished drama. Nobody bothered about literary property in those good old days; Mrs. Stowe expected no royalties, and received none. There were many versions, and all drew well. There were many companies—white, colored, and parti-colored. There were companies where the stage-hands in the wings bayed deep-mouthed "Woof! Woof!" while Eliza crossed on the ice. There were other companies with real bloodhounds—moral dogs of high pedigree. The old play was actor-proof. It never failed until high-brow dramatists made new versions late in the nineties; these failed to draw. In the nineteen-twenties "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced on the screen.

"The Black Crook" was first produced at Niblo's Gardens, New York, at the end of the sixties. It began again in the seventies; run succeeded run in New York and other large cities. It was produced in San Francisco in the seventies, as told elsewhere, with two competing companies. It lay dormant for some years and broke out again. In New York, in 1892, it ran for

eight months; in Boston, in 1893, it ran for five months; in Chicago, in 1893, it ran throughout the Fair. At about the same time it was played in San Francisco under another name, to avoid copyright litigation. It was revived in New York in 1929.

Joseph Jefferson played "Rip Van Winkle" for many years to large audiences. On his death the leading part was taken by his son. But the piece did not draw well.

Frank Chanfrau played "Kit" profitably for over fourteen years. On his death the part was taken by his son. But the piece did not draw well.

James O'Neill played "Monte Cristo" successfully for over fifteen years. During that period the piece was also performed by Charles Fechter and other rivals. But none of them could hold the stage against O'Neill.

These three instances would seem to show that while "the play's the thing," sometimes it is the player.

Denman Thompson played "The Old Homestead" from 1886 till after 1900. In various engagements in one New York theatre and in one Boston theatre he drew over a million and a third of dollars. Of what he drew in other cities there is no record.

"Way Down East" was written by Lottie Blair Parker, and purchased by Joseph R. Grismer and William A. Brady. It was remodelled to some extent by Joseph R. Grismer. It ran for over fifteen years on the speaking stage. Phœbe Davies (Mrs. Grismer) played the heroine for a long period; often she attempted to leave the rôle, of which she wearied, for other plays. But the box-office always called her back. Some time after her death the screen rights were sold for a large sum.

Fanny Davenport began in 1883 producing a group of Sardou plays to which she had purchased the American rights. Among them were "Cleopatra," "Fedora," "Gismonda," "La Tosca." Robert B. Mantell was her leading man until 1887. She performed these pieces to large business; for a time she drew fifty thousand dollars a month with her Sardou repertoire. After her death, in 1898, her widower and former leading man, Melbourne McDowell, continued them with various leading ladies for a number of years, until he left the stage for motion pictures.

"Diplomacy," an English version of Sardou's play "Dora," was first played in the United States at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 1, 1878. In the cast were Lester Wallack, H. J. Montague, J. W. Shannon, Rose Coghlan, and others. At the close of the New York run of some months, the Wallack company took the play on tour; at San Francisco it was doing large business when H. J. Montague suddenly died.

In 1879, another "Diplomacy" company while touring the country stopped at Marshall, Texas. On the railway platform

James Currie, a drunken ruffian, offered indignities to one of the actresses. Maurice Barrymore and Benjamin Porter came to her rescue. Currie pistolled both actors, wounding Barrymore and killing Porter. Currie was tried, and freed by a Texas jury.

"Diplomacy" was revived many times in New York and other cities during the last century. In the nineteen-hundreds "all-star companies" toured the country successfully with the old play. Such a cast performed it in 1928—half a century after its first American production.

"A Scrap of Paper," an English version of Sardou's play "Les Pattes de Mouche," was first produced in the United States at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on March 10, 1879; it was revived in New York City and Brooklyn in 1880, 1881, 1884, 1886, 1887, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1894, 1895. In the various casts were Lester Wallack, Rose Coghlan, Effie Germon, Pearl Eytinge, Thomas Jefferson, Ada Dyas, E. H. Sothorn, Helen Dauvray, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Henrietta Crossman, Ida Vernon, and others. In the nineteen-hundreds the play in new adaptations under different names was frequently revived.

The Sardou play "Divorçons" under that title was first played in English in the United States at Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, on March 14, 1882; Alice Dunning Lingard was the star. The same year it was played in New York in French by Paola Marie. It was played by Eleonora Duse in Italian at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. It was revived in 1883, in 1885, in 1886, in 1888, in 1893, in 1895, in 1896, in 1897 (by two companies), in 1898. With the new century it was revived a number of times.

Under various titles, Sardou's "Nos Intimes" was played in the United States, off and on, for thirty years. Mrs. Langtry played a version at first called "A Wife's Peril;" later, "Peril." Coquelin and Jane Hading played the piece in French in New York in 1894.

"La Tosca" was played in English by Fanny Davenport for a number of years, as already noted. Sarah Bernhardt played it in French throughout the United States in 1891. Sardou's story in operatic form, and under the same title, still holds the boards in the twentieth century.

Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" was played in English in New York in 1895 by Kathryn Kidder; in French by Gabrielle Réjane. It was revived in New York in 1896, in 1897, in 1898, in 1899, in 1900, in 1901. In that year it was done by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. Ada Rehan played Madame Sans-Gêne at Daly's Theatre.

Of the seventy Sardou plays, twenty-seven were produced in the United States in English; many of the others were given in

French, because based on French laws, institutions, or politics not interesting to Americans. "Rabagas," for example, is a satire on Gambetta. All produced in the United States were successful, and certain of them held the stage for years and drew large houses.

As practically all the Sardou plays in the United States were produced from London versions by English playwrights it is probable that the plays were equally successful in England.

Sardou seems to have been the most successful dramatist of the latter half of the nineteenth century. No playwright, English, French, or American, had so many original plays produced in the United States; this, of course, excludes Dion Boucicault, who like Molière took what he wanted wherever he found it. No modern playwright held the boards for so many years as Sardou. And while the elder Dumas's single sure-shot "Monte Cristo" probably drew more money than any single Sardou play, it did not draw a tithe of what all the Sardou successes drew.

Grand Opera since the Seventies

Concerning grand opera, these notes begin practically with the early seventies, so it is unnecessary to rehearse here the many failures in grand opera in New York prior to that period. Max Maretzek was one of the most indomitable among the early managers, but even he failed at last. Strakosch was another plucky impresario. There was a struggle over the Astor Place Opera House, but it was forced to close. Out of its disbanded singers the Academy of Music began to build up a company; in the course of years it too failed, to be succeeded by the Metropolitan Opera House.

Philadelphia built in 1856 a large and handsome Academy of Music, but never succeeded in anything like continuity in giving seasons of opera there.

New Orleans in the early days supported opera more continuously than any American city. The "French Opera House," as it was called, shows that it drew more from Paris than from any other musical centres. Opera attracted brilliant audiences for years in the old French Opera House, and it was the scene also of many of the gorgeous Mardi Gras balls of the Pickwick Club, an exclusive social organization of New Orleans.

The lyric drama has always been an exotic in the United States, very likely in England also. The masses here do not care for grand opera. The new-rich go; most of the husbands are frankly bored; all the wives pretend they like it. But women are inclined to go to any function where they can appear "dressed

up ; ” in rural districts they even go to church : “ *Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* ”

Grand opera has never paid in the United States. In the large cities of continental Europe the grand opera-houses are nearly all subsidized, although there is a much larger contingent of opera-lovers there than in the United States. However, there is little snobbishness about the European opera-goers ; those among the masses who love opera can gratify their taste at a very low cost—sometimes as low as fifteen or twenty cents in our money. At La Scala and at the San Carlo I have seen handsome army officers in the cheapest place, scanning the boxes through their opera-glasses, and hastening to become guests at a signal. No one thought any the less of them because they were not rich. In our country poor young men with a taste for opera would be covered with shame if found in the gallery. In fact, like the second cabin on steamships, the gallery in American theatres seems to be disappearing.

In England, as in the United States, grand opera has never really taken root. Covent Garden—as an opera-house—dated only from 1858. The theatre was built in 1733 ; was twice destroyed by fire ; was thrice rebuilt. In 1847, Italian opera was essayed, but heavy losses stopped it. In 1858, grand opera was again put on ; since then, during the London season, with many lapses, opera has held the stage. It has been recently announced that after the season of 1932 the famous opera-house would be torn down to add to Covent Garden Market. What facilities there will be in London for opera after Covent Garden goes remains to be seen. Like the Metropolitan in New York, it never catered to the masses. Sir Thomas Beecham, a wealthy friend of music, was engaged in organizing an “ Opera League ” as the end of Covent Garden drew near ; his aim was to render it possible for people of modest means to enjoy opera in England.

When grand opera was attempted in the United States in the seventies, it did not pay. Of course there were good-sized audiences, made up largely of people who considered opera a social rather than a musical function ; but there were not enough of them to make the venture a paying one, and the masses did not go. As a result, manager after manager went under. Abbey, Maretzek, Grau, Hammerstein—all lost money. Some opera stars, like Patti, made money, but the managers lost.

There were two groups of plutocrats in New York, one the older rich, the other the newer rich. The older rich were entrenched in the boxes of the Academy of Music, where seasons of opera were given when there were any. The newer-rich group found themselves excluded from the boxes—hence revolt. At that time the older group—descendants of fishermen and smugglers,

peddlers and pirates—looked down on the newer group—children of stockbrokers, shopkeepers, and persons who sold things. The descendants of John Jacob Astor—German immigrant from the village of Waldorf, and peddler of furs—looked down on the children of Jay Gould, in his youth a peddler. The Astors also sniffed at the Vanderbilts, descendants of that stout Dutchman, Cornelius Van Der Bilt, who ferried passengers in his periauger between the Battery and Staten Island. Thus the landed millionaires looked down on the railroad millionaires, these on the oil millionaires, and the oil Crœsuses to-day still rate the movie and motor millionaires as “new rich.”

The group of rich New Yorkers who could not shine in the glittering horse-shoe at the Academy formed a corporation and erected a large and costly building, the Metropolitan Opera House. This was in 1883. It was opened with much pomp, the first stars being Christine Nilsson and Italo Campanini. In time the old Academy faded before the brilliance of its rival, and the Metropolitan became *the* opera-house of New York.

It was about the time of this great social revolution that the Vanderbilts sent out invitations for a fancy-dress ball to take place at their twin connecting mansions on Fifth Avenue. New York fashion was all agog—nothing else was talked of. The younger Astors wanted to go, but the lack of social relations prevented. Finally, after much diplomatic maneuvering, a bridge was thrown across the social gulf, as between the Vatican and Italy under Mussolini. The elders exchanged calls, the young Astors were invited, and thereafter the Vanderbilts were recognized as being in the most sacrosanct circles of the Four Hundred.

Maurice Strakosch—who married Adelina Patti's sister Amalia—was an enterprising manager in the beginning of the seventies. In 1871, he brought out Christine Nilsson, first in concerts, then in opera. In the next two or three years, in collaboration with Max Strakosch, he gave seasons of opera with Nilsson, Cary, Capoul, Brignoli, Campanini, Maurel, Del Puente, and Scolara. All of these singers were then young. Concerning Brignoli, the present writer remembers of him that he invariably wore white kid gloves, whatever his rôle. What would he have done with Manrico's lute in the “Miserere,” had it not been played off stage?

Diego de Vivo was a unique personality among opera managers. His first visit to San Francisco was in 1868, when he travelled across the continent with the Parepa Rosa Opera Company. This was a year before the transcontinental railway was completed, hence much of the journey was made by stage-coach. Other companies that De Vivo was connected with were the Kellogg and States troupe; the Aimée Opera Bouffe Company; Wachtel,

the famous German tenor ; Ilma di Murska ; Carlotta Patti, sister to Adelina, a fine singer whose lameness confined her to concerts ; and various minor opera companies and concert organizations.

De Vivo relates that Parepa Rosa fell madly in love with Brignoli, the tenor of her company, and they became engaged. Brignoli, however, continued to flirt with other ladies in the company, and Parepa, in a fit of jealous pique, proposed to Carl Rosa, first violin, and they were married. As a result the Carl Rosa Opera Company was formed.

De Vivo died at New York in 1898 ; poor like most opera managers—so poor that he was buried by the Actors' Fund.

De Vivo said of Adelina Patti that the wonderful preservation of her voice was due originally to her training in the old Italian school, by her mother, her father, and her half-brother Antonio Barili, good singers and teachers all. It was maintained by her rigid rules concerning food, drink, and exercise. Likewise her contracts always demanded certain operas and concert songs that were suited to her register and her voice. She never attended rehearsals, so avoided fatigue ; she never sang when indisposed or when not in perfect voice, no matter how much money was at stake ; she never forced her voice for effect ; and in thirty-seven years she never sang more than ten times a month. De Vivo used to say of Patti that she led a life of privation and hard labor.

J. H. Mapleson began as a manager in the United States in 1878, when he brought hither an opera company of one hundred and forty persons, among them Etelka Gerster, Minnie Hauk, Trebelli, Valeria, Campanini, Frapolli, Galassi, Del Puente, and Foli. Arditi was the conductor. During eight successful months Mapleson gave nearly two hundred performances, visiting New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Washington. The next year he did not do so well. The third tour, with some changes in the company, he visited cities further west, and his singers appeared at the Cincinnati Operatic Festival, which was a great success. In 1882, a second Operatic Festival was held at Cincinnati, which was only fairly successful. A third in 1883 included Albani, Patti, Scalchi, and Fursch-Madi as prima donnas. The fourth festival was secured by Henry Abbey ; then began the rivalry between the two managers which eventually ruined both.

The owners of the New York Academy of Music offered it rent free to Manager Mapleson to fight the new Metropolitan. For a time the war went on, but the Metropolitan people offered such high salaries that Mapleson was forced to give up the fight.

While Mapleson was coming to grief in the West, Abbey was struggling with fate in the East. His management of the Metropolitan ended with a crash at the close of the season of 1884. He

was said to have lost \$250,000, most of it borrowed money. Much sympathy was expressed for him, and the New Yorkers gave him a benefit which netted him \$80,000.

Abbey had been successful in managing dramatic stars. He made money on Sarah Bernhardt's tour in 1880; he made money with Henry Irving; also with Mrs. Langtry. Yet as soon as he made money in other lines, he hastened to lose it in opera. It is strange what a fascination opera exercises over managers.

Despite his failure with the Metropolitan Opera House, Abbey organized a partnership with Maurice Grau and John B. Schoeffel in 1890, and again brought an opera troupe to this country. It included Patti, Albani, Nordica, Fabbri, Carbone, Ravelli, Tamagno, and others. In 1891 he brought another company, which included Emma Eames, Marie Van Zandt, Lilli Lehmann, Emma Albani, Sofia Scalchi, Giulia Ravogli, Jean de Reszké, Edouard de Reszké, and others. In 1893-94, Abbey and Grau had in their company Emma Calvé, Nellie Melba, Sigrid Arnoldson, Pol Plançon, and others. Calvé created a sensation that season with her *Carmen*. In 1895-96, the company was about the same, but although business seemed to be good the tour was not completed. Abbey died in October, 1896, greatly regretted. He was a kindly man, much loved by his operatic artists, who usually quarrel ceaselessly with their managers.

Patti was in New York in 1883 after an absence of over twenty years abroad. She was running a concert tour herself, with a man in her employ acting as manager. The price she set for tickets seemed to the public too high for concert, and she was about abandoning her tour when Abbey offered to conduct it, which offer she accepted. A fierce rivalry then broke out between Abbey and Mapleson for Patti's services the next season. Abbey had opened the new Metropolitan with Nilsson, Scalchi, Fursch-Madi, Sembrich, Campanini, Capoul, Del Puente, and others. Mapleson had the Academy of Music with the promise of Patti, with Gerster, Nordica, Galassi, and others. Abbey tried to win Patti from him by higher offers. The two bid against each other, and finally, when Mapleson offered \$5000 a night, Abbey withdrew.

The two companies began touring at the same time. Both played Chicago on the same dates, and both lost money. Mapleson concluded to do away with Abbey's rivalry by a transcontinental trip to the Pacific Coast. To transport a large opera company so far, over so much sparsely settled country, was a bold venture. Mapleson was game, however; he played at Denver, at Salt Lake,

even at Cheyenne, then a small town. And finally he reached San Francisco, where the company had a sensational success.

The great excitement at San Francisco over the Mapleson company is partly accounted for by the foregoing facts—the rivalry between the two factions of the rich opera-goers in New York; Patti's return after twenty years; her prestige as a marquise; the quarrel between the two managers; the operatic duel in Chicago; the propaganda of the prima donnas—all of these things made a grand transcontinental crescendo, of which San Francisco was the high note.

The price of seats—seven dollars—was then spoken of as high. It was extremely high for San Francisco in those days, when the theatres charged from twenty-five cents in the gallery to a dollar and a half for dress-circle and orchestra, and a dollar for the balcony. In the nineteen-twenties, when New York makes suckers pay eight or nine dollars a seat for musical farces and nude "revues," seven dollars for grand opera with great singers seems cheap.

It was in March, 1884, that Adelina Patti first appeared in San Francisco. The first bill was "*La Traviata*;" the place, the Grand Opera House; the orchestra seats, seven dollars. Even at this enhanced price people stood in line all night awaiting the opening of the box-office. There was much social as well as musical excitement over the opera season, and the audiences were brilliant. Patti sang in "*Il Trovatore*" on March 18; in "*Crispino e la Comare*" on March 22; in "*Linda di Chamounix*" on March 25; in concert at the Mechanics' Pavilion on March 27; in "*Crispino*" at a matinee on March 29. At this matinee George T. Bromley, a prominent clubman, made an address to Patti between the acts, presenting her with a diamond souvenir, the gift of a group of citizens.

It will be noticed that her rôles in the foregoing operas were not exigent.

During this season another prima donna, Etelka Gerster, sang, alternating with Patti. She was then in her prime, and was a fine artist. While she did not draw as large houses as Patti, she drew very well. There was supposed to be much rivalry, not to say jealousy, between the two artists—at least in the newspapers. It was zealously propagandized by the astute manager, J. H. Mapleson.

In 1887, Patti made her second visit to San Francisco. She gave five concerts, on January 24 and 29, February 1, 3, and 9. In these, the programmes were made up of single acts from "*Semiramide*," "*Faust*," "*Martha*," "*Linda di Chamounix*," "*La Traviata*," and "*Lucia*." Luigi Arditi was the conductor, and the manager was Marcus Mayer. At the last concert a man

attempted to throw a crude bomb from the balcony at Patti, but it exploded prematurely, and wounded him; he was found to be insane. The present writer recalls as a remarkable fact that most of the audience remained in ignorance of what took place until next day, when they read the morning paper; they supposed a noisy scuffle merely had taken place in the balcony.

Patti's last appearances in San Francisco were in two concerts on January 7 and 11, 1904, at the Grand Opera House.

Patti's 1903-4 tour of the United States was under the management of Robert Grau, brother of Maurice. It was not successful financially, and in March, 1904, Patti cancelled her remaining engagements. Her farewell to the United States was at a crowded concert in Madison Square Garden. Her last professional appearance was in concert at London in 1908, although she sang several times afterward for World War funds. She died in 1919, aged seventy-six. It is estimated by managers that she earned over four million dollars by her voice.

Patti was married three times—first, to the Marquis de Caux; second, to Ernesto Nicolini; third, to Baron Cederstrom, a Swedish nobleman. Nicolini watched her carefully, to see that she adhered rigidly to her physician's regulations concerning diet, etc. After Nicolini's death she continued this regimen. As a result, she retained her voice, her health, and a presentable appearance to a very advanced age.

When Patti sang with Mapleson she was in the habit of exacting cash before the curtain rose. At one time she was receiving \$5000 for each performance. The waits which mystified the San Francisco audiences in 1884 were due to delay in this regard. Large as were Mapleson's advance sales, he was always pressed for money, and Patti determined to get hers first. She got it. Mapleson was continually surrounded by hordes of bill collectors and sheriffs' deputies.

Patti's contracts stipulated that her name on all posters should be one-third larger than that of any other singer in the company. In 1885, she and Emma Nevada were singing at the Chicago Festival, and Patti discovered that Nevada's name was a couple of inches taller than the contract stipulated. Nicolini insisted that the manager should have an attendant bring a ladder; this done, Nicolini mounted the ladder, and measured the guilty printing with a tape-line. As a result, the manager was forced to change Nevada's name to smaller letters.

When Mapleson returned to New York after his successful season in San Francisco, he found that Abbey had failed in his season at the Metropolitan, and retired with a heavy loss. Mapleson thus secured some of Abbey's singers, and his company then included Patti, Emma Nevada, Hauk, Scalchi, Bauer-

meister, Dotti, Ravelli, Nicolini, Del Puente, and others. Emma Nevada then made her New York début. Patti celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversary in New York, by singing "Lucia," in which she had made her first appearance there. The first performance of "Manon Lescaut" in America was given, with Minnie Hauk, Del Puente, and Giannini. The season was a brilliant one, but it closed with a quarrel between the Academy of Music directors and Mapleson, who took his company on tour. They played Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, Topeka, St. Joseph, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, where there was a repetition of the success of the previous season. Emma Nevada, a daughter of the West, was enthusiastically received. The company returned to Chicago, where they played two successful weeks at an operatic festival. Mapleson took back to England profits of \$150 000.

The next season—1885-86—he was not so fortunate. The new American Opera Company was a dangerous rival in New York, and Mapleson took to touring. Patti was not with him this year, his leading singer being Minnie Hauk. He played in leading Western cities, but illness and quarrels among members of the company brought about financial troubles. Mapleson hoped to recover himself, as before, in San Francisco, but the engagement was a failure. Minnie Hauk quarreled with Ravelli, for whose conduct Mapleson had to give a bond. Ravelli then quarreled with Mapleson, brought suit, and attached the box-office and all Mapleson's property; the manager was unable to pay hotel bills, and the company was *in extremis*. Mapleson succeeded in getting out of California with much difficulty. Across the continent trouble pursued him; strikes and quarrels among chorus and orchestra were frequent. Attachments and sheriffs' writs were household words. Even when quitting the country after the minion of the law departed in a small boat, Mapleson boarded her with the aid of a friendly Inman captain.

This practically ended Mapleson's operatic career in the United States.

Opera in Various Languages

Before the seventies there had been various unsuccessful attempts at giving German opera in New York. At last, in 1871, success was achieved with "Lohengrin," which ran two weeks at the Stadt Theatre. The singers are now completely forgotten. In 1874, Strakosch's company gave "Lohengrin," with Nilsson, Cary, Campanini, Del Puente, and other singers. Its success encouraged other companies, among them one headed by Madame

Fabbri, later well known in San Francisco. In 1875, a company managed by D. de Vivo gave German opera in New York; it was headed by Wachtel and Eugenie Pappenheim. In 1876, the first American performance of "The Flying Dutchman" by the Kellogg Opera Company was given in New York; it was followed by a Wagner festival, in which this opera was supplemented by "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Die Walküre," with Brünnhilde sung by Eugenie Pappenheim. In 1878, a short season was given by Madame Pappenheim in which "Rienzi" was sung for the first time in America; during this season the rôle of Ortrud in "Lohengrin" was sung by Madame Rudersdorff, the mother of Richard Mansfield. All of these attempts at German opera were financially successful.

In 1880, Theodore Thomas gave "Die Gotterdämmerung" with Campanini as Siegfried. In 1884, Thomas began a series of Wagner festivals, for which he brought to this country three noted Wagner singers, Materna, Scaria, and Winkelmann.

The subscribers to the Metropolitan began to clamor for German opera after Abbey's failure there. The directors finally sent Dr. Leopold Damrosch abroad to engage singers for a season of German opera. He secured Madame Materna, Madame Hanfstangl, and others. The season opened successfully with "Tannhäuser." Dr. Damrosch died early in the season, and was succeeded by Anton Seidl. For a time German opera reigned at the Metropolitan. The present writer had the opportunity to hear a number of fine performances there in the eighties—the finest Wagner performances he ever heard. Still, Wagner enthusiasts claim that no one has ever heard the Master's works outside of Bayreuth.

Seidl had been a member of Richard Wagner's household for five years, acting as secretary, music copyist, and chorus-master. He was sent by Wagner to superintend the production of "The Ring" at Vienna, Berlin, and London, and later at other lesser cities. The Metropolitan was under his management when the present writer had the privilege of hearing Madame Materna and Madame Lilli Lehmann in certain of the Wagner operas.

Seidl retired in 1891 to become conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society. The Metropolitan was then given over to Italian and French opera. In 1895, Seidl again became director of the Metropolitan, where he remained until his sudden death in March, 1898. During the season under Seidl, in 1886-87, "Die Meistersinger" was performed for the first time in America; also, "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," "Die Gotterdämmerung," and "Das Rheingold." Among the male singers Niemann, Fischer, and Alvary were the most notable.

For several seasons during the nineties Walter Damrosch

managed German opera companies in New York and other cities. He brought over some new singers, among them Madame Johanna Gadski, who became a great favorite. Ernestine Schumann-Heink came to America at that time, and joined the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1897. Thirty-two years later, in 1929, she sang her farewell at the same opera-house, in the rôle of Erda in "Das Rheingold;" the enthusiasm of her auditors almost "stopped the show."

In 1897-98, Walter Damrosch and Charles A. Ellis gave opera seasons made up of singers from various companies, one of the new-comers being Madame Nellie Melba. The company with this prima donna played in San Francisco, the occasion being made memorable by a bursting steam-pipe causing an alarm of fire; when the audience had been quieted, another alarm came—this time from a real fire close at hand. Melba fainted, and the performance was thrown into confusion.

In 1898, Maurice Grau made up a grand opera company from the wrecks of three others, his singers being Italian, French, and German. Among them were Marcella Sembrich; Lilian Nordica; Emma Eames; Lilli Lehmann; Ernestine Schumann-Heink; Suzanne Adams; Marie Engle; for tenors, Jean de Reszké, Albert Saleza, Andreas Dippel, Henri Albers, Salignac, Van Dyck; for baritones and basses, Victor Maurel, Edouard de Reszké, David Bispham, Von Rooley, Pol Plançon, Campanini, Jacques Bars, Carbone, Muhlmann.

Truly, a galaxy of stars. One performance for a memorial to Anton Seidl brought in \$16,000.

Another famous performance was that of "Don Giovanni," Mozart's masterpiece, rarely played because it is so difficult to cast it. Maurel played the wicked Don; Lehmann, Donna Anna; Nordica, Donna Elvira; Sembrich, Zerlina; Edouard de Reszké, Leporello; Carbone, Massetto; Salignac, Don Ottavio. What a cast! Think of it, opera-lovers, and weep that you may not hear it, for all of these song-birds are gone. Can you not hear the minuet music sounding in your ears as such a Don Giovanni leads such a Zerlina from the dance, with such a Leporello hovering near as rear-guard?

During the eighties and nineties a number of grand opera companies entered the United States unheralded, from Latin America. Sometimes they came from Havana or Mexico, generally opening in New Orleans; frequently they came from the west coast of Mexico, Central, or South America, generally opening in San Francisco. They were usually made up of Italian singers and Italian managers. Some of them were excellent, such as the Bianchi-Montaldo and the Bracale companies. Yet all failed. A few of the singers succeeded in securing employment here, but

most of them were left in a strange land without money under very trying circumstances.

Grand opera in English has never done well in the United States. The excuse has always been that European stars could not sing in English, and that we had no American stars of the first magnitude. In 1886, however, an attempt was made to test the matter. Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, a music-lover of wealth, founded the National Conservatory of Music in New York; she also advanced one hundred thousand dollars toward starting "The American Opera Company, Limited." Theodore Thomas was conductor; among the singers were Emma Juch, Helen Hastreiter, Pauline L'Allemand, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Kate Bensberg, Annie Montague, Mathilde Phillips, William Fessenden, Tom Karl, William Candidus, Myron Whitney, and others. The company did not do well financially, and its name was changed to "The National Opera Company," with the hope of attracting shareholders. They did not materialize. Theodore Thomas resigned, saying that his salary was unpaid. The enterprise collapsed.

In 1900, another attempt was made at grand opera in English. Henry W. Savage organized the "Metropolitan Grand English (sic) Opera Company," which opened in that year at the Metropolitan, New York. The principal singers were good, but not great; about the only one whose name is recalled to-day was Zélie de Lussan. The chorus and orchestra were excellent, and the operas were produced in good style. None the less, the enterprise did not succeed. The company played in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and some other cities, and broke up in Washington in January, 1901.

Some years later Mr. Savage made highly successful tours with opera in English, playing one company exclusively in "Madame Butterfly," which might be called grand opera, and the other in "The Merry Widow," which certainly is not.

In 1888, a company called "The Castle Square Company" played in Boston, New York, Chicago, and other cities with fair success. Some of the bills were grand opera, but most of them were light opera. This enterprise lasted five years.

"The Scarlet Letter," by Walter Damrosch, and "Natoma," by Victor Herbert, grand operas, were well spoken of, but have not held the stage.

While the story of grand opera tours in the United States is not encouraging, the reverse is the case with light opera. The Gilbert and Sullivan favorites were successful from their first productions in 1879; they were revived frequently; they held

the stage against all rivals. In 1929, a D'Oyly Carte English company played three weeks in San Francisco to crowded houses, giving "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Ruddigore," "Iolanthe," and "Trial by Jury." This company also played successfully in Canada and some Western cities in the United States.

The light operas of Lecocq, Audran, Planquette, Offenbach, Suppé, Strauss, Genée, and others, in English translations, ran successfully throughout the United States for a number of years.

Reginald De Koven's "Robin Hood" toured successfully for six or seven years. He followed it with another, which was not so successful. During all this time he was incubating his *magnum opus*, "The Canterbury Pilgrims." It had the hard fate to receive its first production on the night that the United States entered the war against Germany, and the excited audience dispersed, in no mood for opera. Had "The Canterbury Pilgrims" been viable, it would, like Lazarus, have come to life later, but it never did.

Among light operas of the eighties "Erminie" was the most successful. It was produced at the Casino, New York, in May, 1886. The Casino was run by Rudolph Aronson; it was a new theatre, gorgeously decorated in Mauresque style; it was the furthest up town, and became a favorite with the public, regardless of the programme. After several other successful operettas, "Erminie" was produced; the composer was Jakobowski, a Pole; the librettist, Harry Paulton, an English comedian. The story is that of the old French play, "Robert Macaire," which character in "Erminie" is changed to Ravennes; Jacques Strop similarly becomes Cadeaux. The two are thieves, appearing in aristocratic salons under false pretenses. Ravennes (Robert Macaire) is the star part, and was then played by W. S. Daboll; but his partner in crime, Francis Wilson, who played Cadeaux, ran away with the play, and became a star. When the piece was produced Wilson was a minor comedian, receiving \$125 a week; as the run progressed his weekly salary was raised to \$600—a fantastic sum for those days. Pauline Hall was the original Erminie; Marion Manola the original Javotte. Both were great favorites and considered great beauties in those days. Marie Jansen joined the company shortly after the first production, and was also very successful.

"Erminie" ran for five hundred nights in New York City; later revivals brought it up to three successful seasons in the Metropolis. It drew for the Casino an average of \$7000 weekly, which was considered big money in those days. Tickets were a dollar and a half, and much indignation was expressed because speculators exacted two dollars. Times have changed—in New

York in the nineteen-twenties people pay seven to nine dollars to listen to a mediocre musical comedy.

The music of "Erminie," its solos, concerted pieces, marches, greatly pleased the audience; some of them, among others the "Lullaby," still figure in the sales of phonograph records and music rolls—a sure test of enduring popularity.

In the various revivals other artists figured, among them Lulu Glaser, Marguerite Sylva, Kittie Cheatham, Madge Lessing, Jenny Weatherby, Henry E. Dixey, De Wolf Hopper, James T. Powers, Alexander Clark, and others. But in all of them Francis Wilson remained the star. During "Erminie's" early years he purchased the American rights from Edouin and Sanger, and has retained them ever since. The piece was successfully revived in New York in 1921.

The present writer saw it during its first New York production over forty years ago. He remembers as if it were yesterday the elaborate idiocy of Francis Wilson as the disguised thief. Wilson was known to "Erminie" audiences as "the man with the funny legs." This was not a reflection on their symmetry—it referred to their eloquence. The actor seemed to be able to express joy, watchfulness, apprehension, suspicion, timidity, fear, panic-terror—all by means of his legs.

"Erminie" was performed in San Francisco after its successful run in the East.

The Offenbach operettas were very successful in the seventies and eighties. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at Offenbach's music. Other times, other tastes. None the less, for over a score of years, he made millions for himself, his managers, his stars, and an army of singers, musicians, scene-painters, costumers, property-men, ushers, ticket-takers, stage-hands. With the stage the box-office is the only test. Were he living to-day it is conceivable that he could write music suited to the taste of present-day audiences. When Arthur Sullivan began writing he was frequently called "the English Offenbach" by the London press.

Of Offenbach's enormous output, there is known in the United States to-day only a few "selections" on the music-rolls and the phonograph records. To select from these selections, there is but one piece that is perennially popular, and that is the Barcarole from the "Tales of Hoffmann"—his last opera, and probably his best. This opera is still sung at the Metropolitan, New York. It seems a small survival from the hard work of a quarter-century. The rolls and the records are very likely a fair gauge of public taste. Posterity is pitiless, but probably just.

In testing public taste, one might go from the music rolls and the phonograph records to the deeper depths of the radio. But the non-paying radio listeners who want what they want, but do

not want to pay for it; the paying radio advertisers, who want to put over on the listeners propaganda and "ad stuff" that they do not want to hear—here is such a mixture of motives that as a test of taste the radio is probably worthless.

In 1900, Madame Sembrich headed an opera and concert company which toured the United States under the management of C. L. Graff, who had for three years been manager of the Damrosch company. This company came as far west as San Francisco, when the sudden illness of Madame Sembrich brought its tour to an end.

In the season of 1899–1900 Emma Eames appeared for the first time in the United States as Aida, in which rôle she was very successful. Madame Nordica appeared as Brünnhilde in "The Ring," as Venus in "Tannhäuser," and in other Wagnerian rôles. Among other leading singers in that season were Madame Schumann-Heink, Madame Gadschi, Miss Zelig de Lussan, Madame Suzanne Adams, and Miss Susan Strong.

Among the men were Alvarez, Scotti, Edouard de Reszké, Plançon, Van Rooy, Campanini, Dippel, Salezar, and Salignac.

Albert Alvarez, despite his Spanish name, is a Frenchman. He was leading tenor for several years at the Grand Opera in Paris. While there he sang Romeo to Melba's Juliet. He was highly esteemed in Paris, but his coming to fill the place of Jean de Reszké led the New Yorkers to make comparisons which were not to his advantage.

Without going back to the very early times, the names of the most noted singers appearing in grand opera in the United States during the last quarter of the century would include

Patti	Melba
Nilsson	Nordica
Albani	Schumann-Heink
Scalchi	Tetrazzini
Gerster	Garden
Di Murska	Neilsen
Cary	Farrar
Kellogg	Fremstadt
Lucca	Eames
Hauk	Calvé
Homer	Gadski
Alda	Sembrich
Roze	Parepa Rosa
Scheff	Lehmann

Caruso	Materna
Scotti	Jean de Reszké
Bispham	Edouard de Reszké
Campanini	Plançon
Faure	Maurel
	Brignoli

The success of the Metropolitan in New York did not help such grand opera companies as still attempted touring. On the contrary, they suffered by reason of comparisons. Mapleson and other managers had retired from the field. The Metropolitan managers occasionally took their company to a few cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Atlanta, on an assured advance subscription; but this, of course, meant that no other opera company would dare to play those cities. Chicago finally organized a grand opera company of its own, financed by a group of rich men. It has been continued for a number of years, under many managerial difficulties, and with a heavy annual deficit.

Such was the situation in 1929. Grand opera throughout the United States generally had practically disappeared, except in two or three large cities. There was no opening locally for the thousands of young singers who were training for opera.

The present writer has been fortunate enough to attend during opera seasons in many of the capitals and other large cities of the old world—such as London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Vienna, Milan, Naples, Madrid, and also in Brussels, Stockholm, and lesser cities. He believes that at only one of these—Paris—could the season's performances surpass those at the New York Metropolitan in its heyday. The ensemble at the Grand Opera of Paris is—or used to be—perfection. An orchestra of seventy-five, many of them fine soloists; a perfectly drilled chorus; a magnificent *corps de ballet*, whose *premières danseuses* are supported by *coryphées* and *figurantes* who in other countries would be considered ballet stars; a school of young girls who study seriously to become stars, and who often figure in great ballets at the back of the enormous stage; scenery and costumes that are perfection; scenes that are marvels of stage-craft, as witness the great bridge over which the home-coming soldiers in "Faust" march, headed by their tall band-leader, and preceded by flying squads of excited children; a staff of specialists in music, history, literature, costuming, scene-painting, and scene-building; a collection of *maquettes*, or scene-models of opera productions, running back for many years; a vast library; a learned librarian; an enthusiastic and permanent personnel, devoted to their work; a powerful government to back up the workings of the Grand Opera; a loyal public to make up the audiences, hundreds of whom are *abonnés*—

permanent subscribers, occupying the same seats or boxes year after year.

The Metropolitan has its circle of box-holders, and a certain number of regular seat-subscribers; it has, of course, its stockholders to make up deficits, if any. But the mass of the public on which it relies for the bulk of its audiences is not made up of such genuine opera-lovers as are the *abonnés* of the Paris opera. Furthermore, the Metropolitan has found that the American public must always have opera stars of the first magnitude; an excellent ensemble will not draw large audiences—in New York. On the other hand, a cast including five or six high-priced stars will always draw several thousand dollars more than their high salaries total.

As a result, the Metropolitan Opera House audiences hear the highest-priced opera stars of the day. No European opera-houses can pay such prices. The Paris Opera, which is subsidized by the government, might do so, but will not. It always has excellent singers and frequently has also visiting stars of the highest grade; but Paris never puts on in one cast five or six such high-priced stars as New York does frequently—the Paris directors consider the cost prohibitive. Thus, those opera-lovers who reside in or near New York have the pick of the operatic stars of the world. Of course, these remarks may not apply to every season at the Metropolitan.

The financial power of the Metropolitan years ago resulted in forcing the European opera-houses to defer to its pleasure. The casts abroad are arranged to fit the Metropolitan schedule. In New York the opera season extends from early winter to late spring; after that, the song-birds take their flight abroad. Europe thus plays second fiddle to New York.

This condition has existed for many years. In the nineties a party of Americans attended the Metropolitan performances during the season. When the season closed in the spring the stars departed to fill their European engagements. The New York season is in winter; the Paris season ends with the Grand Prix—about June 20; the London season is in summer. The party of Americans went abroad at the end of April. They heard the same stars abroad as at home. They thus had an opportunity to compare the performances. They found that the New York production was almost equal to that of Paris, and superior to that of London. As for other European cities, the Metropolitan Opera House productions far surpassed them. The Berlin K. and K. Opera House (there are three opera-houses) was continually meddled with by William II. during his reign, and suffered from his whims and egotism, as did other forms of art; it was certainly inferior to the Metropolitan, and inferior, for that matter, to some other German opera-houses,

such as that at Dresden. In Italy, the opera productions were not first-class; lack of money forced economy. This American party saw in Italy dingy and often dirty theatres, makeshift scenery, shabby costumes, and limited orchestras. The chorus and orchestra were sometimes good, but not always.

While the Metropolitan Opera House excels Paris in the number and magnitude of its stars, Paris excels New York in the number and range of operas. At least it did before the War, when it was hospitable to German composers; since the War one may not expect that. During the exposition of 1900 the Paris Opera gave forty representations of Wagner; New York the same year gave thirty-four. The total performances at the Paris Opera that year were 228; at the Metropolitan 86.

The success of talking pictures in 1928 led to the beginning in 1929 of experiments at producing grand opera in similar fashion. If the one is feasible, why not the other? Nothing seems impossible in this marvelous age. We are all familiar with the reproduction of the voices of great lyric artists on the phonograph. They may not be perfect, but they are often very fine. Take the many records of Caruso, for example, of Galli-Curci, of Schumann-Heink, and others. The world is grateful to-day to Edison for its possession of records of Caruso's wonderful voice. There seems to be every probability that grand-opera performances may be given with the characters moving on the screen—perhaps in color—and the vocal and orchestral music synchronously.

In New York in 1929, plans were being prepared for a newer and grander Metropolitan opera-house further up town.

In Chicago, in 1929, the Civic Opera Company was housed in a gigantic sky-scraper, the rents from the commercial parts of which building it was thought would provide a subsidy in perpetuity.

In Rochester, in 1929, George Eastman, the kodak millionaire, was financing a civic opera company. It was believed that he would endow it.

The "Black Crook" and the British Blondes

It might be thought that undue prominence is given in these pages to "leg shows." Not so—the generation of "The Black Crook" epoch seemed to be absolutely daft over those spectacles. When Lydia Thompson brought her troupe of "British Blondes" to this country they needed no advertising; an intellectual press printed with avidity every scrap of news about those ladies—and their underpinnings. Every opening in every city was an event, theatrical and social. Lydia Thompson herself was not beautiful either in face or form, although on the stage she made

a presentable appearance; she was rather on the buxom order; the taste of the day inclined to opulent figures. In her troupe were three or four fairly handsome women. Eliza Weathersby was one (Nat Goodwin's first wife); Pauline Markham was another. Most of the ladies in the company would not compare with the young movie stars of the nineteen-twenties in beauty of face. Still, they made a good showing. They were, in fact, better than the plays in which they appeared—heavy British "burlesques," sprinkled with puns.

Looking back over the lapse of years, it is extraordinary what a furore was created by the Lydia Thompson company. It was not confined to the gilded youth who haunt stage doors, although they were much in evidence, of course. Men of light and leading yielded to the craze. Among them was Richard Grant White, a writer of note in his time. His specialty was philology, although his articles were couched in a popular vein, and addressed to readers whom the term "philology" might repel. He edited an edition of Shakespeare. He is forgotten to-day; the present generation might be faintly interested in hearing that he was the father of Stanford White, slain by Harry Thaw. But even that famous architect was killed in 1906, and that is a long time ago; he is in a fair way to be forgotten, like his father, Richard Grant White.

The father evinced an overweening interest in the Lydia Thompson British Blondes when they opened in New York. He wrote much then for the press, and it soon became apparent that his interest was focused on Pauline Markham. This lady was considered a great beauty by others beside Richard Grant White. Still, that a man of mature years, occupying a certain position in the public esteem, should so frankly publish his personal admiration for the lady in question rather surprised his admirers. Other writers were inclined to poke fun at this elderly Romeo. But White took matters most seriously, and resented any ridicule of his attachment. When the prudish portion of New York's feminine population objected—as they did—to Miss Markham's lavish display of her charms, and their objections were repeated in the press, White came to her rescue. He even went into minute detail over questions of apparel. Most of the British blondes wore costumes like those of men in Queen Elizabeth's time—a waist like the men's doublet, short trunks around the loins, and silk tights. Richard Grant White defended this costume, which he maintained was much more modest than the "provocative skirts of ballet girls." The prudish ladies of New York did not agree with him; however, their granddaughters display as much of their physical charms on the street as Pauline Markham did on the stage.

The question of feminine modesty was not settled then by men writing about it, nor is it now. Some wit remarked that it is a question of latitude.

Miss Markham wrote—or at least published—her autobiography soon after this discussion. It is a booklet merely, and made up principally of pleasing tales of young and old men driven to desperation by her charms. She did not—if memory serves—include Richard Grant White in her list of admirers. She very frankly told that her father and mother were domestic servants in an English noble family, and that she had been apprenticed to a milliner.

The Lydia Thompson troupe came to the United States first in 1868, and made a sensation. "The Black Crook" had been produced at Niblo's Garden not long before, and had given theatre-goers a taste for "leg shows" that made the Thompson troupe timely. Alexander Henderson, Miss Thompson's husband, was manager. On its second visit the show made so much money that some of the principals grew envious, seceded, and started a rival show, which they billed as "The British Blondes." This was the name generally applied by the public to "The Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company." The two organizations were touring the country in 1871, causing much confusion in the public mind; among the rival's principals were Liza Weber, Rose Massey, Amy Sheridan, Kate Santley, Harry Beckett, and W. B. Cahill. This company finally collapsed.

The original Lydia Thompson company ran for forty-five weeks at Wood's (later Daly's) Theatre, New York, and then transferred to Niblo's, where there was another long and successful engagement.

After its second visit the Lydia Thompson company crossed the continent, and played a highly successful engagement at San Francisco. Willie Edouin, then newly arrived from Australia, joined the company at San Francisco, and made a hit. Two other Australians, Emily Wiseman and John Hall, also joined the company at San Francisco. Among the pieces given were "Robinson Crusoe," "Oxygen," and "The Forty Thieves."

On their second visit the Lydia Thompson company had some new faces. Amy Sheridan succeeded Pauline Markham. Other additions were Rose Coghlan, Marie Williams, Lena Merville, Marion Elmore, Eliza Weathersby, and others. Miss Weathersby married Nat. C. Goodwin in 1877; she died in 1878, after a surgical operation.

Lydia Thompson's two seasons in the United States netted her quite a fortune, and she retired from the stage when she returned to England. But unfortunately she was tempted into managerial speculations, and lost practically all her money.

Manager M. B. Leavitt, while in England looking for attractions, decided that a "Lydia Thompson Blondes Farewell Tour" would be a success. Miss Thompson doubted it, saying, "Some of us have faded, you know." But the idea appealed to her, and a new company was organized. The only member of the original company was Miss Thompson herself; the other ladies were younger, more beautiful, and possibly more blonde; their names are no longer familiar. This company had a very successful tour, and Miss Thompson made another modest fortune. It is to be hoped that she kept it. It is painful to hear of these stage favorites dying, as many of them do, destitute in their old age.

Marie Aimée also lost heavily in theatrical ventures in France; however, she left about forty thousand dollars.

The vast wave of legs that swept over the land as a result of "The Black Crook" craze and the British blonde invasion alarmed the actresses of the "legitimate" stage, as it was then called. Many of these ladies, in self-defense, had to doff skirts and don tights. Those of them who appeared in Shakespeare drama developed an inordinate fondness for "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night." Adelaide Neilson, famed for her Juliet, Isabelle, and Cymbeline, laid them aside for Rosalind and Viola. She always drew well, but in these rôles she drew even more crowded houses. Rarely does one see a more beautiful woman in doublet and hose than was Adelaide Neilson masquerading as a boy. When she played "Twelfth Night" at the old California Theatre, Sebastian (the double of Viola) was taken by J. N. ("Nick") Long. They were about the same height, and when made up and costumed alike the resemblance was startling. They made a pretty pair.

Rose Coghlan favored Viola, and drew well in that rôle. She had a fine figure, as was the case with most of the actresses who yielded not unwillingly to the leg craze.

Marie Wainwright manifested a liking for "Twelfth Night," and revived that play—probably for curvilinear reasons, for it has a most unpleasant plot. When she played Viola she was a ripe beauty and looked well in silken fleshings, but never had so becorseted a boy trodden the boards.

Helena Modjeska was then making her way on the American stage. Finding no doublet-and-hose parts in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and other plays of her repertoire, she too fell back on Shakespeare and his girls garbed as boys.

Rose Coghlan, by the way, appeared as Rosalind in an open-air performance at "Castle Stevens," Stevens Point, Hoboken, in 1890, which the present writer witnessed. William Muldoon, the wrestler, was the star. It was for the benefit of some charity, and was promoted by the New York Four Hundred. The audience

was brilliant—dowagers, debs, sub-debs—swell toilets no end. It was a beautiful summer day, and in the middle of the third act claps of thunder opened the flood-gates of heaven, which poured on us a deluge. In two seconds the beautiful summer girls with their filmy gowns and Paris hats were bedrabbled and mad. The actors fled for the Stevens mansion, Rosalind in the lead; and it was remarked that the Coghlan legs were not beautiful merely, but admirable at sprinting.

One of the companies playing at the Grand Opera House in 1877 was headed by Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Louise Carey. Ilma di Murska was the *soprano leggero*; she had a high, flexible soprano, and excelled in the brilliant polacca in "Mignon." William Castle was the tenor. In this opera Miss Carey appeared in male garb, which consisted of a very full, long-skirted coat, voluminous breeches, and high baggy boots. The young ladies of the nineteen-twenties who appear in masquerades as "pirates," attired principally in bare backs, bare legs, and castellated boots, would snicker at Miss Carey's costume. During this engagement "Un Ballo in Maschera" was given, and tickets were sold at five dollars permitting visitors from the audience to walk on in mask and domino in the masked ball scene. The mass of the maskers with whom they rubbed elbows were paid fifty cents per night by the captain of the supers.

It may be thought that there is some extremely frank talk in these pages about tights and skirts in the old days and now. But the talk is not nearly so frank as is the exposition of feminine charms in these modern times. Modern women who display their figures so freely on the streets surely cannot object to comment on those of their sisters who displayed theirs on the stage.

The ladies of to-day, however, may comfort themselves with the thought that there is nothing new in their lavish display. This is proved by a very old English song, "My Ladye Greensleeves." The reader will recall that in the "Merry Wives" Falstaff says: "Let it thunder to the tune of 'Greensleeves'!" This was a ballad of the time of Henry VIII., and remained popular through Queen Elizabeth's reign, or Shakespeare would not have mentioned it. It is very long—two stanzas will suffice

Thy crimson stockings all of silk
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps as white as was the milk;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

Were it not for the archaic spelling one might think it was written yesterday about a flapper of to-day.

When "The Black Crook" was first put on in San Francisco, Tom Maguire had bought the rights for California, and produced it at his opera house. The clergy attacked it vigorously, denouncing the actresses' attire as "indecent." Yet the costume worn by Sallie Hinckley, the Stalacta of the show, would excite surprise to-day, it was so voluminous. Miss Hinckley was accredited with possessing a beautiful figure, but it was heavily draped.

Such, however, was the furore created by Maguire's marching amazons that his theatre was jammed. The Metropolitan Theatre, envious of his success, put on a show called "The Black Rook." The plots may have differed slightly, but the "Rook" also had girls in tights, so it shared the crowded houses with its rival. Thereupon the outraged Maguire applied for an injunction, and the resulting litigation made one of the leading copyright cases in the law-books.

When one of the British blonde troupes played in San Francisco, Elise Holt, a pretty little actress, wore a masculine costume of the Tudor time. When she appeared in the first act the extreme brevity of her trunks caused a distinct thrill of horror among the feminine part of the audience; the men seemed to bear it with more fortitude. When Miss Holt flung herself full length, with her silken-clad legs extended, upon a lounge, several prominent dowagers arose, and frowningly left the theatre.

Alice Dunning Lingard, who had pleased the ladies in drawing-room skirts, shocked them on one occasion with an unusual sort of skirt. She appeared at a benefit in a mixed programme, and sang a popular waltz song of the day, "Oh, how delightful." Her skirt consisted of a long silken train behind, and nothing much in front except tights; when she waltzed after each stanza, she gathered up the train over her arm, and then there was nothing but tights. This costume the more strait-laced of the ladies in the audience disapproved of highly; they gave mysterious reasons, such as "alternate concealment and disclosure." But her sister Dickey Lingard also appeared in songs at the same benefit wearing a "groom's costume with tight-fitting buckskin breeches and a very short coat." There was certainly no concealment about this costume, but it also was strongly condemned by the dowagers. Yet their granddaughters to-day wear almost the same costume at horse-shows and even while walking on the street on their way to the stables.

A troupe of British blondes once arrived at San Francisco

under the business management of Harry Wall. When they were leaving New York the elder Sothern, a great practical joker, adjured him to pay no attention to the San Francisco hotel-runners from other hotels, but to go only to the Cliff House. Wall was much impressed. When the troupe arrived he turned a deaf ear to the amazed hotel-runners' protests, and insisted on going to the Cliff House. His whole outfit, British beauties, blonde wigs, bags, baggage, and all, were soon on their way—six miles. When they arrived, and found that the Cliff House was only an ocean-side tavern with no accommodations, Harry Wall had to return with his caravan to town, swearing vengeance on Sothern.

When the Lydia Thompson Blondes were on one of their last tours, Emily Soldene wrote in a London theatre paper that she and Lydia Thompson were both shocked at the young women of the troupe. It seems that even at that early day—ten years after the first invasion—the girls objected to the prudish costumes designed by Miss Thompson, and were in the habit of pinning up their trunks as high on the hips as possible. Thompson and Soldene (she wrote) were in the habit, before the curtain rose, of making the girls remove the pins and pull down their trunks.

At the Chicago World's Fair the show "1492" ran for months. It also had Amazon marches by lightly clad young women. They far outstripped the British blondes of twenty years before. These blondes had a rule: "Tights, no low neck; low neck, no tights." This rule went by the board among the later Amazons. They wore bodices cut very décolleté in front and back; no sleeves; the bodices held up by invisible ribbons over the shoulders; microscopic trunks, looped high over their hips, presenting the appearance of having only a slight girdle around the loins; long tights; slippers. This costume was considered the limit in 1893.

San Francisco's Rialto in the Seventies

At the beginning of the seventies the theatrical centre of San Francisco was at Washington and Montgomery Streets. There still stood the two leading theatres, Maguire's Opera House and the Metropolitan Theatre. A block above was the Bella Union, which was rather a free-and-easy establishment; still, it was the cradle of many who afterwards became famous as stars, including Lotta, Eddie Foy, and others. Another theatre of the same class was Gilbert's, at Kearny and Clay. Joseph Murphy, later called "the richest actor in America," began at Gilbert's. Lotta also played there; she became "the richest actress in America." The "circus lot" was at Montgomery and Jackson.

The Academy of Music was on Pine, at Montgomery. The Eureka Theatre was on Montgomery near California. Platt's Hall was at Montgomery and Bush.

Cutting through what is now called Columbus Avenue put Maguire's Opera House and the Metropolitan Theatre out of commission. The drift of the town southwestward led to the further abandonment of the old theatrical district.

This quarter was not the theatrical centre only. The finest block the city then boasted—Montgomery Block—was also there; it was the headquarters of the leading lawyers. On Merchant Street, along the south side of Montgomery Block, were several French restaurants frequented by the bench and bar—John Jury's, Lantheau's, and others. At the same centre were the two most noted saloons of the day—the Bank Exchange (“two bits a drink”), frequented by the legal lights and other swells; across the street a saloon kept by John Torrence, husband of Mrs. Judah, a favorite actress; his place was the resort of the actors and those who foregathered with them. H. H. Bancroft's bookstore was at Merchant and Montgomery; Henry Payot's at Washington and Montgomery. Along Montgomery Street were established the fashionable tailors, milliners, jewelers, haberdashers, and dry-goods stores of the day. The car-line linking the two ends of the city then—“South Park to North Beach”—ran along Montgomery Street, and turned at the theatre corner, Washington, up the hill to Stockton, a level street; thence to North Beach, where were situated then many of the residences of wealthy and well-to-do citizens. At the other end of the line, on and around Rincon Hill, was another residence quarter devoted to the homes of the wealthy. Along Montgomery Street were banks, such as the Sather Bank, Donohoe-Kelly, John Sime & Co., and others. The Union Club was on Montgomery at California. The Pacific Club was on Montgomery near Bush. Opposite was Peter Job's, a restaurant and *patisserie* frequented by the swells. This was a “decent” restaurant; in the old days there were two kinds, the “decent” and those that were not; the French restaurants mostly were not. The afternoon promenade was down Washington to Montgomery, along Montgomery to Bush, up Bush to Kearny, along Kearny to Geary. During the palmy days one might see Barrett and McCullough strolling along together, immaculately dressed, and being saluted on every hand. Other actors and men about town made up the procession. The ladies did not appear much in the afternoon parade, they seeming to prefer the morning hours.

During the latter days of Maguire's Opera House one of the most successful engagements played there was that of the Lingards—William Horace Lingard, Alice Dunning, his wife, and

Dickie Lingard, his sister-in-law. Lingard gave a series of songs after the style of those popular in the London music-halls at that time—"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "The Lion of the Season," "Champagne Charley," etc., with "lightning changes." Alice Dunning appeared in curtain-raisers, but the public soon demanded more of her, and longer and more pretentious plays were given; one of these was "Frou Frou," in which she was very successful. Charles R. Thorne played opposite to her. Alice Dunning was greatly admired, by other women, for her beauty; like Lily Langtry later, she was a woman's star. Even a mere man may not deny, however, that she was a beautiful woman and a fine actress. Her photographs were to be seen in many drawing-rooms. When the Lingards succumbed to the demand for leg-shows, and put on the burlesque of "Pluto," she showed plainly that her beauty was not of face alone. Her sister Dickie also proved that the "Black Crook" ladies had no monopoly of physical charms. A philosophic observer might have noticed, however, that the San Francisco ladies who raved over the beautiful Alice Dunning restricted her photographs in their homes to those in modish afternoon or evening gowns.

Many years after this—in 1926—Lorin Lathrop, a former San Franciscan, filled a consular post in England. With an English friend he visited Charles House, one of those establishments in England devoted to old men—not charity institutions, but like that to which Colonel Newcome went when he was old. Lathrop noticed a vigorous old man with snow-white hair, whose black eyes seemed strangely familiar. The English friend secured an introduction, and the old man turned out to be Lingard. Although very old, his faculties were alert, and his memory keen. When the San Francisco engagement was mentioned, he recalled it with pleasure, and told incidents concerning it. Consul Lathrop asked about his beautiful and talented wife. "She is dead," Lingard replied, "dead many years ago." He paused. "Yes, she was a good actress. She was a good woman. And she was a good wife to me."

They bade him farewell, much interested in his retention of his vigor at so advanced an age. He died in 1927 in his ninetyeth year.

When the Lingards were playing in San Francisco in the seventies a young Englishman, Davison Dalziel, was in their train; he had become enamored of Dickie Lingard, and they were married. Dalziel started a daily in San Francisco—it failed; a paper in Chicago—it failed; a paper in New York—it failed. He went to London, generally considered the most difficult city in the world in which to make a fortune. He died there in 1928, leaving over eleven millions (in dollars). All of this he

bequeathed to his wife, in a will of only a few sentences, in which he spoke earnestly of her love and devotion to him during their married life of fifty-two years.

Thus did these two sisters' husbands—in a day of many divorces—speak of their wives. Actresses have been looked upon as being more prone to divorce than other women, although in these divorcing days that would seem difficult to believe. The case of these two sisters seems to be a marked exception.

A block away from Maguire's and the Metropolitan—on the edge of the theatrical centre—was the "circus lot," on Jackson Street, at Montgomery. The circus lot was horsey by heredity. It had been used fifteen years before—in the days when the horse was the only means of transportation—as a mustang corral. At the gate you paid five dollars, entered, caught, and haltered your mustang. If you were a sybarite, a *vaquero* caught him for you; price, ten dollars.

The circus was an infrequent show on the Coast in the old times; the trans-continental trip was long, and west of the Missouri the towns were few. An occasional visitor was G. Chiarini. His circus route was not trans-continental, but inter-continental. His circus ring was the vast Pacific Ocean. Around its shores he made his circuit, playing "las tres Americas"—North, Central, and South America. After doing this hemisphere, north and south of the Equator, he often took his troupe across and around the Pacific. He played in Australasia, in Oceania, in equatorial isles like Borneo, Sumatra, Java. After intervals of many months he would drop, unannounced, into San Francisco. The town always received him with enthusiasm.

Chiarini transported no zoo—his only animals were circus horses. His show was a good one—equestrianism, acrobatics, daring trapeze stunts—only one ring.

Even in our law-abiding country the history of the circus is filled with bloody battles, not to speak of Mother Nature's playful tricks, such as tornadoes. Chiarini's circus had to cope with all of these, and sometimes in semi-civilized lands to face primitive populations that had gone crazy. Then there was pestilence—small-pox, cholera, yellow fever, bubonic plague.

There was in his troupe a circus "family" of acrobats—the Brown family: three fine, stalwart gymnasts and a dainty little creature, Fanny Brown, the wife of one of them. They used to toss her around like a rubber ball, and she finished the act by somersaulting from shoulder to shoulder of the three men. After the circus sailed south from here it was playing in a South American city, when yellow fever flared up like a train of powder. The circus left at once, leaving the stricken ones behind; among them were the Brown family. Word came to San Francisco that

all four died. It seemed pitiful that four such physically fine creatures should fall victims to yellow jack.

John Wilson was the first to bring a circus here across the plains, partly by rail ; his was a wagon circus with no zoo. Wilson also played around the Pacific Ocean circuit ; later, he established himself in San Francisco apparently to remain, for he had a wooden circus building erected at New Montgomery and Mission Streets. But with the completion of the Central Pacific Railway other circuses invaded the field, and Wilson and Chiarini ceased to figure on the Coast.

Omar Kingsley was the director of John Wilson's circus, in those days. Some ten years before that time, circus audiences had been dazzled by a brilliant "equestrienne," Ella Zoyara. She surpassed all the women riders of her day. At last it leaked out that the dashing rider was Omar Kingsley. At a benefit given in the seventies in San Francisco he revived his old act.

Cole's was the first circus and menagerie to invade the Coast by rail ; this was in 1873. In the succeeding years all the great circuses added the Coast to their circuit—Robinson's, Cole's, Sells Brothers', Barnum's, Bailey's, Forepaugh's, Ringling's, Coup's, Batcheller & Doris's, and others. It was Adam Forepaugh who offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for the most beautiful American girl. Louise Montague won, out of eleven thousand contestants, and thereafter travelled with Forepaugh's Circus as the "ten-thousand-dollar beauty." She was beyond question a beautiful woman.

The Old California Theatre

Leaving the circus for the theatres—although then the people went the other way—the story of the California Theatre is not without interest. Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough had become popular at Maguire's Opera House, where Barrett had played a successful engagement, alternating with McCullough in such rôles as Othello, Iago, Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, Cassius, and the like. William C. Ralston offered to build for them a theatre further up town if they would remain permanently in San Francisco. They consented, and Ralston sent Sumner Bugbee, a prominent architect, to make a survey of Eastern theatres on which to base the plans. As a result, the Old California Theatre was erected, opening January 18, 1869. The opening was made a social event, as San Francisco was very proud of its new theatre. A dedicatory ode was written for the evening by Bret Harte, and read by Lawrence Barrett ; an overture was specially composed for the occasion by Charles Koppitz ; the drop curtain had been

painted by G. J. Denny, a marine artist of distinction; it was a view of the Golden Gate. The play was Bulwer-Lytton's "Money." The company's leading members at first were Miss Annette Ince, Miss Fanny Marsh, Miss Emelie Melville, Mrs. C. R. Saunders, Mrs. Judah, Miss Marie Gordon, Mrs. E. J. Buckley, Mrs. Fred. Franks, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Henry Edwards, W. H. Sedley Smith, John T. Raymond, Wm. A. Mestayer, Ed. S. Marble, W. F. Burroughs, Claude Burroughs, Willie Edouin, John Wilson, E. J. Buckley, Stephen W. Leach, E. B. Holmes, E. F. Coad, Fred. Franks.

Miss Ince and Miss Marsh did not long continue with the company. Emelie Melville was scarcely heavy enough to be a leading woman in tragic rôles, but she was soon given the lead in comedy, and retained it after making a great hit as "Lady Gay Spanker."

Loraine Rogers was business manager; H. H. Sedley Smith, stage manager; Charles Tippet, prompter; G. French, treasurer; George T. Evans, conductor of orchestra.

The company changed the bill with great frequency for many weeks. "London Assurance" was one of its successes. Lawrence Barrett appeared in many standard plays, but made his greatest box-office hit in "Rosedale," Lester Wallack's favorite. This was repeatedly revived when other plays did not draw. As a concession to the popular taste for "leg shows" a London and New York success of the time, "Ixion," was put on, a mythological burlesque in which the ladies of the company played the gods and the men the goddesses. Thus Marie Gordon played "Jupiter"; Minnie Walton "Mercury"; John T. Raymond "Minerva"; Emelie Melville "Ixion." The piece drew well, and was repeatedly revived.

There were frequent changes in the California Stock Company. From a later list these names might be added: Bella Pateman, Alice Harrison, Kate Denin, Annie Pixley, Maggie Moore, Ellie Wilton, Belle Chapman, Minnie Walton, Eleanor Carey, Sophie Edwin, Helen Tracy, Annie Graham, Carrie Wyatt, Nellie Cummings, Rellie Deaves, Louisa Chambers, Georgie Woodthorpe, Louisa Johnstone, Frankie McClellan, Jennie Lee, J. C. Williamson, Barton Hill, Thomas W. Keane, Walter Leman, C. B. Bishop, M. B. Curtis, J. N. Long, William Seymour, Robert Eberle, Robert Pateman, Owen Marlowe, Lewis Morrison, George Chaplin, Eben Plympton, E. N. Thayer, William Barry, Nelson Decker, Frank Kilday, J. P. Burnet, Louis Harrison.

The audiences at the California grew tired of the same faces, and demanded novelty. So "stars" began to appear, supported by the stock. Among these were John E. Owens, in "Solon Shingle," and repertoire; Charlotte Thompson in repertoire,

closing with Robertson's "School" with Barrett and McCullough in the cast; John Brougham in "Pocahontas;" Neil Warner; Lotta Crabtree in repertoire; Edwin Adams; Walter Montgomery; Maggie Mitchell; Ada Gray; Rose Evans; Charles Matthews; Daniel Bandmann; Edwin Booth; Dion Boucicault; Frank Chanfrau; E. A. Sothern; May Howard; Shiel Barry; Adelaide Neilson; Mrs. Bowers; Rose Eyttinge; Charles Fechter; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence; Helena Modjeska; Alice Dunning Lingard; Frank Mayo; Ada Cavendish; Madame Janauschek; Fanny Davenport; Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

When the California Theatre began business it was a fatal blow levelled at the Metropolitan Theatre and Maguire's Opera House. The theatrical centre then began moving; soon the entire district changed. In the five years following the opening of the California there arose in the neighborhood a new theatrical district. In addition to the California two theatres opened on Bush Street, east of Kearny. In the middle seventies the principal theatres in San Francisco were the California; the Bush Street (formerly the Alhambra); Emerson's (formerly the Standard); the Tivoli; the Bella Union; the Wigwam; the Adelphi, and a number of minor show-places; somewhat later came the Orpheum.

There was much competition in the new district. The California after five years was still running but not prospering. For a time it had done well with its own company; Barrett and McCullough appeared as semi-stars. Barrett would occasionally stay out of the bill for some weeks, and then announce on the posters the "reappearance of the young Shakespearean actor and student Lawrence Barrett." But he soon saw that this would doom him to become a stock star merely, so he withdrew from the joint management, and left for the East, to build up his fortunes as a star of the first magnitude.

Before Barrett's withdrawal there were many Shakespearean revivals, including "A Comedy of Errors," with John E. Owens and John T. Raymond as the two Dromios; "Romeo and Juliet," with Barrett as Romeo and McCullough as Mercutio; "Richard III."; "Othello"; "Hamlet," variously cast, with Barrett, McCullough, Bandmann, and others in the title rôle; two ladies, Rose Evans and Bella Pateman, also played the Melancholy Dane; "Julius Cæsar"; "The Merchant of Venice"; "Othello"; "Macbeth"; "The Taming of the Shrew"; "As You Like It"; "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Twelfth Night"; and others.

The success of John E. Owens in "The Comedy of Errors" led John T. Raymond and J. C. Williamson to essay the two Dromios. Their success inspired Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane to try it out in San Francisco, using the same scenery.

They did well enough to encourage them to spend \$27,000 on a production of their own in New York. Afterward, they ran the old play successfully for a number of years.

"Macbeth" was once given at the California Theatre for the benefit of Joseph Proctor, with three different actors appearing as Macbeth and Macduff in the different acts; the effect was confusing and disagreeable; if memory serves, the three actors were McCullough, Proctor, and Frank Mayo. Three different actresses played Lady Macbeth.

Among other curiosities of casting was a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with John T. Raymond as Uncle Tom and Emelie Melville as Topsy; another was the appearance of Barrett as Badger in "The Streets of New York," an underworld melodrama.

The success of "Ixion" led the California management to follow it with another "leg show" called "Cherry and Fair Star," with Marie Gordon, Minnie Walton, and Emelie Melville in leading rôles.

Walter Montgomery played for some weeks in repertoire, giving among other plays "Louis XI." and "Don Cæsar de Bazan." It was soon after this engagement that he met and married a beautiful actress, Winetta Montague, and while on their honeymoon committed suicide.

Edwin Adams played "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "Othello," "Wild Oats," "The Marble Heart," "The Robbers," "Enoch Arden," Schiller's "Robbers," and other plays.

"The Marble Heart" was also very successful with Barrett as Raphael and McCullough as Volage.

Without giving the casts, here follow some of the many plays given in the early days at the Old California:

"The Cricket on the Hearth."

"The Heir at Law."

"Paul Pry."

"The Poor Gentleman."

"The Rivals," with Barrett as Captain Absolute, McCullough as Beverly, and John E. Owens as Bob Acres.

"The Hunchback."

"Camille," many times.

"Ingomar," with Mary Anderson as Parthenia, and John McCullough as Ingomar.

"Evadne."

"Twixt Axe and Crown."

"East Lynne."

"Leah."

"The Sea of Ice."

"David Garrick," with the elder Sothern.

- "School."
- "The Wonder."
- "Article Forty Seven."
- "Humpty Dumpty" and "The Red Gnome," pantomimes.
- "Arrah na Pogue."
- "The Colleen Bawn."
- "Fanchon the Cricket."
- "Frou Frou."
- "Monte Cristo," with McCullough as Dantes.
- "Fernande."
- "London Assurance."
- "The Rapparee."
- "Man and Wife."
- "The Duke's Motto."
- "Never too Late to Mend."
- "The Two Roses."

"The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride," with Mary Anderson as Pauline and John McCullough as Claude Melnotte.

During the early years of the Old California the present writer, although a boy, was a frequent attendant; he saw there many of the standard plays of the English stage, and many Shakespeare plays, including some rarely staged, such as "King Henry VIII.," "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Measure for Measure," "Love's Labour's Lost," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale," "King John," "King Richard II.," "King Henry IV." (Falstaff), "King Henry V.," "King Henry VI." He saw there a score of actors and some actresses in the rôle of Hamlet. Altogether it was an interesting experience, and perhaps profitable, even for a youth.

After Barrett left, McCullough conducted the California alone, for some years. He did not do well financially, particularly after the death in 1875 of W. C. Ralston, who had assisted him. When E. J. Baldwin built a new theatre, and ran it unsuccessfully for a year, McCullough conceived the strange idea of leasing it, and running it also, which he did. On the heels of this, he left both unsuccessful theatres under control of Barton Hill, and departed for the East. He began a starring tour, supported by Helen Tracy as leading lady, later by Kate Forsythe. He extended his starring tour to this Coast, appearing at the Baldwin, but did not draw well.

The California Theatre thereafter had a number of successive but not successful managers. For a time it played travelling stars with the California stock company in support. But a stunning blow to this method was given when the Jarrett and Palmer transcontinental train brought an entire company, headed

by George Rignold, in "Henry V." with the complete production—scenery, costumes, properties, etc. This train made the journey from New York City to San Francisco in the record time of eighty-four hours. The train was well boomed, and its arrival caused quite a sensation. Warren Leland, the first manager of the Palace Hotel, then new, invited the company to a "complimentary breakfast" on June 4, 1876.

This new invasion spelled eventual ruin to local stock companies. Theatre-goers naturally grow tired of seeing the same players all the time; they welcomed the change. With this soon came the travelling companies each headed by its star. The fickle public flocked to them.

The members of the California stock company found the change rather a shock. They did not accept it with philosophy. They were used to their comfortable quarters in San Francisco. Even the most case-hardened players have never found touring an ideal life. The California stock people were very bitter against the San Francisco newspapers, which found the change agreeable, and said so.

Even Edwin Booth could not save the situation. He played an engagement in the summer of 1876 supported by the California stock company, but was only fairly successful.

During the next twelvemonth the California stock company struggled along, under the management of Barton Hill, supporting stars of more or less magnitude. One of the most notable of these was Adelaide Neilson in April, 1877; she drew very well. Following her came the Lingards in "The Two Orphans," "Frou-Frou," and "Our Boys." Alice Dunning Lingard had developed into quite a clever actress, and instead of playing second to her husband was supported by him. He played Perkin Middlewick in "Our Boys," and similar parts, which he played as comic rather than comedy rôles. Ben de Bar as Falstaff followed. Next came the Hess Opera Company, transferred from the Baldwin "at popular prices"—ominous phrase. Emily Soldene and her light opera company then occupied the California, playing "Madame Angot," "La Belle Hélène," "Madame l'Archiduc," and "Chilpéric." The star of the company seemed to be a volcanic dancer called "Sara the Kicker."

In July of 1877 J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore played an engagement as "stars" at the California, where they had formerly been members of the stock company. In August Katie Mayhew appeared as M'liss.

On August 20 a rather notable engagement began—that of Helena Modjeska—"first appearance in English." The play was "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The first night the theatre was half empty, the second night full, the third night crowded. It was

quite a triumph for her, and was the beginning of years of success on the American stage. During this engagement she played Juliet and other Shakespearean rôles—among others, Ophelia to John McCullough's Hamlet. Rose Eytinge in "Miss Multon" followed.

In September, 1877, Barton Hill took over John McCullough's lease of the California, which had two years to run. He struggled hard to keep his stock company together, but it was a losing fight. The company's salaries were reduced. Mrs. D. P. Bowers played her tragic rôles for four tragic weeks in October and November to almost empty benches. This was the last blow. The California gave up as a "temple of the drama," dismissed its stock company, and on December 22, 1877, put on "The Black Crook."

Thus ended the career of the old California stock company. It lasted for about nine years. Its members were left without employment, and three thousand miles from the theatrical centre. A long list of benefits at various theatres was announced—to Rose Eytinge, Carrie Wyatt, Henry Edwards, Barton Hill, C. B. Bishop, A. D. Bradley, and others, including various members of the office staff. Few of these made much money, and some did not pay expenses—for while the actors always volunteered to help out, the landlord and the gasman never did. Barton Hill was wise enough to put up for his benefit "Rosedale," in which he played Eliot Grey, and that famous actor-proof melodrama drew a little money.

Tom Maguire—who, although not an actor, was also broke at the time—took a benefit, and did fairly well.

A few of the more gifted of the California players succeeded in establishing themselves as stars, and ere long were touring the country at the head of their own companies.

Among the minor members of the Old California company was one E. F. Coad. If he did not make as great a mark histrionically as Barrett, McCullough, Raymond, and others, he left a more permanent impress on the city's real-estate rolls. For a modest sum he bought a small lot on Market Street, near Fourth, which then was "away out of town." He held it until his death, and for years afterward it was assessed to "Estate of E. F. Coad." In the nineteen-twenties a survey by the Real Estate Board showed that the corner of Market and Fourth was the highest priced land in the city; land adjoining Coad's was held at \$15,000 per front foot. His lot ran through to a rear street, which additional frontage made it, when surveyed, worth over four hundred thousand dollars.

The history of the Old California during the rest of its life is not very notable. Barton Hill gave up, and returned East to seek employment. Various managers attempted to make it go. McKee Rankin ran it for a while at popular prices. When Al

Hayman was made local representative by Charles Frohman, who had leased the Baldwin. Hayman got hold of the California. Various shows were put on—among others, J. H. Haverly's minstrels.

The California Theatre lasted for a score of years. Its first performance was on January 18, 1869; its last on August 11, 1888. This was "a benefit for old attachés." The bill was "Forget-me-not," with Jeffreys-Lewis, Charlotte Tittel, Fanny Young, Harry Mainhall, John Thompson, and others in the cast. A farewell address was read by James Carden. A souvenir, with copy of the drop-curtain and casts of the first and last performances, was given to those who attended. In a few days the work of wrecking the old theatre was begun.

In October, 1888, Booth and Barrett were playing at the Baldwin. In a speech there Barrett promised that he and Booth would return for an opening engagement at the New California. They kept their promise. On May 13, 1889, the New California Theatre was opened, with Booth as Iago, Barrett as Othello. It was an interesting occasion. They alternated in these two rôles for a week.

The new building had been erected by Mrs. Kate Macdonough, one of the heirs of William S. O'Brien, of the Bonanza firm. It was said at the time that Mrs. Macdonough had included a theatre in the hotel building plan owing to her pleasant recollections of the Old California Theatre performances; it was natural to have Barrett, one of the founders of the old theatre, inaugurate the new one; as he and Booth were associated at the time, it was natural that Booth should appear. He was not, however, in very good physical condition, owing to his age. Barrett seemed much better preserved. But Barrett died two years after, and Booth lasted two years longer, dying in 1893.

Another story concerning the building of the New California is told by M. B. Leavitt in his memoirs. He says that Al Hayman urged Mrs. Macdonough to build a New California Theatre, and make him lessee, pointing out to her that Leavitt had turned the Bush Street Theatre into "a perfect mint."

It is true that Al Hayman and his brother Harry Mann became lessees of the New California Theatre. But I prefer the first story.

The Bush Street Theatrical District

The decline of the California Theatre was doubtless partly due to the keen competition it met in the up-town theatrical district. Several Eastern stock companies played there, including Augustin Daly's from New York, Hooley's from Chicago, and others. There

also Emerson's and other minstrel companies for some years drew good houses.

When the invasion of the theatres by minstrelsy in the seventies is elsewhere spoken of, that is not to say that minstrelsy was then new. It began in the forties; the first performance on a regular stage is generally attributed to that at the Chatham Theatre, New York City, on January 31, 1843. But it did not assume much importance until the seventies. The first notable company began in California in the sixties; under the name of "The San Francisco Minstrels" it opened later in New York City. In 1872, it had a theatre of its own in New York City, called "The San Francisco Minstrel Hall." Its leaders and owners were Birch, Wambold, Bernard, and Backus. They were quite successful, and all accumulated money and kept it except Birch, who lost his fortune in Wall Street and died poor. At about the same time Christy's Minstrels were doing well in New York; their leader had come from England, where any black-face performer is (or was) called a "Christy Minstrel." Dan Bryant was a minstrel, and left black-face for Irish comedy, making money in both. Ben Cotton was a successful old-timer. Among others who began as minstrels were Joseph Jefferson; Francis Wilson, who was one of a song-and-dance team; Jerry J. Cohan (father of George M.); the bandmaster Patrick S. Gilmore, who had been a banjoist; McIntyre and Heath, who evolved into a full-fledged company with "The Ham Tree" and other plays, and became quite wealthy; Joseph Murphy, who changed to Irish comedy, and accumulated a fortune; Chauncey Olcott did likewise. Among those who remained in the minstrel ranks one recalls the names of Billy Emerson, Lew Dockstader, George Primrose, Charley Reed, Carroll Johnson, Willis Sweatnam, Lew Benedict, Delehanty and Hengler. Gustave Frohman as manager, Daniel and Charles Frohman in the box-office, were engaged in the minstrel business before they entered the dramatic field.

Billy Emerson first appeared in San Francisco at Maguire's Opera House. This was in the seventies, during a very successful minstrel season. Other minstrel stars like Joe Murphy, Billy Rice, Billy Sweatnam, Johnny Mack, Ben Cotton, Lew Rattler, Jake Wallace, Birch, Backus, Wambold, and others, made up Maguire's company. Therefore Emerson faced a critical audience when he made his first appearance. But he soon interested his audience in the first part, and completely won them in the second part with his song-and-dance turns. His success that night was the beginning of years of favor with San Francisco audiences at that and various other theatres. The company soon began to be called "Billy Emerson's Minstrels," and bore that name at the various San Francisco theatres in which they appeared—Maguire's,

the Standard, the Alhambra, the Bush Street, the Bijou, the California. Other minstrels were later added to the company, perhaps the most popular being Charley Reed with his "Tamale song"; Chauncey Olcott, with "My Wild Irish Rose," "Mavourneen," "Sweet Inniscara"; Pat Rooney; Burt Haverly; Ainslee Scott, interlocutor; H. W. Frillman, a fine basso.

But the king of them all was Emerson. He had a remarkable tenor voice, which lasted long despite over-use and ill use; he was a light and graceful dancer; and he possessed much magnetism. The songs that his audiences favored were "Mary Kelly's Beau"; "I feel just as happy as a big sunflower"; "Love among the roses"; "Pretty as a picture"; "Muldoon the solid man."

With Emerson's company appeared for some months Charles Vivian; he was in the second part, and "sang in one"—that is, up against the footlights; with a drop-scene close behind him; in white face; with no make-up; in evening clothes; and he generally sang sentimental or didactic songs. That he should be successful under such trying conditions seems extraordinary, but he was a great favorite. He was a handsome man, with a pleasant smile, and great personal magnetism. Vivian was an actor of merit, but his convivial habits interfered with his career on the dramatic stage. This was apparently not such a handicap in a minstrel company. The song most preferred by his auditors was "Ten Thousand Miles Away," the ballad of a convict sailing from England for Botany Bay. After leaving Emerson's troupe Vivian made a hit as Sir Joseph Porter in one of the many "Pinafore" companies of 1878. According to Eddie Foy, Vivian founded a club in New York, "The Jolly Corks," the members of which subsequently changed the name to "The Elks." Foy was in Leadville in 1879, where (he says) an epidemic of deadly pneumonia raged, and Vivian fell a victim.

J. H. Haverly took his minstrel company to London, Billy Emerson among them; they had fair success. Queen Victoria, among her other simple tastes, was fond of minstrel shows, but she went incognita, so to speak—no royal box, no national anthem, no swank; her party would quietly occupy a proscenium box, while the audience would affect to ignore the presence of royalty. One evening MacFarlane, a performer representing an aged negro peddler, came on in tatters for his act; his coat, a marvel of looped and windowed raggedness, he had carefully rolled up and placed under the ledge of an empty proscenium box. Presently there appeared in the box a small party headed by a little old lady. The performer paused, regarded them with deep suspicion, rose, retrieved his garment, brought it to the centre of the stage, and put his foot on it. The audience grew horror-stricken—what

would be his fate? Execution? Or the deepest dungeon beneath the Tower? But relief came. The gravity of royalty was completely upset, and the whole house roared with laughter.

The palmiest days of minstrelsy were in the seventies. Toward the end of that period J. H. Haverly got up "mammoth" minstrel companies, with eight end-men, and many musicians; his minstrels were attired in gorgeous costumes; parades were given in the streets to advertise the evening's performance. As a result, the smaller minstrel companies gave up the ghost, and not long after the mammoth companies followed suit.

Once in the nineties, while crossing the continent, a man appeared in the Pullman smoker, just after leaving Chicago, whose voice was strangely familiar, but his face I did not recognize. After a time he was identified by some of the smokers as Billy Emerson. He seemed reluctant to admit his identity, the reason for which developed when the conductor came around. Emerson was travelling on a scalped ticket under the name of "James Smith." The conductor was merciful, and let him travel on, but warned him to beware of the conductors further west. Emerson got by two or three conductors, but they grew more hard-boiled. Somewhere in Wyoming, I think it was, the conductor would not stand for the scalped ticket, and demanded train fare. Emerson had little or no money. A group in the smoker raised the amount in a few minutes, for he had become extremely popular. But a man who looked like a shyster advised him to submit to being put off, and then to bring suit. Emerson—who seemed to me to have a kind of child-like complex—vacillated, and finally accepted the advice of the shyster; this person insisted that the job should be quite formal, and that the conductor should "lay his hand" on Emerson. This was perfunctorily done, and the poor wandering minstrel was left on the platform of some tank station. I can see him now gazing wistfully at us as we urged him to get aboard and let us pay his fare.

Emerson had made a great deal of money in his time, but this incident showed that he was no longer prosperous.

Some years afterward I picked up the *Chronicle* one morning, and read this brief obituary notice: "Boston, February 2, 1902.—Billy Emerson the minstrel died here to-day in destitute circumstances." His widow, Mary Emerson, left \$700,000 when she died in February, 1930.

Augustin Daly brought his company to San Francisco for the first time on July 12, 1875. He had a quarrel over the theatre in which he had intended to open, and as a result got into the Bush

Street district, and engaged Platt's Hall. It was not suited for theatrical performances, and the public did not attend in numbers. After two slim nights Daly moved to a theatre on the north side of Bush Street, then called Emerson's, later the Standard. The play was "The Big Bonanza," an adaptation from the German. As the Hooley Company across the street had been running what was practically the same play for some weeks, the Daly version did not draw. The Daly company at that time included Annie Graham, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Emily Rigl, Chas. Fisher, Jas. Lewis, W. Davidge, John Drew, B. T. Ringgold, Geo. Parkes, Owen Fawcett, J. W. Jennings, and others.

At later periods there were added to the company Ada Rehan, Virginia Dreher, Isabel Irving, May Irwin, Catherine Lewis, Henrietta Crosman, Edith Kingdon, Jeffreys-Lewis, Sara Jewett, Sidney Cowell, Otis Skinner, Henry Edwards, Charles Wheatleigh, Hobart Bosworth, and others.

Returning from San Francisco, Daly reopened at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. While there, Edwin Booth played an engagement, supported by Daly's company, putting on "Othello," "Richelieu," "Richard II.," "The Stranger," and "Hamlet"; in this, Jeffreys-Lewis played Ophelia and John Drew Rosencrantz. Adelaide Neilson also starred with the Daly Company in support, playing "Twelfth Night," "Cymbeline," and other pieces in her repertoire; she received forty-five per cent of the gross.

Daly later confined himself to stock performances without stars. Things did not go very well with him, and he had to give up the Fifth Avenue Theatre. He secured the old Wood's Museum, Broadway at Twenty-ninth, and with financial assistance from his father-in-law, J. C. Duff, remodelled it; thenceforth it was called Daly's Theatre. He opened there September 18, 1879.

During his quarter century as a manager Daly produced a long list of plays, among them a number from the German, like "The Big Bonanza," already mentioned. Others were: "Nancy and Company"; "A Night Off"; "The Railroad of Love"; "The Lottery of Love"; "Love on Crutches"; "The Rough Diamond"; W. S. Gilbert's "Charity"; a new version of "Oliver Twist"; Sardou's "Odette"; Bronson Howard's "Saratoga"; "Newport"; "Divorce"; "Needles and Pins," and other American plays or adaptations of foreign plays in an American setting. He also put on some Shakespeare plays in the eighties, including "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "As You Like It," with Ada Rehan as Rosalind; and "The Taming of the Shrew," with John Drew as Petruchio and Ada Rehan as Katharine.

Daly produced five or six plays by A. W. Pinero, with only moderate success; of these, "The Squire" seemed to draw best.

He did something in the line of modern high comedy, including "London Assurance," and in old high comedy "The School for Scandal." He rewrote some of the licentious plays of the English Restoration, deodorized them, and did very well with them financially. Ada Rehan in Wycherly's "Country Girl" made quite a hit.

Daly played in other cities with varying success. He put on nearly all of his New York successes in San Francisco, and they were generally well received, with some exceptions. He played an engagement at the Boston Theatre in the summer of 1880 which was a financial failure. He took his company to London in 1884, and did not draw well. In 1886 he again played his company in London, and did very well; the London papers gave high praise to the players. This encouraged Daly to take them to the Continent; they played in Paris, Berlin, and Hamburg, but few in the small audiences understood the dialogue except groups of Americans. The company visited London again in 1888, with moderate success.

There were frequent changes in the company. John Drew in his memoirs says that Daly "was often impatient with his actors." In 1886, Edith Kingdon left the company abruptly as the result of a misunderstanding with Daly. He seems to have had an unfortunate temper. Just before Miss Kingdon left, Daly's company was playing at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, then managed by M. B. Leavitt. The *Evening Post's* managing editor was Thomas T. Williams, who personally did the drama. He was very fond of manager-baiting, and he exasperated Daly by daily declaring that Miss Kingdon was far superior to Miss Rehan. This was, of course, absurd, for Miss Kingdon was merely a novice. It had the desired effect, however, for Daly shut off the Williams free seats. Thereupon Williams purchased seats through an agent, and occupied them. When Daly learned this, he was infuriated, and demanded that Manager Leavitt expel Williams; this Leavitt refused to do. Daly then appealed to Chief of Police Crowley, who happened to be in the audience, but Crowley also declined to interfere.

In 1888, while in London, John Hare tendered a banquet at the Garrick Club to Daly and a certain number of members of his company. Daly accepted, but did not appear at the banquet, thus drawing forth bitter criticism from John Hare, Henry Irving, and other prominent actors present. He made no explanation.

While Daly and his company were at Stockwell's Theatre, San Francisco, he had a dispute with John Drew over a promised increase in salary and percentages. As a result Drew left the company, playing with them there for the last time on July 30, 1892.

John Drew's stage career was curiously linked with San Francisco. He practically began his professional career there as a minor actor with the Daly company in 1875, when he was twenty-two years old. He ended there his seventeen years with Daly on July 30, 1892, and entered negotiations with Charles Frohman, to begin starring. He died there in July, 1927.

Isadora Duncan in her book "My Life" narrates that she was when young a member of the dancing chorus in Augustin Daly's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Ada Rehan did not think highly of the chorus, for once when Daly at rehearsal was making a group of them repeat, she exclaimed: "Oh, Governor, how can you keep me waiting for these non-entities!" And at the same time (wrote Miss Duncan) a notice was put on the board: "The company are informed that they need not say good-day to Miss Rehan."

About the middle nineties Daly rather lowered the tone of his theatre, and began producing sensational melodramas like "The Great Ruby"; he thus returned to the style of play with which he had begun thirty years before in "Under the Gaslight." In 1893, a "Daly's Theatre" figured in London. Daly died in Paris, June 7, 1899.

It was with the Hooley company at the old Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, that W. H. Crane made his first appearance in drama. Crane had begun in opera first with the Holman company, then with the Hess company, later with the Oates company, with which he sang four years. He left opera because, as he said, he "had not learned to read music." He joined the Hooley company, of Chicago, and came with them to the Pacific Coast in 1875. James O'Neill was leading man; Louise Hawthorne leading woman; others were Nate Salsbury (afterwards a partner of Buffalo Bill), H. S. Murdock, E. J. Buckley, George Ryer, Nellie McHenry, Clara Fisher Maeder. They opened at the old Bush Street Theatre in "Peril," "Led Astray," "Magnolia," and "Ultimo." This was their strongest card; it was a translation of a German stock-exchange play, done by Bartley Campbell. Local allusions to the San Francisco Board of Brokers were introduced, making it hold the stage for four weeks, quite a long run in those days. Immediately after its success Augustin Daly brought out to San Francisco his translation of the same play, called "The Big Bonanza." Following the Hooley production the Daly play was a failure, and was withdrawn after a few nights, as told elsewhere.

When Crane was in San Francisco with the Hooley company

"we were caused uneasiness," he says in his memoirs, "because many of our plays had already been given at the California Theatre by such splendid actors as Thomas W. Keane, W. A. Mestayer, Bella Pateman, Robert Pateman, Ellie Wilton, Mrs. Judah, Harry Edwards, Mrs. Saunders, Alice Harrison, and Harry Thompson." This list is given as Crane's view (in 1875) of what he considered the best of the actors of the Old California Theatre.

The Hooley Company did not hold together. Some returned to Chicago. Some remained in San Francisco, and made part of a stock company organized to play at the new Baldwin, then called the "Academy of Music." This was in 1876. Crane was in the company that supported Barry Sullivan at that theatre.

Crane after this returned to New York, and was in Lotta Crabtree's company for a time. In Rice's "Evangeline" he played Le Blanc the Notary. He first met Stuart Robson in New York in 1877, when both played in Leonard Grover's "Our Boarding House." As a result, they formed a theatrical partnership that lasted for many years.

There was quite a colony of stage people at Cohasset, Massachusetts, which Crane and Robson joined; each built houses there, near those of Lawrence Barrett and Charles R. Thorne, Jr.; Joseph Jefferson had a place not far away. Buzzard's Bay was quite a yachting resort; when Crane grew prosperous he ran a steam yacht, which he called *The Senator*, after one of his successful plays. This was in the nineties. The present writer was once aboard of his boat, and concluded that Crane must have the income of a millionaire.

Robson and Crane were very successful in the "Comedy of Errors," which they first produced in San Francisco, as told elsewhere; the two Dromios gave them both good parts. But in other Shakespearean comedies they did not do so well; in the "Merry Wives" Falstaff was excellent for Crane, but there was no equally good part for Robson. In "Twelfth Night" Crane played Sir Toby, while Robson did Sir Andrew Aguecheek. So they devoted themselves to the search for a modern American comedy. This they found in "The Henrietta," by Bronson Howard. It was an instantaneous success; the present writer was at the Union Square Theatre, New York, during its first season, and seats had to be reserved weeks ahead. In 1889, the two actors decided that it would be impossible to secure another such play with two star rôles, so they parted company. Robson bought from Crane the entire rights to the play for \$25,000. Many years later, after Robson's death, Crane bought the rights, and Winchell Smith modernized the play for him, calling it "The New Henrietta." It was fairly successful. At that time Crane told me he thought it was "better than the old play," a remark

which seemed to me slightly lacking in esteem for Bronson Howard, whose "old play" had brought in great gains to Robson and Crane.

After "The Henrietta" success, Crane's most successful play was David Lloyd's "The Senator," with which he toured the country for about five years.

Among the plays Crane produced were :

"Newport," by Clinton Stuart.

"For Money," by Clay Greene and Augustus Thomas.

"On Probation," by George Jessop and Brander Matthews. Jessop was one of the writers in the *Argonaut's* earliest numbers.

"The American Minister," by Paul Potter.

"The Governor of Kentucky," by Franklin Files.

"Brother John," "The Fool of Fortune," "His Wife's Father," and "The Senator Keeps House," all by Martha Morton.

"Father and the Boys," by George Ade.

"Peter Stuyvesant," by Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews. This piece cost \$27,000 to produce, but was withdrawn in not many days as unsuccessful.

Crane then put on a version of "David Harum," which was very successful. Yet as a romance and as a drama it had been condemned by publishers' and managers' readers.

Crane was not only a veteran actor but a good manager ; he was extremely intelligent ; he paid playwrights more liberally than most actors ; yet out of this long list of plays he had few successes. It shows the uncertainty of producing new plays.

On one of Crane's visits to San Francisco he sent his impressions of that city, dictated on a phonograph cylinder, to W. W. Austin, city editor of the *New York Times*, who printed the remarks. When they came back to San Francisco it developed that Crane had called it "a jay town." The Golden City so resented this that Crane was minded to stay away for a number of years. When he finally decided to risk a San Francisco engagement he made an apology before the curtain, and was forgiven.

Crane practically began and ended his career as an actor in San Francisco. As a stripling of eighteen he had sung basso rôles with the Holman opera company—unpaid ; he sang later with the Oates company in San Francisco as a paid performer ; later still, in San Francisco, he played straight drama rôles with the Hooley and Baldwin stock companies ; he retired from the stage while in San Francisco ; and he died near there in 1927.

James O'Neill came to California with the Hooley company, and played under the management of Thomas Maguire at the Standard Theatre on Bush Street. When Billy Emerson leased the Standard for his minstrel show, the Hooley company and O'Neill moved to the Bush Street Theatre. When Emerson

found the Standard too small for his audiences, and leased the Bush Street Theatre, the Hooley company moved on again. This shows the respective standing of minstrelsy and the drama in the seventies.

O'Neill became the leading man in Thomas Maguire's stock company when that manager leased the New Baldwin Theatre. He was a member of the Union Square company. He was so successful in stock that the transition to stardom followed easily. He acquired nation-wide fame in "The Count of Monte Cristo," in which he toured for fifteen years. In his production of that play there were in various seasons several very handsome men—O'Neill himself, Frederic de Belleville, Edmund Breese, Augustus Cook, and others; attired in the dress of the First Empire they made a series of stage pictures which those who saw them do not forget. Margaret Anglin was his leading lady in 1896. Following his success in "Monte Cristo," O'Neill was also successful as the fire-eating guardsman D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers"; this also long held the stage. O'Neill became quite well-to-do, and gave freely to those less fortunate and to many charitable ends. He died August 10, 1920. He left a brilliant son, Eugène O'Neill, who in the nineteen-twenties was the most talked-of dramatist of the day.

Following O'Neill, Crane, and the other players in the Hooley troupe, the Bush Street Theatre gave up stock companies, and ran a line of miscellaneous travelling attractions. Buffalo Bill appeared there in "Life on the Border"; J. K. Emmett in "Fritz"; Tony Pastor's Variety company; Cazeneuve the magician (with Robert Heller, rival magician, half a block away, at Platt's Hall); the Kiralfy troupe in "Round the World in Eighty Days" (with the Grand Opera House running the same play); a grand opera company (with four in all running in the city at the same time—the Hess, the Strakosch, the Kellogg-Cary, and the Caroline Richings-Bernard); "Our Boarding House" (with the Grand Opera House running the same play); "Pink Dominos" (with the Baldwin running the same play). Verily, the managers of that time (1877) had strange ideas; "The Two Orphans" was running simultaneously in two theatres, and was immediately afterward put on at a third. "Pink Dominos," by the way, was in 1877 considered immoral. In the nineteen-twenties playwrights and novelists—largely women—were not content with plain sex stuff; they batted on the droppings from Lesbos and the Cities of the Plain. Would the flappers who feed on their stuff be shocked at "Les Dominos Roses" as were the good ladies of seventy-seven? "Pink Dominos" immoral—*Mong Diou!*

It was about this time that Dion Boucicault produced in San

Francisco his play "The Shaughraun," playing the lead himself. He had in the company a handsome actor, Harry Montague, who at once became a *matinée* idol in San Francisco and in New York. When Boucicault later produced "The Shaughraun" in New York he advertised it "First time on any stage." I had heard of "trying plays on a dog," but this was the first time I had known San Francisco to be cast for the dog rôle. No. I was young enough to feel hurt.

Later, Harry Montague came to San Francisco with his own company, playing Sardou's "Diplomacy." The engagement was suddenly terminated by his death from hemorrhage of the lungs. His funeral, with the bier surrounded by weeping women, actresses and others, was a sensation of the day.

Dion Boucicault was not very scrupulous. He had some years previously put on in San Francisco a play called "After Dark." This was a melodrama "written" by Boucicault around a railway scene. In 1868, Augustin Daly had produced a play, "Under the Gaslight," in which the villain ties the hero to the rails just before the express train is due; the villain flees; the heroine, locked up in the house, sees this, breaks open the door, and rescues the hero just as the train thunders by. The play had a long run to crowded houses. Boucicault reproduced the scene in "After Dark." Daly secured an injunction.

William A. Brady in the late seventies was a youthful impresario in San Francisco, running semi-amateur shows. He knew naught of all this. He ran across an acting version of "After Dark," and put it on his stage. Boucicault happened to be in San Francisco, sent for Brady, and threatened him with a damage suit. The chopfallen Brady finally was wheedled into giving his note for \$1500 to Boucicault, who thereupon sold him his "rights" to the play. When Brady went East he produced "After Dark" in New York. Daly filed suit against him. Brady says that the resultant litigation lasted for many years, and cost him over sixty thousand dollars. However, he had Boucicault's autograph as a souvenir.

"Little Lotta" played engagements at various San Francisco theatres during this period, and later. Lotta Crabtree evolved from a "child phenomenon" of the California gold-mining days into an actress of what might be called character parts. She toured the U.S. in the seventies and eighties, and retired in 1891. She was a box-office success, and accumulated a fortune which she largely increased after her retirement by judicious investments. She was a good clog and jig-dancer, a mediocre singer, a fair banjo-player, and a mechanical actress. She introduced her specialties into plays prepared for her, such as "Little Nell and the Marchioness" from Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop"; in

"Firefly," from Ouida's "Under Two Flags"; "Heartsease," and others; also into old plays, like "The Pet of the Petticoats," "Nan the Good-for-nothing," "The Little Detective," etc. She put on Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man," taking the part of Sam Willoughby, a hobbledohoy. In all these plays she played the part of Lotta, to the great gratification of her audiences. Her most successful rôles were hoydens, like "The Marchioness"; in sentimental rôles like "Little Nell" she was appalling. Most of her playing was punctuated with nods, kicks, winks, and breakdowns, but all perfectly proper withal. She died in 1924, aged seventy-seven.

At the Alhambra Theatre—later called the Bush Street—there were in the early seventies some pleasant performances of operettas by Susan Galton, whom Mrs. Thomas Whiffen called "my pretty sister"; with her were Susan's husband, Alfred Kelleher, and a competent company. They gave some of Offenbach's minor works, such as "Fleur de Thé," "Soixante-Six," "Monsieur Choufleur," and the like; also "The Doctor of Alcantara." These facts are only on the tablets of my memory; I have no written notes of them, and find no printed casts.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher settled in San Francisco, where he became a teacher of music. Both are long since dead.

The "Pinafore" Boom

About the time the old name "Alhambra" was dropped, Charles E. Locke became manager of the Bush Street Theatre, in 1875. He ran traveling attractions, with varying success. There was nothing notable about his management until the "Pinafore" craze. This broke out in London in the midsummer of 1878. It was some months before the American managers were able to obtain the words and music, owing to the difficulties which have always embarrassed deserving pirates. But at last the swag was secured.

For a long time it was thought that San Francisco enjoyed the dubious honor of first presenting the pirated "Pinafore." But Boston stole from us the laurels. The first performance of "Pinafore" in the United States was given at the Boston Museum on November 25, 1878. Rose Temple played Ralph Rackstraw; Marie Wainwright played Josephine; Sadie Martinot played Hebe. On the programmes one read: "Books of the words for sale by the ushers; price, ten cents." "The music for sale at the coat-room; price, 25 cents."

Probably the Boston performance attracted the attention of Alice Oates (or "Mrs. James A. Oates," as she then billed herself).

She and her company were then playing in comic opera at the old Alhambra (or Bush Street Theatre). So Manager Locke secured copies of the music and words—probably for “ten and twenty-five cents at the coat-room.” As a result, “Pinafore” was produced at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, on December 28, 1878, a month after the Boston production.

The “Pinafore” hit in England had caused some excitement in managerial circles on this side. Probably the Boston Museum manager secured one of a number of copies made by stenographers working quietly in boxes, and sold to American managers. As noted, he thriftily printed and sold them at his theatre. The music scores were obtained by bribing theatre employees to permit copies to be made. The pirated versions of the words of course lacked the stage directions, stage business, etc. Arthur Sullivan maintained that the orchestra scores were also imperfect.

I have no record of the cast in the Oates “Pinafore” production; the date merely I find in my notes. That unique performance is apparently forgotten. It was a première, in every sense of the word, for each rôle was created. Mrs. Oates, who was fond of breeches parts, selected Ralph Rackstraw for herself. Josephine was given to a minor singer. The company did not suspect that the piece was a satire, literary, political, and musical; in fact, the performers had no idea what it was all about. Before they had finished, neither had the audience. The performance was so absurd that it was almost funny on its own. But the audience sat puzzled, with unsmiling faces. As it was a marine piece, the various performers introduced pleasing but extraneous features; for example, Alice Oates sang “The Death of Nelson” and “The Bay of Biscay O”; Captain Corcoran gave us “Larboard Watch Ahoy”; Dick Deadeye, the villainous basso, sang that religious lyric “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.” Little Buttercup—whom the authors had designed as a mysterious if not tragic bumboat lady—danced the “Sailor’s Hornpipe,” while Admiral Porter’s cousins patted Juba for her. And through it all little Alice Oates romped and kicked and winked and capered in her most kittenish and hoydenish way—representing, mark you, that simple-hearted young sailor who loved his captain’s daughter.

When the curtain fell we all applauded politely, and filed out in a daze. Veteran theatre-goers—even drama critics, who notoriously are never wrong—shook their heads; “it might go in England,” opined they sagely, “but it won’t go here.” The Oates company thought so too, and did not place it in their repertoire.

A San Francisco critic remarked: “‘Pinafore’ was not exactly a success, but was enjoyed for its music, and disliked for its thoroughly English burlesque features.”

Manager Locke concluded that "Pinafore" was a dud. So did the other San Francisco managers. But in the course of the next few months "Pinafore" companies sprouted throughout the East like mushrooms after rain.

While the regular San Francisco managers slumbered, a semi-amateur troupe put on "Pinafore." This company was headed by Emelie Melville, a professional, as Josephine. The men were all members of the Bohemian Club. Ben Clark was Ralph; King Goodrich was the Captain; Frank L. Unger was Sir Joseph Porter; Clay M. Greene was Dick Deadeye; W. P. Edwards was Bill Bobstay; Mrs. Mattie McCormick was Little Buttercup; her sister, Mrs. Clay M. Greene, was Hebe. The piece was produced in June, 1879, and held the stage of the Standard Theatre for several weeks.

The success of the Melville company finally attracted the attention of Manager Locke. While the Melville company was still playing "Pinafore" at the Standard, the Bush Street over the way put on the piece on June 9, 1879, with a rival company. R. Graham played Sir Joseph Porter.

After the Melville company closed their successful season Manager Locke engaged their prima donna and put on "Pinafore" again at the Bush Street in October, 1879. Here again it had a successful run.

M. A. Kennedy during the "Pinafore" craze got up a juvenile company. Josephine was played by Flora Walsh, who later became the wife of Charles Hoyt, playwright. This production was stopped in San Francisco through the influence of a group of club women. None the less, juvenile companies played the piece in many other American cities.

By this time five companies were playing the piece in New York City. Soon there were six, for Gilbert and Sullivan came over from London, on November 5, 1879, hopeful of getting some of the money their opera was earning. They produced an "authorized version" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on December 1, 1879. Gilbert in sailor's togs went on the stage to coach the chorus; his face was not known in New York. Sullivan was deeply angered by the defiance of the American managers. Thomas Whiffen and he had been choir-boys in London together. Whiffen was playing Sir Joseph in one of the New York companies; his wife was Buttercup. Meeting him, Sullivan reproached him bitterly. "Those pirates and thieves don't pay us a penny, Tom," he cried, as recorded by Mrs. Whiffen. But Whiffen needed the money, and stuck to his job.

Although Gilbert and Sullivan had a hard time in New York, "Pinafore" was not without its troubles when first produced in London on May 25, 1878. D'Oyly Carte, the manager, quarreled

with the directors of the stock company that owned the theatre ; they tried to break up D'Oyly Carte's show with a gang of roughs. Lawsuits followed, during which two rival companies played "Pinafore." When the suits at last were settled in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan, the piece ran for two years.

The musical director was Alfred Cellier ; Emma Howson, an American girl, was the first Josephine ; she was a sister of John Howson, well known in San Francisco.

The "Pinafore" furore in London, New York, and San Francisco convinced Manager Locke that there was money in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas for him if not for them. Therefore when they brought out "The Pirates of Penzance," he followed suit.

Gilbert and Sullivan had determined to protect themselves, if possible, against pirates in producing "The Pirates of Penzance." They remained on this side, and it was largely written in New York. A tablet on the building at No. 45 East Twentieth Street, New York, commemorates this fact. The authors kept the words and music in manuscript. Even so, some of the American Federal courts held that the words and music could be "legally reproduced by memorizing them."

The decision of the Federal courts in this matter seems extraordinary. Or some of the courts, for they differed in different districts. However, one may never forecast the decision of a Federal judge or a petty jury. According to Federal Judge Grosscup, the copyright to "Cyrano de Bergerac" is still vested in a Chicago merchant named Gross, who claimed to have written it, and that Edmond Rostand was a fraudulent pretender to its authorship. Richard Mansfield paid royalties on "Cyrano" to Gross.

The authors of "The Pirates of Penzance" finally got some color of title to their own work, which they had written on American soil to bring it under the protection of American law. But it was only a color, for some American managers persisted in producing pirated versions.

Gilbert and Sullivan produced "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on December 31, 1879. To hold the English copyright they put on a formal legal performance one day earlier, on December 30, 1879, at Paignton, England, to an audience of two-score. Richard Mansfield sang the Major General.

Locke produced it at the Bush Street Theatre some weeks later. He may have had the authorized version, for it was quite

well done. Emelie Melville played Mabel; Max Freeman the Major-General; Tom Casselli the police sergeant.

Locke may or may not have been on business terms with Gilbert and Sullivan; however that may be, he produced several of their successes at the Bush Street. "Patience" was given there soon after the London production, with Emelie Melville in the title rôle.

"Patience" was first produced in London on April 23, 1881, at the Opéra Comique. On October 10, 1881, it was moved to the newly constructed Savoy Theatre, built out of the profits of "Pinafore" and "Patience."

As a memorandum, here are set down the dates of the other Gilbert and Sullivan productions in England, which as a rule were immediately followed by productions in America:

"Iolanthe" was first produced at the Savoy, London, on November 25, 1882.

"Princess Ida" was first produced at the Savoy, London, on January 5, 1884.

"Princess Ida" was first produced in the United States at the Boston Museum on February 11, 1884.

After this Gilbert and Sullivan quarreled, then were reconciled.

"The Mikado" was first produced at the Savoy, London, on March 14, 1885.

J. C. Duff and other American managers determined to produce pirated versions of "The Mikado." Duff did the piece at the old Standard Theatre, New York: Vernona Jarbeau was Yum Yum; Zelda Seguin was Katisha; Thomas Whiffen was Pooh-Bah; J. H. Ryley was Ko-Ko.

Sydney Rosenfield put on a version at the Union Square Theatre, New York: Alice Harrison was Yum Yum; Roland Reed was Ko-Ko.

Suddenly, D'Oyly Carte, unannounced, brought an entire "Mikado" company from London, and put the piece on the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on August 20, 1885. Geraldine Ulmar was Yum Yum; George Thorne was Ko-Ko; Courtice Pounds was Nanki-Poo. The courts failed to enjoin Duff or Rosenfeld, so all the productions ran. At last the English company drew the people away from the others.

After "The Mikado" Gilbert and Sullivan quarreled again, and again were reconciled.

"Ruddigore" was first produced at the Savoy, London, on January 22, 1887.

"The Yeomen of the Guard" was first produced in London on October 8, 1888.

Again the two men quarreled; again the affair was patched up.

"The Gondoliers" was first produced at the Savoy, London, on December 7, 1889.

Another and more bitter quarrel separated the two men. This time each sought another collaborator.

Sullivan wrote "Ivanhoe," with Julian Sturgis as librettist. It was produced at the Royal English Opera House, January 31, 1891. It was not a success.

Gilbert wrote "The Mountebanks," with Alfred Cellier as composer. It was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on June 4, 1892.

Again the manager, D'Oyly Carte, succeeded in bringing the two men together.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia Limited" was produced in London on October 7, 1893. It was not very successful.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Grand Duke" was produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, on March 7, 1896. It was not a success.

"The Grand Duke" was the last collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Their admirers had heard with keen regret of the rift within the lute. Therefore when D'Oyly Carte brought the two men on the stage, and they clasped hands, there was frenzied applause. But it was only a managerial stunt. Sullivan wrote in his diary that night: "We did not speak." They never met again.

"Patience" is the last of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas that I recall seeing at the Bush Street Theatre under Locke's management. Their later operas—or most of them—were produced frequently in San Francisco, but at other theatres and by other managers.

Following this—in 1882—M. B. Leavitt took over the lease of the Bush Street, and Charles E. Locke ceased to be manager. Locke had apparently made money with some of his attractions, but lost on others; in addition, he lost heavily in outside speculations. Leavitt paid nothing for the "good will." He employed Al Hayman as resident manager for a time; Hayman left to lease the Baldwin, then dark. Leavitt ran the Bush Street Theatre for over twenty years—until it was destroyed by fire in 1906. He was very successful with it financially; in his memoirs he says that it netted him over four hundred thousand dollars. However, he made no new productions there, and his career there as manager presents no especial points of interest to the chronicler.

Gilbert and Sullivan when they inaugurated the "Pinafore" craze made fortunes for many others beside themselves. The success of the Tivoli in San Francisco, as an opera house, was unquestionably based on "Pinafore." The Tivoli had begun as a sort of concert saloon, at Sutter and Stockton Streets, where a

"Vienna Ladies' Orchestra" played while the audience, seated at little tables, drank *wein auf bier* or *bier auf wein* according to taste and fancy. Becoming ambitious, the owners moved to new quarters on Eddy Street near Powell. They determined to put on light opera, but found it quite a job. "Pinafore" came for them just in the nick of time. The music was not difficult to sing; all over the country people were beginning to hum it; in the hinterland, country cut-ups were saying "What! Never?" "Well, hardly ever!" to be received with bellows of laughter. So the Tivoli put on "Pinafore," and it seemed as if the run would never end. It lasted long enough for the managers to orient themselves in Comic Opera Land—to get their bearings, so to speak. They followed it with other light operas with an excellent orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and principals that were fair. At first Hattie Moore and Harry Gates were the principal singers.

A musical play called "The Wreck of the Pinafore," by Luscombe Searelle, was put on, and that ran well on the "Pinafore" prestige. Some not difficult operas like "The Doctor of Alcantara" were given; then "Pinafore" was revived. For a long time the Sullivan opera served as a sheet-anchor when business drooped; in time the Tivoli became firmly established. Its performances were never quite so good as old San Franciscans like to believe; but it had a fine orchestra, and a chorus which was rather mechanical but quite dependable. The principal singers were frequently changed. Alice Neilson used to sing in the chorus there, and worked her way up. After seeing her often at the Tivoli, the present writer was interested to observe her later as a star at Covent Garden, where she was well received by brilliant London audiences. She was about the only Tivoli product who became notable elsewhere. There were some fine singers who appeared in grand opera at the Tivoli in later years, but they came from the outside—like Luisa Tetrazzini, Enrico Campobello, Hélène Digeon, and others.

One could generally be sure of a pleasant evening at the old Tivoli. Gradually the orchestra came to be made up of the pick of all the orchestras in San Francisco, for the Tivoli was the only theatre there that was never dark, and where the ghost always walked. Every night, for many years, it was open. In fact, it seems as if it was never closed until the earthquake and fire of 1906.

The Powell Street Theatrical District

The year 1876 saw the opening of the "Baldwin Academy of Music." This theatre was set in the centre of an enormous

wooden building erected by E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin, and called the Baldwin Hotel. The structure was six stories high, and fronted on Market, Powell, and Ellis Streets—a total frontage of 567 feet. The ground floor on the Market Street front was leased for stores; the ground floor on the other streets was devoted to a billiard room, pool room, liquor saloon, and private drinking and card-rooms. The persons who frequented this part of the building were not always of the best character, and there were many rows. Baldwin personally managed the hotel and this saloon. He was physically a powerful man, and without fear; when one of his customers became too obstreperous, he frequently acted as "bouncer"—a curious occupation for a multi-millionaire.

The building was a fire hazard of the worst type. It was universally spoken of as "Baldwin's fire-trap." None the less, people lived in the hotel and people went to the theatre. It seems odd that play-goers should have risked their lives in a theatre imbedded in the centre of a vast wooden building, which theatre was reached only by a long and narrow passage-way from the street. Yet they did. The fatal theatre fires that have taken place in so many large cities—the ghosts of the Brooklyn, Park Street, Ring Strasse—did not seem to deter them.

At last—in 1898—the Baldwin building burned, as elsewhere told.

"Baldwin's Academy of Music" opened on March 6, 1876, with Barry Sullivan, a tragedian from over-seas, in "Richard III." He was supported by James O'Neill, Louis Morrison, W. H. Crane (in a minor rôle), David Belasco, E. J. Buckley, Louise Hawthorne, Mrs. Annie Adams (mother of Maud), Nellie McHenry, H. S. Murdock, Nate Salsbury, and others. James A. Herne was stage manager. Several of these players later became stars. Poor Miss Hawthorne either leaped or fell to her death from a window of the Baldwin Hotel.

During the rest of 1876 the Baldwin had chequered fortunes, and at last became dark.

John McCullough announced on March 2, 1877, the "re-opening" of the Baldwin, with the Hess Opera Company. Later, he billed Mrs. John Drew in "The School for Scandal." He announced himself on June 4, 1877, playing the title rôle in "Virginius." He also put on "Hamlet" and other plays in his repertoire. But business was not good, and he retired on July 21, 1877. Thus, it would seem that Barry Sullivan opened the house well, and played to good business for six weeks. But after him Maguire tried it, and failed; after Maguire, McCullough tried it, and failed. It was said at the time that E. J. Baldwin was so anxious to keep his new theatre open that he offered it to

McCullough rent free if he would keep it running. But McCullough was disheartened, and would not accept.

On September 12, 1877, Tom Maguire had another try at the Baldwin. He opened cautiously with "concerts" by Kellogg and Cary. He did well enough to encourage him into putting on grand opera, announcing "Aida" for September 19. Later, he announced the New York Union Square Company in "The Two Orphans." The company then included Chas. R. Thorne, James O'Neill, Louis James, Fanny Morant, Sara Jewett, Ida Vernon, and others. During this tour the company played for a benefit "Romeo and Juliet," with Sara Jewett as Juliet, James O'Neill as Romeo, and Louis James as Mercutio—an interesting cast.

Afterward Maguire alternated a stock company with visiting stars. The most notable among them was Adelaide Neilson; her last engagement on earth was at the Baldwin. From San Francisco she went abroad, and died suddenly in Paris in a restaurant in the Bois, after drinking a glass of iced milk.

Under Maguire at the Baldwin appeared James C. Williamson and Maggie Moore in "Struck Oil"; Clara Morris in "Camille"; Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow." Jeffreys Lewis and Rose Coghlan were also among the players there.

But Maguire was in money difficulties, and the theatre was dark part of the time. Following Maguire came a period when the theatre was managed by one Kelly, a cab-owner and livery-stable man. He had been connected in some vague way with Maguire. Kelly was not a bad sort—in fact, he was kind-hearted and well-meaning; but he was not an educated man, and culture and refinement meant nothing to him. Many actors and actresses are well-educated, cultured, and persons of refinement; to such, playing under Manager Kelly must have been rather trying, particularly as most actors are inclined to be temperamental.

During Manager Kelly's régime David Belasco was stage manager—also prompter, and frequently actor. He was then a handsome youth of about twenty. The exigencies of his job required him to be all over—and even under—the stage much of the time; for he would frequently dart from the prompt to the opposite prompt side of the stage by subway.

The Union Square Company, when it revived the failing fortunes of the Baldwin in 1877, was under the management of Albert M. Palmer. He conducted the Union Square Company in New York for about ten years—from 1874 to 1883. During that period—and with his later company, the Madison Square—he came to the Pacific Coast twelve times. His Union Square Company included Rose Eytinge, Kate Claxton, Sara Jewett, Maude Harrison, Bijou Herron, Charlotte Thompson, Katharine

Rogers, Agnes Booth, Linda Dietz, Eleanor Carey, Minnie Conway, Effie Ellsler, Clara Morris, Fanny Morant, Nina Varian, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Charles Coghlan, Stuart Robson, Eben Plympton, John Parselle, J. H. Stoddart, Frederick Robinson, Charles A. Stevenson, James O'Neill, Claude Burroughs, Harry Murdock, Richard Mansfield. Not all of these, of course, were in the company at the same time.

Although the Union Square was ostensibly a stock company, and Charles R. Thorne for most of the time its leading man, he was in reality a star. Thorne was an accomplished actor, and whenever he was on the stage the audience had eyes and ears only for him.

The company produced in New York in the early seventies a play called "Led Astray," in which Rose Eytinge played opposite to Thorne. In the course of his intense love-making Thorne repeated to his idol some lines of verse; this always strongly impressed the audience. More than forty years afterward a querist, George H. Kahn, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, gave the first two lines, and asked if any one could supply the others. I read it, and felt rather juvenile when I found that I remembered four lines; how they could have lodged and stuck in my crowded brain I do not understand. George C. Warren, drama critic of the *Chronicle*, supplied a couple of lines. S. C. Meyer and several others contributed missing phrases. Finally one man, J. R. Roche, gave six lines. At the same time a querist in the *New York Times* brought forth several answers from Alonzo A. Thomas, Mrs. E. C. Brown, Paul Pandolfi, Charles A. Griffin, and the Rev. Edward H. Cleveland, Castle Point, New York. Dr. Cleveland's version seems authoritative; it reads as follows:

"I have another life I long to meet,
Without which life my life is incomplete.
O sweeter self! Like me art thou astray,
Striving with all thy heart to find the way
To mine—straying, like mine, to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest!"

That a number of people should for forty years remember this bit of verse is very remarkable—more remarkable than the verse, by the way. It was probably not printed, so they must have remembered it by the ear alone. It gives one an idea of how intense, how impressive was the acting of Thorne. He was usually cast for romantic heroes, but occasionally the rôle of villain fell to his lot. He made such a fascinating villain that the audience always lost sympathy with the hero, and consequently became cold toward the heroine for preferring the hero to Thorne.

Those players who fear that "the movies" and "the talkies"

may ruin their art need not be concerned if they are good actors. The bad actors, however—in which one may include political spell-binders—have good reason to be agitated. In a few years mechanical oratory and playing will supplant them. But if Edwin Booth or Joseph Jefferson were living, they would have no cause to fear mechanical rivalry. One might say the same of Charles R. Thorne.

By the way, it is told of the latter that in only one play was he not at ease—"Daniel Rochat." The hero of this play is an aggressive agnostic leader of the anti-clerical party in France. He wins the heart of a religious young girl. Her love impels her to marry him, despite her family's forebodings. He stipulates that he shall be permitted to continue his assaults upon the church. Dropping the plot here, Thorne's embarrassment was caused by his mannerism of interjecting "O God!" and similar invocations into his lines—frequently with good effect. But in the mouth of Daniel Rochat, defier of the Deity, hater of the church, such a phrase would have been ludicrous; as a result, poor Thorne was heavily handicapped. The part of the Christian maiden was played by Sara Jewett. The New York production of this play was put on October 15, 1880, and it ran for over two months.

Among the plays produced by the Union Square Company one of the most signal successes was "The Two Orphans," in which Thorne played the Chevalier de Vaudrey. Kate Claxton appeared in this piece to great advantage. Other plays that impressed the public were "Rose Michel"; "Ferreol"; "Miss Multon," in which Clara Morris made a hit; "The Danicheffs"; "A Celebrated Case"; "The Banker's Daughter." This latter play the company considered trash, but it had a long run and made much money. Another piece, "French Flats" (1879), was condemned by the players, and at the dress rehearsal Manager Palmer and his stage manager agreed with them. Yet when presented to a regular audience it was received with continual laughter as soon as the curtain rose, and ran to crowded houses for over three months.

A part of the company took "The Two Orphans" to Brooklyn, with Kate Claxton and Charles R. Thorne to head them. It was during this engagement that the Brooklyn Theatre was destroyed by fire, December 5, 1876, with an appalling loss of life. Two of the actors, Harry Murdock and Claude Burroughs, were burned to death. Kate Claxton afterward toured in this play, and was unlucky enough to encounter another theatre fire.

When "A Parisian Romance" was first produced, Manager Palmer allotted the rôle of Baron Chevrial to J. H. Stoddart, leading character actor of the company. The piece was rehearsed

several times, with the result that Stoddart concluded to decline the part. Richard Mansfield was then a minor actor in the company; he at once begged that the rôle be given to him. Palmer was doubtful, but at last consented. The piece was produced in New York on January 12, 1883, a night memorable for Mansfield. His impersonation was so powerful that the audience was moved to stormy applause, and the next day the town rang with his success. He ceased to be a minor member of the company, and was promoted, but soon left it to begin his career as a star.

A. M. Palmer took charge of the Madison Square Theatre in 1884, opening with "Saints and Sinners," by Henry Arthur Jones. Among the company then and later were Agnes Booth, Ada Dyas, Mrs. Phillips, Annie Russell, Marie Burroughs, Herbert Kelcey, Maurice Barrymore, W. J. Le Moyne, Frederick Robinson, J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, Frank Drew, Harry Woodruff, William Davidge. The "double stage" of the Madison Square at that time was devised by Steele Mackaye; on it Act Two was set in every detail; then the stage was lifted, elevator-wise, when Act One was completed.

The Palmer company played a very successful engagement at the Baldwin in August, 1888, giving "Jim the Penman," "Saints and Sinners," "Elaine," and other plays. Alexander Salvini was leading man; E. M. Holland, J. H. Stoddart, Louis Masson, Ada Dyas, Annie Russell, Marie Burroughs, and May Brookyn were in the cast. Marie Burroughs was then the wife of Louis Masson. She was a San Francisco girl, Lily Arrington by name. Only a few years before, she had prevailed on Lawrence Barrett to give her a minor place in his company, and had made her way rapidly to the front. She was a good actress, and was considered to be a beautiful woman. She died in February, 1926, at Santa Barbara, leaving a number of bequests to brothers, sisters, and friends. So many actors and actresses die poor that it is satisfactory to record that she left an estate of \$154,000. Her husband, Francis M. Livingston, was the residuary legatee. In her will she said: "Beneath my married name on my tombstone I wish to be engraved in parenthesis the name 'Marie Burroughs,' in case some might pass and wish to send into the great ether a loving thought."

Palmer and his company made another success in 1891 with "Alabama" by Augustus Thomas; the present writer had the opportunity to see it at its first production in New York, with a fine cast, including Agnes Booth, Agnes Miller, Maurice Barrymore, E. M. Holland, J. H. Stoddart, C. L. Harris, Reuben Fox, and others.

Palmer in 1892 made some changes in his company, adding

to it Julia Arthur, E. J. Henley, James K. Hackett, and, later, Wilton Lackaye. He brought his company regularly to the Pacific Coast, until his retirement from management in 1894.

Charles Frohman leased the Baldwin after Maguire retired, installing Al Hayman as local manager; Alfred Bouvier later became assistant manager. Under the Frohman management there was a long line of attractions, including such players as Mary Anderson, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Effie Shannon, Rosina Vokes, Lillian Russell, Lottie Collins, James K. Hackett, Nat. C. Goodwin, Eddie Foy, John Drew, Maurice Barrymore, Herbert Kelcey, William Gillette, and others.

George H. Boker's fine play "Francesca da Rimini" drew good houses at the Baldwin, with Lawrence Barrett as the crook-back Lanciotto, Louis James as the jester Pepe, Otis Skinner as Paolo, and Marie Wainwright as Francesca. Barrett asked me at the time what I thought of it. I answered—quite sincerely—that it was a magnificent performance, but that I thought Louis James made the Jester too prominent, and thereby threw the mimic scene askew. Barrett replied thoughtfully; "I think you are right. But Mr. James is a fine actor, and a mere hint to that effect would take the heart out of him."

An interesting announcement at the Baldwin in the old days, follows :

"At the Baldwin Theatre, on March 23, 1879, Master Julius Kahn (eighteen years of age) will appear as Shylock, supported by the entire Baldwin company. Master Kahn is a pupil of Miss Annette Ince, former leading lady of the California Theatre."

"Master Kahn" grew up to be a very good actor, but he abandoned the stage for politics. Elected to Congress from a San Francisco district, he was fortunate enough to win the favor of his constituents. He was re-elected time after time, and remained a Congressman until his death. San Francisco then elected his widow, Mrs. Florence Kahn, to succeed him.

David Belasco, who had long been at the Baldwin, returned from New York in 1886, and a benefit was arranged for him. The performance was an "olio"—forgotten word!—and the players were: Jeffreys-Lewis, Jos. R. Grismer, Phoebe Davis, E. J. Buckley, Carrie Swain, Maurice Barrymore, McKee Rankin, M.B. Curtis ("Sam'l of Posen"), Eddie Foy.

The last performance given at the Baldwin was by William Gillette in his play "Secret Service," on November 21, 1898. The next morning, at three o'clock, flames were seen shooting up from the lofty wooden tower. A general alarm brought to the spot all

the fire apparatus in the city, but nothing could save the building. In a few hours it was a total loss. Fortunately the theatre was empty. Two lives were lost in the hotel. It was a shocking thing that the city authorities should ever have permitted such a building to be erected.

After the destruction of the building E. J. Baldwin sold the land to James L. Flood; the price, it was reported, was \$1,400,000. Baldwin had purchased the property years before for about \$600,000. Flood erected a substantial office building, which brought in a large revenue. It was wrecked in the fire of 1906, and rehabilitated. In 1929, it was one of the largest rent-payers in San Francisco, and still belonged to the heirs of James L. Flood.

It is interesting to note that near the end of the century three of the largest theatre sites in San Francisco were in the possession of members of the Bonanza firm, or their heirs. The Grand Opera House belonged to the estates of James C. Flood and John W. Mackay. The Baldwin site belonged to James L. Flood. The California Theatre site belonged to Mrs. Kate Macdonough, one of the heirs of William S. O'Brien, of the old firm of Flood and O'Brien. Of course these millionaires owned many other pieces of San Francisco real estate. They seemed to have been tempted by theatre property. But they received little financial return from it until the buildings were either removed or destroyed by fire, and replaced by business buildings.

Buffalo Bill and the Wild West

Does the reader know that before Buffalo Bill was placed in the American Valhalla he was a plain play-actor? It is true. On May 14, 1877, he appeared at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, in a play called "Life on the Border." On March 24, 1879, he appeared at the California Theatre, San Francisco, in a play called "May Cody." Even earlier—in 1873—he, with Texas Jack, Mlle. Morlacchi, ballerina, and Ned Buntline, appeared in San Francisco in a play called "The Scouts of the Plains." This piece was written by Ned Buntline, then the leading dime novelist of the day. It was a conventional melodrama, and in no way suggested the future Wild West Show. Thus it would appear that before Buffalo Bill hobnobbed with the kings and princes who flocked to his Wild West Show, the plain people of San Francisco saw him on their local stages, and wotted not that he was an embryo great man.

It was in the eighties that the Wild West Show formally opened, although the idea germinated much earlier. Barnum

talked in 1860 of a show with Indians and buffaloes to tour the East and Europe, but gave up the plan. Wild Bill in 1870 took a buffalo herd to Niagara Falls for exhibition, but lost money. Buffalo Bill (W. F. Cody) always claimed that he had originated the idea in 1872, but there is no evidence to that effect. Nate Salsbury, theatrical manager (later Buffalo Bill's partner), is on record as having outlined a Wild West Show in 1877. He sketched out his plan in 1882 to Cody, who was at once fired with enthusiasm. Cody determined to try it, and introduced a rudimentary show on Salsbury's lines at a Fourth of July celebration at North Platte in 1882. It was successful enough to inspire Cody to go into partnership with one Dr. Carver to organize such a show—on Salsbury's plan. Carver was an exhibition marksman, and claimed to be a great Indian-fighter, but there is no record of his prowess in that line.

The two partners began assembling their forces at North Platte, and completed the task at Columbus, Nebraska, in April, 1883. The first performance was given on May 17, 1883, at Omaha. The programme was mainly cowboy riding, with exhibition shooting by Buffalo Bill, Dr. Carver, and Captain A. H. Bogardus. The great act was the hold-up of the Deadwood mail coach; this was based on the fortuitous find of a superannuated stage coach that really had figured in such scenes. There were Indian pony-races, pony-express riders, cowboys quelling bucking broncos, roping steers, and riding buffaloes.

The show was a success, and Buffalo Bill wrote to Nate Salsbury, offering to take him into partnership. But Salsbury declined, as he did not like Carver. The show toured eastward, playing various cities, including five weeks at Coney Island. Much money was taken in, but bad management resulted in disaster. Cody and Carver quarreled. As a result, Cody and Nate Salsbury came together, and signed a contract for a new season. Carver started a show of his own.

The new Cody-Salsbury show was better organized and more successful. They played New York at the Polo Grounds in June, 1884, to big money. The new show had more "blanket Indians" and more cowboy riders. It had also exhibition marksmen, including glass-ball shooting by Buffalo Bill. The star of the shooters was Annie Oakley, who joined the troupe on this tour. She shot clay pigeons, single and double, from traps, and glass balls with a rifle, tossing them up herself. Buffalo Bill was more spectacular—he pursued a mounted man, who tossed balls while Buffalo Bill shot them from the saddle. The public did not know that his rifle was not loaded with ball, but with small-shot cartridges. The show toured the country successfully for three years.

In 1887, it was decided to invade Europe. A steamer was chartered, and the show was opened in London. The Prince of Wales was hypnotized by it, and prevailed on Queen Victoria to command a performance. The queen had intended to stay only an hour, but she remained through the whole performance. She complimented Buffalo Bill, and sent for Annie Oakley, for Chief Red Shirt, and for some Indian women with their pappoosecs. After this royal visit, the show was crowded every day with loyal Britons.

The queen was so pleased with the show that she commanded a second performance specially for royal guests who had been bidden to her Jubilee. They included the Kings of Belgium, Saxony, Denmark, and Greece; her son-in-law the Crown Prince of Prussia (later the Emperor Frederick); the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria (who later at Meyerling shot his mistress, Baroness Marie Vetsera, and committed suicide); the Crown Prince of Sweden; some Russian grand dukes, and a miscellaneous lot of nobility, English and foreign. Altogether a "parterre of kings," as Napoleon said. There were about three hundred spectators. With the Prince of Wales beside the driver, the Deadwood coach carried the four kings around the arena, hotly pursued by a band of Indians, from whose deadly volleys they were saved in the nick of time by a squad of United States cavalrymen, headed by Buffalo Bill. The Prince of Wales bore himself unblenchingly, but the verdict of the cowboys was that the four kings were "plumb scairt."

A special command performance before the queen at Windsor, of Cossack riding alone, was followed by a luncheon at which Buffalo Bill and Nate Salsbury were entertained by the queen's equerry, and jewelled souvenirs were presented in the queen's name.

Nearly three millions of Britons saw the show during the summer. Buffalo Bill was made the lion of the London season. He was an honored guest at banquets. Even the Thunderer remarked editorially that he had done much "in bringing England and America nearer together."

There was only one shadow athwart this triumphal way—Annie Oakley. She was made as much of as Buffalo Bill. The Princess of Wales shook hands with her, and the prince gave her his inscribed photograph. Buffalo Bill grew so jealous that when the London season ended Annie Oakley left the company and began giving exhibitions by herself. Buffalo Bill revenged himself by leaving out all mention of her in the book published in his name after the tour. Later she joined the show of Pawnee Bill, who was a rival Wild Wester.

The social success of Buffalo Bill greatly disgusted the ex-

patriates of the American colony. London Yankees who had for years, spatted and high-hatted, toiled along Piccadilly—who had faithfully imitated the Prince of Wales, even in his guttural Anglo-German accent—these gentlemen were revolted at the furore over Buffalo Bill. But it was merely a repetition of a similar sensation twenty years before over another gentleman who also wore high boots and long hair—Joaquin Miller.

Two years later Buffalo Bill's show toured the Continent. At Paris the reception equalled that at London. Paris dandies rode in the Bois in cowboy hats and Mexican saddles. Nobles descended from the Crusaders dined Buffalo Bill and were dined by him. Rosa Bonheur painted his portrait, mounted. The upper ten raved over him.

Banquets were given him in his own country on his return. He was treated on the most friendly terms by the chiefs of the American army, such as General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Miles, General Terry, General Crook, and others. They even consulted him about suppressing the Indian uprising of 1890, at the time of the "battle" of Wounded Knee.

After another London season in 1892, the Wild West Show appeared at the Chicago Exhibition in April, 1893. It had then added to its title "Congress of Rough Riders of the World." The present writer saw the show at various times and places, and believes that it reached its highest peak at the Chicago Fair.

The Rough Riders included detachments of American regular cavalymen; American cowboys; American Indians; British lancers, hussars, and dragoons; German Uhlans, in steel helmets and breastplates, bearing fourteen-foot lances; French chasseurs in brass helmets; Russian Cossacks; Bedouin Arabs in turbans, with flying tunics; South American gauchos, whirling their *bolos* (iron balls at the end of rawhide ropes). Each unit rode by itself at first; afterward there was an "equestrian maze," in which all rode, weaving in and out. The effect of the varicolored uniforms, criss-crossing around the arena, was unique and beautiful. The European soldiers were all from crack corps, and wore their handsomest dress uniforms. The American cavalymen's uniform looked drab in comparison, but they received the loudest applause given to the soldiers.

The grand event of the rough riding was when half a hundred cowboys galloped at full speed around the arena, yelling and swinging their hats, and in a final dash reining their mustangs into an abrupt stop before the grand stand.

There were four hundred riders in the ring at the finish. Who that saw the great show at that time can ever forget it?

When the Chicago Fair opened, it was lamentably unready.

The wilderness of lumber piles, the droves of workmen, the scores of unfinished buildings, wearied the visitors, and they crossed over to the Wild West Show. Although it seated eighteen thousand people, it turned thousands away for weeks. During this and the succeeding few successful seasons the receipts for the summer were from six to eight hundred thousand dollars gross.

Buffalo Bill was rolling in money. But it went out as fast as it came. He built a magnificent mansion. He founded the town of Cody. He started a large ranch; another large ranch; still another ranch; he was preparing to start a "dude ranch." He incorporated the Shoshone Land and Irrigation Company, with four hundred thousand acres. He started a mountain hotel, with a coach line to get there. He built another hotel; a third hotel; he had a mania for hotels. He went into "developing" a mine, and the mine reacted by developing him. He indulged in the amusements of the very rich; he became "angel" to a theatrical troupe headed by an actress—a pretty actress—a very pretty actress. His partner Nate Salsbury became ill and had to retire, whereupon Buffalo Bill took in the circus man James A. Bailey as partner. After that Buffalo Bill was merely a circus employee. When Bailey died, which he soon did, his estate brought suit against Buffalo Bill for large sums that he could not pay. His mining schemes, his irrigation schemes—everything was going wrong. He was growing old; he was growing bald; he had to supplement his long, thinning locks with a wig—a white wig. He missed the glass balls now. He was saddle-sore; he tried to drive around the arena, but the people would not have it so. He was heavily thrown from his horse, and for weeks could not ride. The Bailey estate litigation was pressed. So was that of a later partner. Attachments were filed. What was left of the Wild West Show was knocked down at sheriff's auction. Even Buffalo Bill's favorite white horse was sold. He went into motion pictures, making an Indian war film; it was not successful. He became an employee of the Hundred-and-One Circus, and received a hundred dollars daily, which his creditors struggled to attach. At seventy-one, old, saddle-sore, sick, and a bankrupt, he was still shooting *at* glass balls.

His health got worse. His financial condition grew desperate. He was so hard up that he applied to the War Department for a ten-dollar pension for service in the Indian wars. This was refused on the ground that he was merely a civilian scout; furthermore, the Department informed him that for the same reason his Congressional Medal of Honor was unlawfully bestowed, and he was forbidden to wear it.

He was taken with a chill; he rapidly sunk; January 10, 1917, he died. The Elks gave him a grand funeral; his body

lay in state in the capital of Colorado; seventy cowboys walked behind the body. He was buried on the top of Lookout Mountain; a statue of heroic size by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney was erected in his honor.

On February 25, 1929, the eighty-third anniversary of his birth was celebrated in Wyoming, which had made it a State holiday.

During his life-time he had refused nomination (which meant election) to the post of governor of Wyoming; also the nomination as United States Senator from Wyoming.

He took away the Front Page from John L. Sullivan; Theodore Roosevelt took it away from him; Woodrow Wilson took it away from Roosevelt; Mussolini took it away from Woodrow Wilson and everybody else.

So passes the glory of the world.

The Grand Opera House

In San Francisco in the seventies the changing fortunes of the California Theatre and the changing centre of the town led two men into theatre-building. The first of these was Dr. Thomas Wade, a dentist who had made some money. In 1878, he began to erect what was then the largest and handsomest opera-house west of the Alleghanies. It was first called "Wade's Opera House"; later "The Grand Opera House." It stood on Mission at Third, far from any other theatre at that time.

Dr. Wade soon ran out of funds, and work was suspended for about a year. Frederick W. Bert, an experienced theatrical manager, then joined Dr. Wade as potential lessee. The two of them succeeded in borrowing money to finish the building. James C. Flood and John W. Mackay, two members of the Bonanza firm, advanced funds on mortgage. The building eventually passed out of the control of Wade, and into the hands of James C. Flood and John W. Mackay, under foreclosure.

The building was 110 by 275 feet, then the third largest theatre in the United States. It had at first a seating capacity of three thousand, with wide aisles and roomy chairs; later its capacity was increased to four thousand, seated and standing. It had enormous lobbies and vestibules, twenty-two mezzanine boxes, and twelve proscenium boxes. Everything was on a grandiose scale. The stage was eighty-seven feet deep by one hundred and six feet wide; it was built in removable sections. The footlights and the auditorium lights were of gas, lighted by electricity—then new. There was an "Art Gallery" forty by eighty feet, over the lobbies; these large halls were used by the audience as

promenades between the acts. The latest improvements in ventilation, lighting, seat space, promenade space, stage machinery, etc., were installed.

Financially, the great theatre was a failure. It remained so for many years. It never did pay steadily except when run by Manager Morosco years later, for lurid melodrama, at low prices. None the less, it proved to be an indispensable addition to the San Francisco theatres of the time.

Wade's Opera House opened in January, 1876, with a spectacle called "Snowflake," of which Annie Pixley was the star. It was followed by several productions with Eastern stars.

Dr. Wade soon faded from the picture, and the name became "The Grand Opera House." It was occupied by various managers, but often remained closed. However, it filled a large part in the life of San Francisco, as it was the only theatre where grand opera could be produced adequately. The city's memorable operatic seasons all took place in the Grand Opera House. Among the stars who appeared there were Adelina Patti, Etelka Gerster, Sofia Scalchi, Nellie Melba, Emma Albani, Emma Nevada, Marcella Sembrich, Ilma di Murska, Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Fursch-Madi, Marie Roze, Lillian Nordica, Minnie Hauk, Tamagno, Del Puente, Galassi, Campanini, Nicolini, Ravelli, and others.

The opera seasons at the Grand Opera House are discussed elsewhere.

The Grand Opera House under F. W. Bert, after the opening in "Snowflake," presented, among other attractions, Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," in which Joseph R. Grismer was leading man; "Michael Strogoff"; "Rosedale"; "The Octoroon"; "After Dark"; Tom Taylor's "Ticket of Leave Man"; "Youth"; "Our Boys"; "The Red Pocket-Book"; "Hazel Kirke"; "East Lynne"; "Jim the Penman"; Frank C. Bangs in "Sardanapalus." Charles Wheatleigh managed the house for a while, with qualified success; May 12, 1877, he ended his season. Gradually, the big theatre came to be closed much of the time.

Joseph R. Grismer and Phoebe Davies were not only engaged to play at the Grand Opera House, but while there they became engaged to be married, and played an engagement together for life.

"The Octoroon" drew good houses with Theodore Roberts as the brutal overseer, George Osbourne as the Indian Wah-no-tee, Ben Cotton as Old Pete, and Charlotte Tittel as Zoe, the beautiful octoroon. "Under the Gaslight" also drew well, with James M. Ward as Snorky.

Jasper McDonald, one of a family who had made money in

mining stocks, leased the Grand Opera House for a while. M. A. Kennedy was manager, and the journals of the time whispered that he was "backed by a millionaire." In August, 1877, McDonald boasted that he had "lost no money"; none the less, he offered the lease to anybody—with no takers. Under this régime Manager Kennedy presented "Our Boarding House," "The Three Guardsmen," "A Drama at the Bottom of the Sea," and other attractions.

A première of some local note (this was in 1877) was "Our Reporter," by Archibald Clavering Gunter. It was fairly successful. Later, "Archie" Gunter, as he was generally known, made a great hit with "Mr. Barnes of New York," a best-selling novel which he turned into a successful play. He followed this up with "Mr. Potter of Texas" and other successes. Archie Gunter did so well that these eyes have seen him driving down Fifth Avenue in his own carriage, like a lord—or like a plumber or plasterer of to-day in his own limousine.

There were frequent amateur performances of opera at the Grand Opera House. Several operas written, composed, staged, and (largely) sung by members of the Bohemian Club were given there. Madame Fabbri-Muller, a retired opera singer, drilled her music class occasionally, and produced an unusual opera there. On November 27, 1888, she put on Mozart's "Magic Flute," an opera rarely heard; its music is exigent, and the soprano rôle is so high that few prima donnas care to attempt it. Such an opera by the great master Mozart, even when sung by amateurs, attracted music-lovers. It was very creditably done.

Madame Fabbri-Muller once put on "Carmen," her husband, Richard Müller, singing the rôle of the Toreador. The present writer has heard "Carmen" many times and in many cities—once in Stockholm, where Carmen, Don José, Escamillo, Micaela, cigarette girls, bull-fighters, smugglers, and all were natives—all Swedish and all blonde. Of the Toreadors that he has seen, Richard Müller best looked the part of the *espada*. He was a South German—black eyes, black hair, tall, handsome, virile. He had a fine voice, and sang well. That an opera written by a Frenchman, Merimée—composed by a Frenchman, Bizet—in a Spanish setting—should have its most debonair rôle so interpreted by a German as to stick in the memory of an American seems odd.

Among the many unusual performances was a benefit on November 18, 1886, for the sufferers in the Charleston earthquake. It was organized by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, and was a success, socially and financially. Out of the long programme one may recall the success of the "old boys." Mrs. Hearst had conceived the unique idea of having the minuet danced by some grave and reverend

seignors with young and beautiful partners. They were thus paired :

Mr. Hall McAllister and Miss Mary A. Blethen.
Mr. C. J. Swift and Miss Mary Thompson.
Mr R. B. Peyton, and Miss Cora Caduc.
Mr. G. W. Davidson and Miss Julia Bissell.
Mr. George H. Meinecke and Mrs. Edna Greble.
Mr. Percy Allen and Mrs. Edward E. Wise.
Mr. Chas. Webb Howard and Miss Rose Barreda.
Lieut. T. B. Mott, U.S.A., and Miss L. Kaufmann.
Mr. W. M. Pierson and Mrs. George Atherton.
Gen. W. H. L. Barnes and Miss Nellie Jolliffe.
Mr. Southard Hoffman and Miss B. Kaufmann.
Mr. M. H. McAllister and Miss Grace Blethen.

Both ladies and gentlemen were attired in court costumes of the time of Louis Quatorze, and all wore white wigs. The town looked forward to the sight with anticipation and amusement. To the astonishment of the audience, the old boys covered themselves with glory ; through the stately mazes of the minuet they moved with grace and dignity. The minuet was encored three times.

The Grand Opera House for short seasons was in demand. It was frequently leased for a few weeks by high-grade attractions. Several successful grand opera seasons were given there. When these sporadic engagements were ended, the theatre again became dark. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry played successful seasons there, as elsewhere noted. These irruptions into San Francisco's amusements greatly disturbed the local managers, for their business fell off heavily. Once during an Irving season Richard Mansfield was playing at the Baldwin to such poor houses that he gave his audience a sarcastic lecture on the Anglomania of running after British stars. Why he should rebuke those who came to his performance for the sins of those who stayed away does not seem clear. Mansfield frequently bullyragged his audiences in curtain speeches, yet they never seemed to resent it. Henry Miller had the same weakness.

The first visit of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry to the United States was in 1888. They played in repertoire, "The Bells" seeming to be a popular performance, although it was an Irving rather than a Terry play. They visited San Francisco at that time, and reappeared here September 6, 1893, at the Grand Opera House. This time Miss Terry's Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" made that piece the favorite. She also played in a one-act piece, "Nance Oldfield." It was difficult to select plays

in which there were adequate rôles for these two stars. They played together from 1878 to 1902—twenty-four years. After Irving's death Miss Terry again toured the United States in 1907, her principal play being Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"; her leading man on this tour was James Carew, an American actor, whom she married. He was her third husband, her first having been G. F. Watts, the distinguished painter; her second, Charles Wardell Kelly, an actor. Miss Terry toured the United States for the last time in 1910, appearing in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre. This time she confined herself to readings from Shakespeare. She died in July, 1928, aged eighty-one. Henry Irving died in 1905, aged sixty-seven.

Some figures about the drawing powers of Terry and Irving will be of interest. At the Boston Theatre they began, in January, 1888, an engagement of four weeks, which brought in \$88,000 gross. "Faust" ran for two weeks; a "Faust" matinée, January 28, with Irving and Terry in the cast, drew \$4366; "Louis XI.," the same evening without her, drew \$2215. An "Olivia" matinée, February 11, with Irving and Terry, drew \$4010; "The Lyons Mail," the same evening without her, drew \$1487.50. "The Bells" at a matinée, February 25, without Terry, drew \$2756; "The Merchant of Venice," the same evening with Terry in the cast, drew \$4244.

With the same plays in San Francisco the drawing power was about the same. Fifteen performances drew \$59,535.

In May, 1896, Henry Irving toured the United States for the last time. He had added to his repertoire a one-act play, "The Story of Waterloo," by Conan Doyle.

Toward the end of its days Walter Morosco leased the Grand Opera House on moderate terms. He ran melodrama mainly, at low prices—fifteen to seventy-five cents. He filled the big theatre, and was said to have made it pay. Morosco had been a circus acrobat; he utilized some of the circus parade methods as a manager. He used to drive eight black horses through the streets, drawing a carriage decorated with bills of the play at his theatre.

The names of mining millionaires crop up continually in the history of San Francisco's old theatres. It seems odd that these mining magnates should have been bitten with the desire to own and run theatres. W. C. Ralston was the first, with the California Theatre. E. J. Baldwin built the theatre named after him. When Dr. Wade lacked money to finish his opera house, two of the Bonanza firm, John W. Mackay and James C. Flood, took it over; they did not find it easy to operate, so Jasper McDonald, another mining man, leased it. The New California Theatre was built by one of the Bonanza heirs. None of them found their

theatrical ventures profitable. San Francisco had been pretty well drained of money by the mining stock-jobbers in the early seventies. The culmination came with the Bank of California failure in 1875; after that everybody was broke. The theatre investments of these mining magnates may have been actuated by an altruistic desire to furnish amusement to the people whom they had ruined; or it may have been a yearning to act as theatrical angels to deserving thespians.

The Grand Opera House was destroyed in the fire that followed the earthquake of 1906. Since then there has been no opera house in San Francisco, and very little grand opera. There have been attempts to give operatic performances in the Civic Auditorium, a barn-like building designed for political conventions, automobile shows, athletic competitions, and prize fights. But it is not suited for opera, and operatic performances there have never been artistically and musically successful.

After a lapse of a dozen years, a number of public-spirited citizens subscribed two million dollars to erect a modern opera-house on municipal land in the Civic Centre. They asked nothing but the privilege of bidding at auction for choice of boxes, to be permanently allotted to the highest bidders, and paid for by them. The mayor of the city then killed the whole project, on the ground that such a sale of boxes would be an invidious discrimination against those who were not rich. His objection does not seem well-founded; any poor man desiring an expensive opera-box could easily obtain one by mortgaging his home, as many of them do to buy and run motor-cars.

In 1929, another attempt was made to erect an opera-house in the Civic Centre, calling on the citizens who had previously subscribed to confirm their subscriptions, which they did. In the same block with the opera-house it was planned to erect a building for the use of war veterans. The citizens and the representatives of the war veterans disagreed on details, and for many months the enterprise stood still.

Thus more than half a century had rolled away since a dentist had begun with his modest fortune the erection of an opera-house for San Francisco. During thirty-three of these fifty-six years it had been the only place where grand opera could be adequately given. The dentist, Dr. Wade, was long since gathered to his fathers; since his death the structure that he builded has been dust and ashes for over a score of years.

A sensation was caused in March, 1879, by the production at the Grand Opera House of "The Passion," a play by Salmi Morse. James O'Neill played the rôle of Christ. Others were Lewis Morrison as Pontius Pilate; A. D. Bradley as Simon; S. W. Piercy as Herod; King Hedley as Judas Iscariot; Mary Wilkes

as the Mother of Christ ; Kate Denin as Herodias ; Olive West as Salome. The stage was directed by William Seymour, although David Belasco in his reminiscences claims to have been director ; Belasco was prompter.

The production was quite an ambitious one. The preliminary announcement read : "Saturday and Sunday, March 8 and 9, 1879, will be rendered with all due solemnity 'The Passion,' by Salmi Morse. Hymns, Chorals, and Chants, sung by a full choir of eighty singers. Selections from the Passion Music of J. Sebastian Bach by a large orchestra. Paintings of Jerusalem and the Holy Land by Mr. Dayton and assistants. Concluding with the celebrated picture of Rubens, 'It is finished.'"

The Board of Supervisors threatened to prohibit the play, which probably led to the date being advanced ; although announced for March 8, it was produced on March 3. It continued until an ordinance was passed "prohibiting the performance of any play tending to profane religion." Therefore, on Sunday, March 9, Morse announced that only two more performances would be given, March 10 and 11, and that then a "temporary closing" would take place.

On April 6 Morse announced that the performance would be resumed on "Easter Tuesday, April 15." This performance took place. Immediately thereafter the authorities arrested O'Neill and nine other of the actors, accusing them of "misdemeanor" ; the women were not arrested. In the police court O'Neill was sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars or serve twenty-five days in jail ; the other actors were not fined. O'Neill was released on bail. Morse appealed the case, and the performances continued until April 21, which was the last night. The next day Morse announced in the papers that the play would be "withdrawn in deference to public opinion."

The music critic of the *Argonaut* of that period said that "the accompanying music—with the exception of bits from Bach's 'Passion' and Rossini's 'Stabat Mater'—was written by Mr. H. E. Widmer." He was a violinist, the husband of a well-known actress, Katie Mayhew, whose resentment at being called a "charming blackguard" by Ambrose Bierce led to Widmer's assaulting Bierce. The *Argonaut* critic did not speak highly of Mr. Widmer's music. However, the programme shows that Salmi Morse made his production with care.

The present writer vividly recalls the performance, and agrees with the *Argonaut* drama critic of that period, who said : "It was admirably stage-managed. The costumes, the chorus, the tableaux, the music, were arranged with a taste which is beyond cavil. It begins with the Presentation in the Temple ; this is followed by a striking tableau, the Massacre of the Innocents.

Then comes the Death of John the Baptist, the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, the Crowning with Thorns." The drama critic says that "the last awful scene" (the Crucifixion) "was omitted out of deference to the storm of protest that had been raised throughout the city."

There was, in effect, a violent opposition to the performance, on various grounds, principally that of irreverence. But there certainly was no sign of irreverence among the spectators. They seemed to be not only reverent, but many of them devout; some of them knelt in prayer during certain scenes. O'Neill, a devout Catholic, played the rôle of the Saviour simply and impressively. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Catholic Archbishop of the Diocese, made no protest concerning the performance, nor did any of the Catholic clergy.

Such plays, like that at Ober-Ammergau, have been produced with the approval of the Catholic Church for centuries. It was the pastors of the Protestant churches of San Francisco whose influence stopped the "Passion Play."

William Ingraham Kip was then Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California. He wrote for the *Argonaut* of March 8, 1879, a two-column article discussing the mediæval miracle plays in England, and those lasting up to our day on the Continent. He said that such plays "were used as one means of inculcating in the people the cardinal truths of Christianity. . . . When performed by simple peasants they were strictly religious services. . . . Those only took part whose purity of character renders them fit exponents of these solemn scenes. . . . But no more fearful impiety could be devised than such a representation on the stage of a theatre. . . . We trust, therefore, that the feelings of our religious people will no more be outraged by making the scenes of our Lord's Passion the objects of flippant criticism in this irreverent community."

After his stormy experiences in San Francisco, Salmi Morse took his play to New York City, and there arranged to produce it in a building on West Twenty-Third Street. Its façade had the appearance of a church, and it was said to be a disused church remodelled. Morse had engaged James O'Neill and several other actors of the original cast. But the play was not produced—probably through lack of money—although there was opposition there also. Morse, discouraged and despondent, took his life.

The Passion plays in Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria, and in Freiburg, Baden, continue to be produced, without shocking American tourists. Clay M. Greene wrote a Passion play which was produced in the theatre at Santa Clara University, a Catholic institution. The present writer was at the première. The play was so successful that it has since been reproduced several times

at Santa Clara and once in San Francisco. Cecil de Mille in 1927 directed a screen play, "The King of Kings," in which the Passion of Christ is reproduced in detail, including not only the Crucifixion, but the Descent from the Cross. It was an artistic and appealing production, and was witnessed by some millions of people. No protest was made. This would seem to show that the viewpoint of the American people concerning such representations has greatly changed.

The depiction of the Passion has been witnessed by the present writer in various forms and in various countries. It has never shocked him; it has always deeply impressed him. That the story is dramatic is shown by its appeal to the writers of so many lands and so many languages. It appeals to them whatever their religion. Anatole France was by birth a Jew; by belief an agnostic; he was sophisticated, brilliant, cynical; he lived nineteen hundred years after Christ. Yet his narrative "The Procurator of Judea," telling the story from the Roman point of view, shows how deeply it impressed him.

In 1927, a book appeared in England written by W. P. Crozier—"Letters of Pontius Pilate to his Friend Seneca in Rome." They are familiar letters from a Roman patrician in honorable exile to a patrician in attendance on Tiberius Cæsar. They are startling in their verisimilitude; it is difficult to believe that they are not authentic. Crozier must have saturated himself not only with canonical lore but with primitive church tradition. In Crozier's book Pontius Pilate writes freely to Seneca; he has exiled himself from Rome, although in his thirties, to save money; his wife, Claudia Procula, he adores, but she is frightfully extravagant. He admits—ruefully, however—that even in exile Claudia makes frequent visits to that rich and luxurious city, Alexandria, whose bazars she can not resist. But another thing disturbs him more than her debts; she has become deeply impressed by the doctrines of one Jesus, a Nazarene; she has witnessed some magical tricks by which this fellow has cured the sick and even restored the dead to life.

Turning to more important matters, Pontius Pilate wants Seneca to buy him some gladiators—Britons preferred. He has lost his favorite gladiator Aduatucus, who had been stabbed to death in a tavern brawl by two Thracians who afterwards treacherously committed suicide in prison. This base act prevented Pontius Pilate from feeding them to lions in the arena, a spectacle on which he had set his heart.

He is also annoyed by disturbances among his Jewish subjects; Jesus seems to be stirring up trouble among the lower classes, and the priesthood are threatening the Nazarene. A similar troublesome fellow, one John the Baptist, has been executed by Herod

Antipas. Jesus has appeared in Jerusalem, and Pontius Pilate, scenting trouble, offers to turn him over to Herod, of whom Jesus is the subject. Herod suavely declines. Herod's attitude toward the Jews is that of suspicious contempt; the attitude of Pontius Pilate toward them is that of tolerant contempt. But the Jewish priesthood force Pontius Pilate to take sides against Jesus. In a letter to Seneca he says he can not see that the man Jesus had contravened the Roman law, but it was all a Jews' quarrel, and not worth his study. Therefore (he says) he listened politely to the wrangling priests, washed his hands of the matter, and permitted Jesus to be executed. And then, dismissing this trivial matter again, he earnestly begs Seneca to assure the Emperor Tiberius of his loyalty; that the story of his having written a certain caustic epigram about Cæsar is a base lie.

Through the narrative of Pontius Pilate and his personal troubles, the story of the Passion is intertwined. To read these and similar books leaves a profound impression. Yet, skillfully as they are written, they do not leave so deep an impress as do the narratives and the acts of the Apostles, who were simple men, like Simon Peter, who was a fisherman. Take, for example, the story of Peter's denial of his Lord, as told by St. Matthew.

Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.

Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

Peter said unto him, Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee. Likewise also said all the disciples. . . .

And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. . . .

And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. . . . Then all the disciples forsook him and fled. . . .

But Peter followed him afar off unto the high priest's palace, and went in, and sat with the servants, to see the end. . . .

Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying of Jesus: He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?

They answered and said, He is guilty of death.

Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him. . . .

Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee.

But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest.

And when he was gone out into the porch, another maid saw

him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth.

And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man.

And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee.

Then he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.

And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

Perhaps St. Matthew did not suspect that he was a writer of drama. But he was a great dramatic writer.

The Grand Opera House was begun in 1873, and was burned in 1906. During its third of a century plays of every type were performed on its stage. But no more vivid or intense drama was ever seen there than the story of the Passion, the birth of Christianity, written and staged by Salmi Morse, a Jew.

ENVOY

*H*AS too much space been given in these pages to players and to plays? Perhaps some readers may so believe, but those who loved the old-time theatre will not find fault. With the newer theatre they have no quarrel, but its moving shadows can not replace to them the living men and women who once walked the stage. The players of the elder time are remembered through the mists of illusion in the characters they created; they are remembered as Rosalind or Juliet, as Viola or Portia, as Hamlet or Mercutio, as Don Cæsar or Cyrano. The players in the shadow pictures are remembered as themselves and by their own names. The screen seems to lack the illusion of the stage. Yet the screen-players when they go will leave behind them some visual record in the films, and even, of later years, some sound record as well. The players of the elder time will survive only in the memory of those who saw them. As the poor poet Keats said of himself, their names were writ in water. Therefore those who loved the old theatre may be forgiven when they set down some of its memories before the recorders as well as the players shall have vanished from the scene.

As muses Prospero when "The Tempest" pageant closes :

*"Our revels now are ended. These our actors . . .
Are melted into air, into thin air . . .
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."*

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